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ON THE COVER: A still from the Samuel Goldwyn Production of ROMAN SCANDALS (Released through United Artists).

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THE AMERICAN CINEMA

Andrew Sarris

"When history is what it should be, it is an elaboration of cinema. It is not content to install itself in the successive facts and to view the moral landscape that may be perceived from here; but for this series of static images, each enclosed within itself, history substitutes the image of a movement. "Vistas" which had been discontinuous appear to emerge one from another, each prolonging the other without interruption. Reality, which for one moment seemed an infinity of crystalized facts, frozen in position, liquifies, springs forth, and flows. The true historical reality is not the datum, the fact, the thing, but the evolution formed when these materials melt and fluidify. History moves; the still waters are made swift."

José Ortega y Gasset, *"On Point of View of the Arts"*:

"... there are very few Americans who are really American and nothing else."

Jean Renoir

THE NEED for a systematic reappraisal of the American cinema, director by director and film by film, has become more pressing in recent years. The standard historical texts, outdated, outworn, or both, are no longer adequate references for specialists in the careers of individual directors. If Howard Hawks had been left to the tender mercies of the official historians, most of his films would still be moldering in the vaults. However, one coup does not constitute a successful revolution in taste. The resurrection of Hawks, like that of Lazarus, is still more the exception than the rule. The excavations and revaluations must continue until the last worthy director has been rescued from undeserved anonymity. This issue of *Film Culture* is dedicated to the director and to the notion of direction as the dominant artistic gesture of the cinema. With in this critical context, the rediscovery of the American Cinema can be justified not by mere nostalgia or nationalism, but by a new angle of vision.

For practical purposes, the terms, "American" and "Cinema," should be more precisely de-

fined. Since the criteria of selection for this historical survey are aesthetic rather than social or industrial, "American" will embrace many undubbed English-language films produced abroad. As much as this encroachment on British and International Cinema may smack of imperialistic presumption, the doctrine of directorial continuity within the cultural marketplace of the English language takes precedence here over ethnographic considerations. This point of view is perhaps more representative of New York, a distribution center, than of Hollywood, a production center. The distinction is not worth an extended debate, but it might be noted that we do not intend to overemphasize "Americana" in American films. It is this exaggerated concern with what is "distinctively" American which has led to the unfortunate denigration of Ophüls, Sternberg and Lubitsch for their alleged exoticism. That is carrying social consciousness too far.

As for what constitutes "Cinema" by our temporary definition, the necessary evil of specialization must be invoked. Quite simply, a movie is a movie is a movie. It is what most people are thinking of when they propose "going to the movies." It is generally encumbered by a plot, actors who portray characters, and a running time of one hour or more. This hardly represents the totality of cinema, especially in these feverish times. The vast realms of documentary, animated and experimental film-making are pointedly excluded. Flaherty is mentioned arbitrarily for the sake of an aesthetic principle, but, otherwise, the survey is limited to what has been variously described as the narrative, fictional, theatrical, commercial, conventional, hybrid and impure motion picture. Even such popular fare as comedy two-reelers, serials and television films are ignored here because of the problems of historical classification. The feature film which emerged full-grown from the head of Cinema's Zeus, D.W. Griffith, happens to be the subject under scrutiny. Let us say for the moment that this is just one kind of cinema, but the one which most people would identify, rightly or wrongly, as *the* Cinema.

PANTHEON DIRECTORS

CHARLES CHAPLIN
ROBERT FLAHERTY
JOHN FORD
D. W. GRIFFITH
HOWARD HAWKS
ALFRED HITCHCOCK
F. W. MURNAU
MAX OPHULS
JEAN RENOIR
JOSEF VON STERNBERG
ERICH VON STROHEIM
ORSON WELLES

CHARLES CHAPLIN (1889-)

FILMS: 1914—Making a Living, Kid Auto Races at Venice, Mabel's Strange Predicament, Between Showers, A Film Johnnie, Tango Tangles, His Favorite Pastime; Cruel, Cruel Love; The Star Boarder, Mabel at the Wheel, Twenty Minutes of Love; Caught in a Cabaret, Caught in the Rain, A Busy Day, The Fatal Mallet, Her Friend the Bandit, The Knockout, Mabel's Busy Day, Mabel's Married Life, Laughing Gas, The Property Man, The Face on the Barroom Floor, Recreation, The Masquerader, His New Profession, The Rounders, The New Janitors, Those Love Pangs, Dough and Dynamite, Gentlemen of Nerve, His Musical Career, His Trysting Place, Tillie's Punctured Romance, Getting Acquainted, His Prehistoric Past. 1915—His New Job; A Night Out, The Champion, In the Park, The Jitney Elopement, The Tramp, By the Sea, Work, A Woman, The Bank, Shanghaied, A Night in the Show, 1916—Carmen, Police, The Floorwalker, The Fireman, The Vagabond, One A.M., The Count, The Pawnshop, Behind the Screen, The Rink. 1917—Easy Street, The Cure, The Immigrant, The Adventurer. 1918—Triple Trouble, A Dog's Life, The Bond, Shoulder Arms. 1919—Sunnyside, A Day's Pleasure. 1920—The Kid. 1921—The Idle Class. 1922—Pay Day. 1923—The Pilgrim, A Woman of Paris. 1925—The Gold Rush. 1928—The Circus. 1931—City Lights. 1936—Modern Times. 1940—The Great Dictator. 1947—Monsieur Verdoux. 1952—Limelight. 1957—A King in New York (Unreleased in New York).

Chaplin's "primitive" Sennett films are listed above because the evolution of the actor preceded the evolution of the director. The apparent simplicity of Chaplin's art should never be con-

fused with lack of technique. For Chaplin, his other self on the screen has always been the supreme object of contemplation, and the style which logically followed from this assumption represents the antithesis to Eisenstein's early formulations on montage. The late André Bazin brilliantly analyzed this fundamental opposition between montage and the one-scene sequence thusly: "If burlesque triumphed before Griffith and montage, it is because most of the gags came out of a comedy of space, of the relation of man to objects and to the exterior world. Chaplin, in *The Circus*, is actually in the lion's cage and both are enclosed in a single frame on the screen." However, Chaplin, unlike Keaton, eventually subordinated his physical ties to the exterior world to the interior, almost schizophrenic relationship between director and actor. The physical objects which remained mechanical props in Keaton's cinema became universal symbols in Chaplin's. The breath-taking anal ballet with a globular and global balloon in *The Great Dictator* derives its effect not from the physical properties of balloons, but from a symbolic extension of megalomania. The circle Chaplin traces on the ground in *The Circus* is less an image in space than an image of time and life. The loss of plasticity and specificity in Chaplin's films coincided with a loss of humor and a gain of meaning. Ultimately, Chaplin lost most of his audience, and in *Limelight*, he celebrated the occasion by imagining his own death, a conception of sublime egoism unparalleled in the world cinema. To imagine one's own death, one must imagine the death of the world, that world which has always dangled so helplessly from the tips of Chaplin's eloquent fingertips.

Chaplin dabbled in Marxian (*Modern Times*) and Brechtian (*Monsieur Verdoux*) analysis, but the solipsism of his conceptions negated the social implications of his ideas. The idea of the actor has always contradicted the idea of the masses just as the close-up has always distorted the long view of history. Chaplin's sensitivity to the eternal perverseness of woman further clouded his vision of the world. What is the final close-up of *City Lights* after all, but the definitive image of a man who feels tragically unworthy of his beloved?

Chaplin has been criticized for abandoning the Tramp, a creature who had engulfed his creator in the public's mind. Chaplin might be criticized with equal justice for having grown old and re-

flective. The bitter melancholy of *Limelight* carries over into *A King in New York*, a film widely misunderstood as an anti-American tract. For Chaplin, however, America is like Dawn Addams, a fantasy and a delusion, a marvelous world which he may yet revisit, but which he will never conquer. Viewed as a whole, Chaplin's career is a cinematic biography on the highest level of artistic expression.

ROBERT FLAHERTY (1884—1951)

FILMS: 1922—*Nanook of the North*. 1926—*Moana*. 1931—*Tabu* (with F. W. Murnau). 1934—*Man of Aran*. 1937—*Elephant Boy* (with Zoltan Korda). 1948—*Louisiana Story*.

Flaherty was not merely the "father" of the documentary, but one of its few justifications. Actually, his films slip so easily into the stream of fictional cinema that they hardly seem like documentaries at all. From the beginning, Flaherty intuitively sensed the limitations of the impersonal camera and the restrictions of the formal frame. By involving himself in his material, he established a cinematic principle which parallels Werner Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle in Physics, namely that the mere observation of nuclear (and cinematic) particles alters the properties of these particles. One of the most beautiful moments in the history of the cinema was recorded when *Nanook* smilingly acknowledged the presence of Flaherty's camera in his igloo. The director was not spying on *Nanook*, nor attempting to capture *Nanook's* life in the raw. He was collaborating with *Nanook* on a representation rather than a simulation of existence. What Flaherty understood so well was the potential degeneration of the documentary into voyeurism when the images of the camera were not reprocessed in the mind of the artist. Mrs. Frances Flaherty has accurately described her husband's method as pre-selection, and somehow Flaherty's method still seems more truthful than the academic post-selection of Jean Rouch, the ulterior ideologies of the British School and the intellectual dandyism of Chris Marker.

Tabu remains an interesting footnote to Flaherty's career, and his clash with Murnau acquires a fateful inevitability in retrospect. Where Flaherty expressed man's adaptability to nature, Murnau pondered on man's place in the universe. Where Flaherty was concerned with the rhythm of living, Murnau was obsessed with the meaning of life.

JOHN FORD (1895-)

FILMS: 1917—*Cactus, My Pal*; *Joan of the Cattle Land*, *The Cattle War*, *The Round Up*, *The Range War*, *The Trail of Shadows*, *The Secret*, *The Scrapper*, *The Soul Herder*, *Straight Shooting*, *The Secret Man*, *Bucking Broadway*. 1918—*Phantom Riders*, *The Hill Billy*, *Wild Women*, *Thieves' Gold*, *The Scarlet Drop*, *Hell Bent*, *A Woman's Fool*, *Three Mounted Men*. 1919—*Roped*, *A Fight For Love*, *Bare Fists*, *Riders of Vengeance*, *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *Acc of the Saddle*, *Rider of the Law*, *A Gun Fightin' Gentleman*, *Marked Men*. 1920—*The Prince of Avenue A*, *The Girl in Number 29*, *Hitchin' Posts*, *Just Pals*. 1921—*The Big Punch*, *The Freeze Out*, *The Wallop*, *Desperate Trails*, *Action*, *Sure Fire*, *Jackie*. 1922—*Little Miss Smiles*, *Silver Wings*, *The Village Blacksmith*. 1923—*The Face on the Bar-Room Floor*, *Three Jumps Ahead*, *Cameo Kirby*. 1924—*Hoodman Blind*, *North of Hudson Bay*, *The Iron Horse*, *Hearts of Oak*. 1925—*Lightnin'*, *Kentucky Pride*, *The Fighting Heart*, *Thank You*. 1926—*The Shamrock Handicap*, *The Blue Eagle*, *Three Bad Men*. 1927—*Upstream*, *Mother Machree*. 1928—*Four Sons*, *Hangman's House*, *Napoleon's Barber*; *Riley*, *the Cop*. 1929—*Strong Boy*, *Black Watch*, *Salute*. 1930—*Men Without Women*, *Born Reckless*, *Up the River*. 1931—*The Seas Beneath*, *The Brat*, *Arrowsmith*. 1932—*Air Mail*, *Flesh*. 1933—*Pilgrimage*, *Doctor Bull*. 1934—*The Lost Patrol*, *The World Moves On*, *Judge Priest*. 1935—*The Whole Town's Talking*, *The Informer*, *Steamboat 'Round the Bend*. 1936—*Prisoner of Shark Island*, *Mary of Scotland*, *The Plough and the Stars*. 1937—*Wee Willie Winkle*, *Hurricane*. 1938—*Four Men and a Prayer*, *Submarine Patrol*. 1939—*Stagecoach*, *Young Mr. Lincoln*, *Drums Along the Mohawk*. 1940—*The Grapes of Wrath*, *The Long Voyage Home*. 1941—*Tobacco Road*, *How Green Was My Valley*. 1942—*The Battle of Midway* (doc.). 1943—*We Sail at Midnight* (doc.) 1945—*They Were Expendable*, 1946—*My Darling Clementine*. 1947—*The Fugitive*. 1948—*Fort Apache*, *Three Godfathers*. 1949—*She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*. 1950—*When Willie Comes Marching Home*, *Wagonmaster*, *Rio Grande*. 1951—*This is Korea* (doc.). 1952—*What Price Glory*, *The Quiet Man*. 1953—*Mogambo*. 1954—*The Sun Shines Bright*. 1955—*The Long Gray Line*, *Mr. Roberts* (with Mervyn LeRoy). 1956—*The Searchers*. 1957—*The*

Wings of Eagles, The Rising of the Moon. 1958—The Last Hurrah. 1959—Gideon of Scotland Yard, The Horse Soldiers. 1960—Sergeant Rutledge. 1961—Two Rode Together. 1962—The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance.

John Ford is the American Cinema's Field Marshal in charge of retreats and last stands. In the work of no other director is the pastness of experience so vivid, and the force of tradition so compelling. No other American director has ranged so far across the landscape of the American past, the worlds of Lincoln, Lee, Twain, O'Neill, the three great wars, the Western and trans-Atlantic migrations, the horseless Indians of the Mohawk Valley and the Sioux and Comanche cavalries of the West, the Irish and Spanish incursions, and the delicately balanced politics of polyglot cities and border states. Ironically, Ford was adopted by the Critical Establishment at the wrong time, for the wrong films for the wrong reasons, and abandoned when his work attained new summits of personal expression. *The Informer* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, his official classics, are among his lesser works. *The Informer*, like *The Fugitive*, runs counter to Ford's sense of order. Liam O'Flaherty's renegade informer and Graham Greene's renegade priest are clearly beyond Ford's comprehension, and in both instances, Ford's casual Catholicism cannot encompass the authors' causal Catholicism. *The Grapes of Wrath* involves a conservative director with liberal material just as *Advise and Consent* involves a liberal director with conservative material. In both films, the tensions between director and subject are more compelling than the subjects themselves. Ford's personal style was particularly inimical to Steinbeck's biological conception of his characters. Where Steinbeck depicted oppression by dehumanizing his characters into creatures of abject necessity, Ford evoked nostalgia by humanizing Steinbeck's economic insects into heroic champions of an agrarian order of family and community.

Ford's major works can be traced in a rising parabola from *Steamboat 'Round the Bend* and *Judge Priest* in the mid-Thirties to the extraordinary American trilogy in 1939—*Stagecoach*, *Young Mr. Lincoln* and *Drums Along the Mohawk*—and then on to the post-war classics beginning with *My Darling Clementine* and culminating with *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*. *How Green Was My Valley* established Maureen O'Hara as the definitive Ford heroine just as

Stagecoach established John Wayne as the definitive Ford hero. The extraordinary rapport of the Wayne-O'Hara team through *Rio Grande*, *The Quiet Man* and *Wings of Eagles* adds a sexual dimension to Ford's invocation of tradition in human experience. *How Green Was My Valley* is also notable for introducing Ford's visual treatment of the past as a luminous memory more real than the present, and presumably more heroic than the future. Ford and Hawks, the directors closest to the Griffith tradition, project different aspects of Griffith's personality, Ford the historical perspective and unified vision of the world, and Hawks the psychological complexity and innate nobility of characterization. Of course, Ford can never become fashionable for the rigidly ideological critics of the Left. Too many of his characters wear uniforms without any tortuous reasoning why. Even the originally pacifistic *What Price Glory* is transformed by Ford into a nostalgic celebration of military camaraderie with the once-raucous Charmaine emerging from the dim shadows as an idealization of the Chivalric Code. As a director, Ford developed his craft in the Twenties, achieved dramatic force in the Thirties, epic sweep in the Forties and symbolic evocation in the Fifties. His style has evolved almost miraculously into a double vision of an event in all its vital immediacy and yet also in its ultimate memory-image on the horizon of history.

D. W. GRIFFITH (1875-1948)

FILMS: (Partial List 1908-1914): 1908—The Adventures of Dollie, For the Love of Gold, After Many Years, The Taming of the Shrew, The Song of the Shirt. 1909—Edgar Allan Poe, The Curtain Pole, The Politician's Love Story, The Voice of the Violin, The Medicine Bottle, The Drunkard's Reformation, The Suicide Club, Resurrection, The Cricket on the Hearth, What Drink Did, The Violin Maker of Cremona, The Lonely Villa, Her First Biscuits, A Convict's Sacrifice, The Mended Lute, The Sealed Room; 1776: Or, The Hessian Renegades; In Old Kentucky, Leather Stockings, Pippa Passes, A Change of Heart, In the Watches of the Night, Through the Breakers, Lines of White on a Sullen Sea, Nursing a Viper, The Restoration, The Light That Came, The Red Man's View, A Corner in Wheat. 1910—In Old California, As It Is In Life, The Unchanging Sea, Ramona, In the Season of Buds, A Child of the Ghetto, The Face at the Window, Muggsy's First Sweetheart, The House with Closed Shutters, The

Usurer, Rose O' Salem Town, The Iconoclast, That Chink at Golden Gulch, The Message of the Violin, Waiter No. 5, The Lesson. 1911—The Two Paths, The Italian Barber, His Trust, His Trust Fulfilled, The Manicure Lady, What Shall We Do with Our Old, Fisher Folk, The Lily of the Tenements, The Heart of a Savage, A Decree of Destiny, The Lonedale Operator, The Spanish Gypsy, Paradise Lost, How She Triumphed, Enoch Arden, The Primal Call, Fighting Blood, The Last Drop of Water, The Squaw's Love, The Revenue Man and the Girl, Her Awakening, The Battle, Through Darkened Vales, The Miser's Heart, The Failure, A Terrible Discovery. 1912—For His Son, A Mender of Nets, The Goddess of Sagebrush Gulch, A Girl and Her Trust, The Female of the Species, The Lesser Evil, The Old Actor, A Temporary Truce, Lena and the Geese, Man's Lust for Gold, Man's Genesis, The Sands of Dee, A Change of Spirit, A Pueblo Legend, An Unseen Enemy, A Feud in the Kentucky Hills, The Musketeers of Pig Alley, My Baby, Friends, The Massacre, The New York Hat, The God Within, Greed, The One She Loved. 1913—Broken Ways, The Sheriff's Baby, The Mothering Heart, The Battle at Elderbush Gulch, Judith of Bethulia, The Battle of the Sexes. 1914—The Escape, Home Sweet Home, The Avengeing Conscience, The Mother and the Law. 1915—The Birth of a Nation. 1916—Intolerance. 1918—Hearts of the World, The Great Love, The Greatest Thing in Life. 1919—A Romance of Happy Valley, The Girl Who Stayed at Home, Broken Blossoms, True Heart Susie, The Fall of Babylon, The Mother and the Law, Scarlet Days, The Greatest Question. 1920—The Idol Dancer, The Love Flower, Way Down East. 1921—Dream Street. 1922—Orphans of the Storm, One Exciting Night. 1923—The White Rose. 1924—America, Isn't Life Wonderful. 1925—Sally of the Sawdust, That Royle Girl. 1926—Sorrows of Satan. 1928—Drums of Love, The Battle of the Sexes. 1929—Lady of the Pavements. 1930—Abraham Lincoln. 1931—The Struggle. 1940—One Million, B.C. (signed by Hal Roach, but reputedly directed by Griffith).

An entire future issue of *Film Culture* will be devoted to the career of D. W. Griffith, and it is about time that this giant of the cinema were rescued from the false pedestal of an outmoded pioneer. The cinema of Griffith is no more outmoded, after all, than the drama of Aeschylus.

When one observes in the bird-in-a-cage telephone booth image in Hitchcock's *The Birds* a derivation of a similarly objective viewpoint in Griffith's *Broken Blossoms*, the alleged antiquity of Griffith becomes more dubious than ever. Only in film history is half a century treated as a millennium. This is particularly true of the liberal, technological or Marxist historians who have embraced a theory of Progress in contradistinction to all other arts. By their standards, the cinema does not rise or fall, as do all other arts, in relation to the artists involved. Instead, the cinema is subject to a certain mystical process of evolution by which Griffith's Babylonian crane shots are on the bottom rung of a ladder which mounts to Eisenstein's Odessa Steps. Conversely, the fallacious assumption that the cinema rose progressively from Griffith to Murnau to Eisenstein in the period from 1915 through 1928 implies that the cinema was betrayed from 1929 onward. The fact remains that Griffith, Murnau and Eisenstein had differing visions of the world, and their technical "contributions" can never be divorced from their personalities. The recent rediscovery of Griffith in New York and Paris centered not on the relatively familiar landmarks, *The Birth of a Nation* and *Intolerance*, but on such underrated masterpieces as *Broken Blossoms*, *True Heart Susie*, *Way Down East*, *Dream Street* and *Orphans of the Storm*. Since the process of revaluation is still continuing, no definitive estimate of Griffith's career is possible at this time.

We might observe tentatively that Griffith's silent films, like Sternberg's and Stroheim's, are often carelessly evaluated in terms of their absurd titles. When Griffith is mistakenly called naive, the titles of his films are usually responsible even when the images belie them. However, in recent years, both Jean Renoir and Josef Von Sternberg have explicitly repudiated the titles connecting their films. Griffith was certainly not a writer in any serious literary sense, but a film-maker of extraordinary complexity and depth. When Richard Barthelmess first confronts Lillian Gish in *Broken Blossoms*, the subtle exchange of emotions between the two players would defy the art of the greatest novelist, but the scene is almost invariably measured by the dime magazine title which "explains" it. The same critics and historians who denounced the intrusion of dialogue into the silent film were guilty of reducing the glorious images of the silent cinema to the feeble

conventions of the explanatory title. Very early in his career, Griffith mastered most of the technical vocabulary of the cinema, and then proceeded to simplify his vocabulary for the sake of greater psychological penetration of the dramatic issues which concerned him. Like all great artists, his art had become so deceptively simple by the same time of *Abraham Lincoln* that most critics assumed that he was in decline. Yet today, the stark simplicity of *Lincoln* looks infinitely greater than the once-fashionable razzle-dazzle of Mamoulian's *Applause*.

HOWARD HAWKS (1896-)

FILMS: 1926—*The Road to Glory*, *Fig Leaves*. 1927—*The Cradle Snatchers*, *Paid to Love*. 1928—*A Girl in Every Port*, *Fazil*, *The Air Circus*. 1929—*Trent's Last Case*. 1930—*The Dawn Patrol*. 1931—*The Criminal Code*. 1932—*The Crowd Roars*, *Scarface*, *Tiger Shark*. 1933—*Today We Live*. 1934—*Twentieth Century*, *Viva Villa* (with and signed by Jack Conway). 1935—*Barbary Coast*. 1936—*Ceiling Zero*, *The Road to Glory*, *Come and Get It* (with William Wyler). 1938—*Bringing Up Baby*. 1939—*Only Angels Have Wings*. 1940—*His Girl Friday*. 1941—*Sergeant York*, *Ball of Fire*. 1943—*Air Force*. 1944—*To Have and Have Not*. 1946—*The Big Sleep*. 1948—*Red River*, *A Song Is Born*. 1949—*I Was a Male War Bride*. 1952—*The Big Sky*, *Monkey Business*, *O'Henry's Full House* (The Ransom of Red Chief episode). 1953—*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. 1955—*The Land of the Pharaohs*. 1959—*Rio Bravo*. 1962—*Hatari!*

If Ford's heroes are sustained by tradition, the Hawksian hero is upheld by an instinctive professionalism. Even during the Depression, Hawksian characters were always gainfully employed. The idea that a man is measured by his work rather than by his ability to communicate with women is the ultimate source of Hawks' masculinity, as the converse is the source of Antonioni's femininity. Where Ford's attitude to his women can be defined in terms of chivalry, the Hawksian woman is a manifestation of the director's gallantry. If Hawks ultimately lacks Ford's historical perspective, he compensates with a more complex psychology of characterization. Hawks' unyielding eye-level point of view is his distinguishing stylistic characteristic and represents a total commitment to the subjective over the objective. A director of parts as well as a unified whole,

he has stamped his distinctively bitter view of life on adventure, gangster and private eye melodramas, westerns, musicals and screwball comedies. Now that his work has been thoroughly revived and revaluated throughout the English-speaking world, there is little point in belaboring the point for the few remaining stragglers who maintain that his art is not really Art with a serving of espresso in the lobby.

What Peter Bogdanovich's recent interview with Hawks communicates above all else is the unity of the director's style and personality. Hawks talks like he directs, forcefully and professionally. His detractors might argue that force and professionalism are commonplace in the American cinema, but they are wrong. Force without hysteria is rare indeed, and professionalism is more often impersonal than not. The idea that Hawks' films are undistinguishable from films of other directors in the same genres derives from a literary rather than a visual analysis. Huston's *The Maltese Falcon* and Hawks' *The Big Sleep* are both private-eye melodramas with Humphrey Bogart in the lead. The plot of *Falcon* is more coherent, and the supporting cast more striking. Ergo, *Falcon* should be superior to *Sleep*, but is it? Where Huston displays his material, Hawks projects his. Huston draws away from Bogart repeatedly to concentrate on the intrigue of the plot. Hawks brings Bogart forward to allow the character to dominate the intrigue. Bogart is taller and more heroic under Hawks than under Huston. Ultimately, *Sleep* is more Hawks than Chandler while *Falcon* is more Hammett than Huston. Hawks is more the *auteur*, Huston more the *metteur-en-scene*. The gap between the directors is not as great here as it will be later when Hawks is making *Rio Bravo* and *Hatari* and Huston is making *Roots of Heaven* and *Freud*. Hawks never needed Chandler as much as Huston needed Hammett.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK (1899-)

FILMS: 1925—*The Pleasure Garden*. 1926—*The Mountain Eagle*, *The Lodger*. 1927—*Downhill*, *Easy Virtue*, *The Ring*. 1928—*The Farmer's Wife*, *Champagne*, *The Manxman*. 1929—*Blackmail*. 1930—*Juno and the Paycock*, *Murder*. 1931—*The Skin Game*. 1932—*East of Shanghai*, *Number Seventeen*. 1935—*The 39 Steps*, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, *Strauss' Great Waltz*. 1936—*Secret Agent*. 1937—*Sabotage*. 1938—*The Lady Vanishes*, *A Girl Was Young*. 1939—

Jamaica Inn. 1940—Rebecca, Foreign Correspondent. 1941—Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Suspicion. 1942—Saboteur. 1943—Shadow of a Doubt. 1944—Lifeboat. 1945—Spellbound. 1946—Notorious. 1947—The Paradine Case. 1948—Rope. 1949—Under Capricorn. 1950—Stage Fright. 1951—Strangers on a Train. 1952—I Confess. 1954—Dial M for Murder, Rear Window. 1955 To Catch a Thief, The Trouble With Harry. 1956—The Man Who Knew Too Much, The Wrong Man. 1958—Vertigo. 1959—North by Northwest. 1960—Psycho. 1963—The Birds.

Alfred Hitchcock is the supreme technician of the American Cinema. Even his many enemies cannot begrudge him that distinction. Like Ford, Hitchcock cuts in his mind, and not in the cutting room with five different set-ups for every scene. His is the only contemporary style which unites the divergent classical traditions of Murnau (camera movement) and Eisenstein (montage). (Welles, for example, owes more to Murnau, while Resnais is closer to Eisenstein.) However, Hitchcock seldom receives the visual analysis he deserves in the learned Anglo-American periodicals devoted ostensibly to the art of the cinema. Pages and pages will be expended on Resnais' synchronized tracks in *Last Year at Marienbad*, but the subtler diminuendo of Hitchcock's cross-tracking in the American remake of *The Man Who Knew Too Much* will pass by unnoticed. Resnais, Truffaut and Chabrol can pay homage to Hitchcock, but the Anglo-American admirers of Resnais, Truffaut and Chabrol will continue to pass off Hitchcock as a Continental aberration. "The Master of Suspense" is thus virtually without honor in his own countries.

Hitchcock's art is full of paradoxes. *The Birds*, for example, reveals a rigorous morality coupled with a dark humor, but the theme of complacency which runs through all his work, is now so explicit that it is generally misunderstood. Hitchcock requires a situation of normality, however dull it may seem on the surface, to emphasize the evil abnormality which lurks beneath the surface. Hitchcock understands, as his detractors do not, the crucial function of counterpoint in the cinema. You cannot commit a murder in a haunted house or dark alley, and make a meaningful statement to the audience. The spectators simply withdraw from these bizarre settings, and let the décor dictate the action. It is not Us up there on the screen, but some play actors trying to be sinister. However, when murder is committed in a gleamingly

sanitary motel bathroom during a cleansing shower, the incursion of evil into our well-laundered existence becomes intolerable. We may laugh nervously or snort disgustedly, but we will never be quite as complacent again. Hitchcock's repeated invasions of everyday life with the most outrageous melodramatic devices have shaken the foundations of that facile humanism which insists that people are good, and only systems evil, as if the systems themselves are not functions of human experience. Much of the sick, perverse, anti-humanistic humor sweeping through America today is an inevitable reaction to the sickening sentimentality of totalitarianism masquerading as all-encompassing humanism. Hitchcock has never been accepted as part of this fashionable sickness, and that is all to his credit. He insists, almost intolerantly, upon a moral reckoning for his characters and for his audience. We can violate the Commandments at our own psychic peril, but we must pay the price in guilt at the end. Hitchcock can be devious, but he is never dishonest.

F. W. MURNAU (1889-1931)

FILMS: 1919—Der Knabe im Blau, Satanas, Der Bucklige und die Tänzerin. 1920—Der Januskopf. 1921—Der Gang in die Nacht, Schloss Vogeled, Sehnsucht. 1922—Marizza, Genannt die Schmuggler—Madonna, Der Brennende Acker, Nosferatu, Eine Symphonie des Grauens, Phantom. 1923—Austreibung, Die Finanzen des Grossherzogs. 1924—Der Letzte Mann (The Last Laugh). 1925—Tartuffe. 1926—Faust. 1927—Sunrise. 1928—Four Devils. 1930—City Girl (Our Daily Bread). 1931—Tabu (with Robert Flaherty).

To put it as simply as possible, Murnau is *mise-en-scene*. The tradition he represents is that of the director who decides how much of the world will be revealed to the audience. The aesthetic of camera movement over montage implies the continuousness of a visual field outside the frame of a film. What we see on the screen is what the director has chosen to show us. He could have shown us more or less or something else, but he chose to show us what he has shown us for a specific purpose. In *Faust*, the screen is momentarily dark. Suddenly it is illuminated by a candle, and we see a man carrying the candle down some stairs. The man, the candle, the stairs have materialized out of the darkness. The world has been manifested by the director. Spottiswoode or Arnheim would demystify this luminous moment by

explaining the technical processes involved, but they could never fully express the magical effect of these processes upon an audience. This is the difference between viewing the cinema as the sum of its machinery and regarding it as the creation of its artists. Any director can track if he has the facilities at his disposal. Any director can illuminate a dark screen. But only Murnau could have given the meanings to tracking and lighting that he did.

When we speak of "movements" in the cinema, it usually turns out to be individuals leading the way with a host of lesser artists and imitators in tow. The Russian Golden Age is now Eisenstein and others; Neorealism, Rossellini and others, and German Expressionism, Murnau and others. There is something to be said for Dovshenko, Visconti and Lang, and a great deal less for Pudovkin, De Sica and Pabst, but the principle is reaffirmed: Ages are inseparable from Artists. After the extraordinary artistry of *Sunrise* and *Tabu*, Murnau's future in the American cinema seemed limitless. His tragic death shortly after he had signed a Paramount contract removed for all time the staggering possibilities of a Murnau-Sternberg-Lubitsch triumvirate at one studio.

The limiting factor in Murnau's cinema is his conception of characters in terms of universals. His Everyman in *Faust*, *The Last Laugh*, *Sunrise* and *Tabu* is no man in particular, and paradoxically, no man in general. Murnau's characters, like Lang's, are creatures of their private destinies. The director's fateful camera angles, again like Lang's, constitute the signature of a modern tragedian. Murnau's enclosed cosmos even in *Tabu* is the logical consequence of studio cinema, and the ultimate presumption of *mise-en-scene*.

MAX OPHULS (1902-1957)

1930—Dann schon lieber Lebertran. 1931—Die Lachende Erben, Die verliebte Firma. 1932—Die verkaufte Braut, Liebelei. 1933—Une Histoire d'Amour, On a Volé un Homme. 1934—La Signora di Tutti. 1935—Divine. 1936—Komödie um Geld, Ave Maria of Schubert (short), La Valse Brillante (short), La Tendre Ennemie. 1937—Yoshiwara. 1938—Werther. 1939—Sans Lendemain. 1940—De Mayerling à Sarajevo. 1947—The Exile. 1948—Letter from an Unknown Woman. 1949—Caught, The Reckless Moment. 1950—La Ronde. 1951—Le Plaisir. 1953—Madame de . . . 1955—Lola Montès (Released in mutilated English-language version, Sins of Lola Montes, in New York 1959).

The cinema of Max Ophuls translates tracking

into walking. His fluid camera follows his characters without controlling them, and it is this stylistic expression of humanism which finally sets Ophuls apart from Murnau and Hitchcock. However, the track is such a conspicuous element of film technique that Ophuls has never been sufficiently appreciated for his other merits. Even when he is most bitter, he never descends to caricature. His humor is never malicious, his irony never destructive. Like Renoir, he was one of the first genuinely international directors, the kind of artist who did not slur over national differences in the name of a spurious universality, but who defined national differences as functions of a larger unity. Consequently, Ophuls' American films, particularly *Caught* and *The Reckless Moment* express a perceptive vision of America's glamorous fantasies (*Caught*) and the obsessive absorption with family at the expense of society (*The Reckless Moment*). Conversely, his treatment of European subjects in *The Exile* and *Letter From an Unknown Woman* lent grace and sensibility to the American Cinema at a time when it was reeling from its false realism.

We claim Max as our own only to the extent that he happened to pass in our midst during his long voyage to sublimity. His influence was not as decisive as Murnau's, nor as pervasive as Renoir's. In the final analysis, Ophuls is, like all great directors, inimitable, and if all the dollies and cranes in the world snap to attention when his name is mentioned, it is because he gave camera movement its finest hours in the history of the cinema. When Joan Fontaine mounts the staircase to her lover's apartment for the last time, Ophuls' camera slowly turns from its vantage point on a higher landing to record the definitive memory-image of love. For a moment we enter the privileged sanctuary of remembrance, and *Letter From an Unknown Woman* reverberates forever after with this intimation of mortality. Love, the memory of love, the mortality of love, the style of love comprise the Ophulsian heritage. If Ophuls seemed inordinately devoted to baroque opulence, his devotion was nevertheless strong-minded enough to contemplate an underlying human vanity tinged with sadness at its impending doom. The sensuous fabrics and surfaces of the Ophulsian world never completely obscured the grinning skeletons in the closets, and luxury never muffled tragedy.

JEAN RENOIR (1894—)

FILMS: 1924—La Fille de l'eau, 1926—Nana. 1927—Charleston, Marquitta. 1928—La Petite

marchande d'allumettes. 1929—Tire au flanc, Le Tournoi, Le Petit chaperon rouge, La P'tite Lili, Le Bled. 1931—On Purge bebe, La Chienne. 1932—La Nuit du carrefour, Boudu sauve des eaux. 1933—Chotard et Compagnie. 1934—Toni, Madame Bovary. 1935—Le Crime de Monsieur Lange. 1936—La Vie est a Nous, Une Partie de campagne, Les Bas fonds. 1937—La Marseillaise, La Grande illusion. 1938—La Bete Humaine. 1939—La Regle du jeu. 1940—La Tosca (with C. Koch and Luchino Visconti). 1941—Swamp Water. 1943—This Land Is Mine. 1944—Salute to France (allegorical documentary). 1945—The Southerner. 1946—Diary of a Chambermaid. 1947—The Woman on the Beach. 1951—The River. 1954—The Golden Coach. 1956—French Can Can. 1957—Paris Does Strange Things. 1960—Le Dejeuner sur l'herbe. 1961—Dr. Cordelier. 1963—Le Caporal épinglé. (Renoir wrote and produced *Une vie sans joie* in 1924, and Albert Dieudonné directed.)

Renoir's career is a river of personal expression. The waters may vary here and there in turbulence and depth, but the flow of personality is consistently directed to its final outlet in the sea of life. If the much-abused term, "Humanism," could be applied to Renoir's art and to no one else's, it might still provide an accurate definition for his work as a whole. In Renoir's films, man's natural surroundings are almost always prominently featured, and it is this emphasis on man in his environment photographed by an unblinking camera which is the true precursor of neorealism. As Murnau represents the formal antithesis to Eisenstein's montage principles, Renoir represents the thematic alternative to Eisenstein's dialectic. However, the fact that Renoir is a warm director and Eisenstein a cold one cannot be explained entirely through forms and themes. Directorial personality is, as always, the crucial determinant of a film's temperature. Murnau, after all, is cold, and Ophuls is warm, and both move their camera. Chaplin is warm, and Keaton is cold, and both have evolved from the Sennett tradition. Lubitsch is warm, and Preminger is cold, and both are descended from the Viennese school. However, Renoir's preoccupation with his actors implies a concern with the unifying principles of humanity. *The Diary of a Chambermaid* is Renoir's definitive Resistance film. Never before had his characterizations been so Manichean. On one side were the fascists, the reactionaries and the opportunists, and on the other, the enlightened aristocrats and the people,

and the issue between the two groups could be resolved only by violence. Yet, before and after his committed periods, whether Marxist or patriotic, Renoir developed the themes of brotherly accommodation. Consequently, Renoir's career is not merely biography, but also history. He has never looked back to an imaginary Golden Age, and he has never exploited past successes. The easy paths of cynicism and sentimentality have never appealed to him, and his unyielding sincerity is one of the glories of the cinema. If Renoir had not come to America in 1940, his work might have developed into an elaboration of the class structure as seen from the multiple viewpoint of *The Rules of the Game*. Renoir's American experience undoubtedly contributed to his transition from objectivity to subjectivity. In the American cinema, one must ultimately root for one side or another. The exceptions to this rule, most notably Hitchcock and Preminger, only confirm the rule. However, Renoir's conversion was only surface deep, and the multiple viewpoint was never really abandoned even in *Diary of a Chambermaid*. The problem with most conventional critiques of Renoir's films is that humanism is invariably associated with crudity of expression, but there is nothing crude about Renoir's technique once its purposes have been fully understood. Only when style is confused with meaningless flourishes does Renoir's economy of expression seem inadequate for text-book critics.

JOSEPH VON STERNBERG (1894-)
FILMS: 1925—The Salvation Hunters. 1926—The Sea Gull, The Exquisite Sinner. 1927—Underworld. 1928—Last Command, The Drag Net, Docks of New York. 1929—The Case of Lena Smith, Thunderbolt. 1930—The Blue Angel, Morrocco. 1931—Dishonored, An American Tragedy. 1932—Shanghai Express, Blonde Venus. 1934—The Scarlet Empress. 1935—The Devil is a Woman, Crime and Punishment. 1936—The King Steps Out. 1939—Sergeant Madden. 1941—The Shanghai Gesture. 1944—The Town. 1952—Macao. 1954—Anatahan. 1957—Jet Pilot.

The cinema of Sternberg is the cinema of illusion and delusion, of men deluded by women, of men and women deluded by surface appearances. Sternberg has always worked within a studio enclosure where he could control the lighting and texture. When a French interviewer asked him why he had constructed a studio set on the Pacific island where he shot *Anatahan*, Sternberg replied simply, "Because I am a poet." Some critics have

mistakenly confused his poetry with folly as if Sternberg himself had been as deluded as his characters. Of course, there is a striking echo of Lionel Atwill's narration for *The Devil Is a Woman* in Sternberg's narration for *Anatahan*. Sternberg the man undoubtedly shared some of the follies of his characters, but Sternberg the director never lost his formal grip on his material. *Jet Pilot* is as firmly controlled as *Docks of New York*, and *Sergeant Madden* is as visually striking as *Underworld*. Nor was Sternberg a delirious stylist who could not control himself when he was confronted with objective interpretations of *An American Tragedy* and *Crime and Punishment*. He could and did modulate his style for these projects.

Perhaps the most damaging blow to Sternberg's critical reputation was delivered by John Grierson when he observed more in anger than in sorrow that when a director dies, he becomes a photographer. One might retort that when a critic dies, he becomes socially conscious. Yet, Grierson represents the prevailing critical sentiment in the Thirties when films were supposed to be short, snappy and to the proletarian point. Sternberg was thus considered slow, decadent and self-indulgent, and gloriously ambiguous Marlene Dietrich was judged too rich for the people's blood. This was a time for bread, not cake. Today Sternberg and Dietrich look more dazzling than ever while most of the cinema of the bread lines looks excessively mannered. Time invariably vindicates form over topicality, and poetry always outlives journalism. It is to be devoutly hoped that Sternberg will get another chance to practise his classic art.

ERICH VON STROHEIM (1885—1957)

FILMS: 1918—Blind Husbands. 1919—The Devil's Passkey. 1922—Foolish Wives, Merry-Go-Round. 1925—Greed, The Merry Widow. 1928—The Wedding March, Queen Kelly. 1932—Walking Down Broadway.

Stroheim, like Welles, was often suspected of yielding to the temptation of martyrdom. Film-making, like life, is full of compromises and accommodations, but Stroheim seemed as intransigent on trivial issues as on major ones. What difference, after all, did it make if his royal troops wore the right underwear under their uniforms. Was this not realism carried to idiocy? One might similarly reproach Abel Gance for applying a hundred superimpositions when the audience was aware of only four or five, or Eisenstein for criticizing Korda for not varying the tonality of *Rembrandt* to express the chromatic evolution of the

painter as if more than twenty people in the world would get the point. The mark of genius is an obsession with an irrelevant detail. Stroheim knew as well as anyone that the commercial exhibition of movies precluded a realistic style which simply accumulated details until the audience was crushed by the sheer weight of the details, but he also understood that realism could not be faked by suggestion, nor elided by conceptual montage. His films establish a distinction between things as essences and things as symbols.

Stroheim's art is made even more complex by the flamboyant perversity of his personality. A false opposition has been established between Stroheim and Griffith on the grounds of sophistication of film content, but in some ways, Stroheim was more Victorian than Griffith, just as cynicism is often more naïve than passion. Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of Stroheim's style is its technical chastity. *The Wedding March*, made in 1928 when Murnau was at the peak of his influence, does not contain a single camera movement. Ultimately, Stroheim's obsessive realism, even in the most romantic settings, anchored his camera to his compositions. Lacking his distinctive personality, his films would have been unbearably literal, and the limitations of realism would have been more apparent.

ORSON WELLES (1915—)

FILMS: 1941—Citizen Kane. 1942—The Magnificent Ambersons, Journey Into Fear (signed by Norman Foster). 1946—The Stranger. 1948—Lady from Shanghai. 1950—Macbeth. 1955—Othello. 1958—Touch of Evil. 1962—Mr. Arkadin. 1963—The Trial.

The fact that Welles, the aging *enfant terrible* of the American Cinema, is still the youngest indisputably great American director is an ominous symptom of decadence. It can even be argued that Welles' films are now less American than European in outlook, and that in ten years or less, there may be no American cinema of great artistic significance. Even today, the best American films represent the creative spasms of the last gasp instead of the first breath. No matter. With *The Trial*, Welles' career has taken a curious turn. This Man from Mars who projected radio dynamics to that RKO-Radio classic, *Citizen Kane*, has gradually gone sour on the sound-track. The ear of the expatriate has lost contact with the nuances of American speech. It may be no accident that Welles has gradually turned away from the psychological density of the biography (*Citizen*

Kane) and the filmed novel (*The Magnificent Ambersons*) to the psychological abstractions of fantasy (*Lady from Shanghai*), allegory (*Touch of Evil*), fable (*Mr. Arkadin*) and hallucination (*The Trial*). The conventional American diagnosis of his career is decline, pure and simple, but decline is never pure and never simple. Welles began his career on such a high plateau that the most precipitous decline would not affect his place in the Pantheon. *Citizen Kane* is still the work which influenced the cinema more profoundly than any American film since *Birth of a Nation*. If the Thirties belonged to Lubitsch's subtle grace and unobtrusive cutting, the Forties belong to the Wellesian resurrection of Murnau's portentous camera angles. The decade of plots gave way to a decade of themes, and the American cinema had lost its innocence and charm forever. From the beginning, Welles imposed a European temperament on the American cinema. Even today, Arthur Penn acknowledges the influence of Welles. It might be argued that Welles has made the American cinema more pretentious than it should be, but Ford and Hawks have retained the Griffith tradition, Preminger is still a Lubitsch man, and Hitchcock still practises a style of economy. Thus, Welles, is now more than ever, an isolated genius, and not nearly as dangerous as his detractors suppose.

SECOND LINE

FRANK BORZAGE
GEORGE CUKOR
SAMUEL FULLER
BUSTER KEATON
FRITZ LANG
ERNST LUBITSCH
OTTO PREMINGER
NICHOLAS RAY
DOUGLAS SIRK
KING VIDOR

FRANK BORZAGE (1893-1961)

FILMS: 1918—Flying Colors, Until They Get Me, The Gun Woman, Shoes That Danced, Innocent's Progress, Society for Sale, An Honest Man, Who is to Blame?, The Ghost Flower, The Curse of Iku. 1919—Toton, Prudence of Broadway, Whom the Gods Destroy. 1920—Humoresque. 1921—The Duke of Chimney Butte. 1922—Get Rich Quick Wallingford, Bank Day, Silent Shelby, Billy Jim, The Good Provider, Valley of Silent Men, The Pride of Palomar. 1923—Children of Dust, Nth Commandment, Song of Love. 1924—The Age of Desire, Secrets. 1925—The Lady,

Daddy's Gone a' Huntin', Wages for Wives, The Circle, Lazybones. 1926—Marriage License, The First Year, The Dixie Merchant, Early to Wed. 1927—Seventh Heaven. 1928—Street Angel. 1929—The River, Lucky Star, They Had to See Paris. 1930—Song o' My Heart, Liliom. 1931—Bad Girl, Doctor's Wives, As Young as You Feel. 1932—A Farewell to Arms, After Tomorrow, Young America. 1933—A Man's Castle, Secrets. 1934—No Greater Glory, Little Man What Now, Flirtation Walk. 1935—Living on Velvet, Stranded, Shipmates Forever. 1936—Desire, Hearts Divided. 1937—History is Made at Night, Green Light, The Big City, Mannequin. 1938—Three Comrades, The Shining Hour. 1939—Disputed Passage. 1940—The Mortal Storm, Strange Cargo, Flight Command. 1941—Smilin' Through, The Vanishing Virginian. 1942—Seven Sweethearts. 1943—Stagedoor Canteen, His Butler's Sister. 1944—Till We Meet Again. 1945—The Spanish Main. 1946—I've Always Loved You, The Magnificent Doll. 1947—That's My Man. 1948—Moonrise. 1958—China Doll. 1959—The Big Fisherman.

Frank Borzage was that rarity of rarities, an uncompromising romanticist. Anglo-Saxon film historians have generally underrated Borzage on the assumption that the director's romanticism was a commercially motivated betrayal of realism. Yet, the way of the romanticist is usually much harder than that of the realist. Audiences generally prefer realism, at least on the surface; and intimate love stories have always been box-office poison. On the rare occasions when romanticism seems to be popular, it is usually the false romanticism of Hathaway's *Peter Ibbetson* or Wyler's *Wuthering Heights*, romantic subjects directed coldly by unromantic directors, the coldness disguised in the former instance by the photography of Lee Garmes, and in the latter by the music of Alfred Newman. Borzage never needed dream worlds for his suspensions of disbelief. He plunged into the real world of poverty and oppression, the world of Roosevelt and Hitler, the New Deal and the New Order, to impart an aura to his characters, not merely through soft focus and a fluid camera, but through a genuine concern with the wondrous inner life of lovers in the midst of adversity. His anti-Nazi films—*Little Man, What Now* and *Three Comrades*—were far ahead of their time, emotionally if not politically. Borzage's objection to Hitler was a curious one. What Hitler and all tyrants represented most reprehensibly was an invasion of the emotional privacy of individ-

uals, particularly lovers, those blessed creatures gifted with luminous rapport. *History Is Made at Night* is not only the most romantic title in the history of the cinema, but also a profound expression of Borzage's commitment to love over probability. Borzage's cinema is typified by his extraordinary treatment of Janet Gaynor and Margaret Sullavan, actress with screen personalities molded by Borzage. Jean Arthur and Gail Russell fitted into the Borzage tradition on their first and only tries, and Borzage's actors, notably Spencer Tracy, Charles Boyer and James Stewart, were made to discard Hollywood's traditionally cynical attitudes toward love. Many of Borzage's projects, particularly toward the end of his career, were indisputably trivial in conception, but the director's personality never faltered, and when the glorious opportunity of *Moonrise* presented itself, Borzage was not stale or jaded. This, if anything, is the moral of the *auteur* theory.

GEORGE CUKOR (1899-)

FILMS: 1930—*The Royal Family of Broadway* (with Cyril Gardner), *Grumpy* (with Cyril Gardner), *Virtuous Sin* (with Louis Gasnier). 1931—*Tarnished Lady*, *Girls About Town*. 1932—*One Hour With You* (directed by Cukor from Lubitsch plan, signed by Lubitsch), *A Bill of Divorcement*, *What Price Hollywood*, *Rockabye*. 1933—*Dinner at Eight*, *Little Women*, *Our Betters*. 1935—*David Copperfield*, *Sylvia Scarlett*. 1936—*Romeo and Juliet*. 1937—*Camille*. 1938—*Holiday*, *Zaza*. 1939—*The Women*. 1940—*The Philadelphia Story*, *Susan and God*. 1941—*A Woman's Face*, *Two-Faced Woman*. 1942—*Her Cardboard Lover*. 1943—*Keeper of the Flame*. 1944—*Gaslight*, *Winged Victory*. 1948—*A Double Life*. 1949—*Adam's Rib*; *Edward, My Son*. 1950—*A Life of Her Own*, *Born Yesterday*. 1952—*The Model and the Marriage Broker*, *The Marrying Kind*, *Pat and Mike*. 1953—*The Actress*. 1954—*A Star Is Born*, *It Should Happen to You*. 1956—*Bhowani Junction*. 1957—*Les Girls*, *Wild is the Wind*. 1960—*Heller in Pink Tights*, *Let's Make Love*, *Song Without End* (begun and signed by Charles Vidor). 1962—*The Chapman Report*.

The argument for Cukor can be stated in terms an idiot would understand. When a director has provided tasteful entertainments of a high order consistently over a period of more than thirty years, it is clear that said director is much more than a mere entertainer. Mere entertainers seldom

entertain for more than five years, and then only intermittently. Even Cukor's enemies concede his taste and style, but it has become fashionable to dismiss him as a woman's director because of his skill in directing actresses, a skill he shares with Griffith, Chaplin, Renoir, Ophuls, Sternberg, Welles, Dreyer, Rossellini, Mizoguchi ad infinitum ad gloriam. Another argument against Cukor is that he relies heavily on adaptations from the stage, and that his cinema consequently lacks the purity of the *Odessa Steps*. This argument was refuted in principle by the late André Bazin. There is an honorable place in the cinema for both adaptations and the non-writer director, and Cukor, like Lubitsch, is one of the best examples of the non-writer *auteur*, a creature literary film critics seem unable to comprehend. The thematic consistency of Cukor's career has been achieved through a judicious mixture of selection and emphasis. The director's theme is imagination with the focus on the imager rather than on the thing imagined. Cukor's cinema is a subjective cinema without an objective correlative. The husbands never appear in *The Women*, and Edward never appears in *Edward, My Son*. Most critics would argue that this merely proves Cukor's slavish fidelity to his playwrights, but the fact remains that most directors attempt to make plays more "cinematic" by moving outdoors and adding characters and extras. Not Cukor. *Bhowani Junction* and *Heller in Pink Tights* demonstrate that Cukor is fully capable of exploiting exteriors when they serve his purposes. The opening Central Park sequence in *The Marrying Kind* is one of the most graceful exercises in open-air film-making in the history of the cinema, and the corresponding sequence in *It Should Happen to You* is not far behind. Yet, when characters have to thrash out their illusions and problems across the kitchen table, Cukor glides through his interiors without self-conscious reservations about what is "cinematic" and what is not. It is no accident that many of Cukor's characters are thespians of one form or another. John Barrymore and Marie Dressler in *Dinner at Eight*, Ina Claire in *Royal Family of Broadway*, Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant in *Sylvia Scarlett*, Judy Garland and James Mason in *A Star Is Born*, Jean Simmons in *The Actress*, Marilyn Monroe in *Let's Make Love* and even Sophia Loren, De Sica's alleged earth mother, in *Heller in Pink Tights*. Even when Cukor's characters do not appear formally behind the footlights, they project an imaginative existence. W. C. Fields is pure ham in *David Copper-*

field, and Katharine Hepburn is pure egoism in *The Philadelphia Story*, and Cukor is equally sympathetic to the absurdities of both. *Les Girls* is Cukor's *Rashomon*, but where Kurosawa argues that all people are liars, Cukor suggests that all people tell the truth in their fashion. Even when imagination extends to transvestism in *Adam's Rib* and *Sylvia Scarlet*, Cukor retains an indulgent affection for the misguided brashness of Katharine Hepburn. The theme is consistent; the pattern is established. Cukor is committed to the dreamer, if not to the content of the dream. He is a genuine *auteur*.

SAMUEL FULLER (1911-)

FILMS: 1949—I Shot Jesse James. 1950—The Baron of Arizona, The Steel Helmet. 1951—Fixed Bayonets. 1952—Park Row. 1953—Pickup on South Street. 1954—Hell and High Water. 1955—House of Bamboo. 1957—China Gate, Run of the Arrow, Forty Guns. 1959—The Crimson Kimono. 1960—Verboten! 1961—Underworld U.S.A. 1962—Merrill's Marauders.

Fuller is an authentic American primitive whose works have to be seen to be understood. Seen, not heard or synopsized. His first film, *I Shot Jesse James*, was constructed almost entirely in close-ups of an oppressive intensity the cinema had not experienced since Dreyer's *The Passion of Joan of Arc*. Fuller's script was so compressed that there was no room for even one establishing atmosphere shot, nor one dramatically irrelevant scene in which characters could suggest an everyday existence. The excitement Fuller arouses in critics sensitive to visual forms is equalled by the horror he arouses in critics of the left for the lack of social perspective in his films. The cinematic opposition between right and left is exemplified in the different approaches of Fuller's *China Gate* and Mankiewicz' *The Quiet American*. Where Fuller thrusts all his political ideas forward with his few characters carrying all the ideological burdens of the Cold War and American-Asia relations, Mankiewicz is always receding from his characters to allow the larger spectacle of the Indo-Chinese masses to serve as a political context. Mankiewicz' adaptation of Greene's personal plot is anecdotal, microcosmic, symbolic. With Fuller, the distinction between the personal plot and its political context evaporates with the first leggy close-up of Angie Dickinson. Fuller's ideas are undoubtedly too broad and oversimplified for any serious analysis, but it is the artistic force with which his ideas are expressed that makes his

career so fascinating to critics who can rise above their political prejudices. Admittedly, it is absurd to attribute the depredations of Indians (*Run of the Arrow*) and Neo-Nazis (*Verboten!*) to some universal juvenile delinquency, but Fuller's perversity and peculiarly Old Testament view of retribution carries the day in both cases. It is time the cinema followed the other arts in honoring its primitives. Fuller belongs to the cinema, and not to literature and sociology.

BUSTER KEATON (1896-)

FILMS: 1919-1923: Shorts—One Week, Convict 13, The Scarecrow, Neighbors, The Haunted House, Hard Luck, The High Sign, The Saphead, The Playhouse, The Paleface, Cops, The Electric House, My Wife's Relations, The Blacksmith, Frozen North, Day Dreams, Balloonatics, The Love Nest. 1923—The Three Ages (with Eddie Cline), Our Hospitality (with Jack Blystone). 1924—Sherlock Junior (with Eddie Cline) The Navigator (with Donald Crisp). 1925—Seven Chances, Go West. 1926—Battling Butler, The General (with Clyde Bruckman). 1927—College (with James W. Horne). 1928—Steamboat Bill Junior (with Charles F. Riesner).

The difference between Keaton and Chaplin is the difference between poise and poetry, between the aristocrat and the tramp, between adaptability and dislocation, between the function of things and the meaning of things, between eccentricity and mysticism, between man as machine and man as angel, between the girl as a convention and the girl as an ideal, between life as farce and life as fantasy. Viewed simply as evokers of laughter. Keaton at his prime was more inventive while Chaplin was more profound. Keaton's arid tradition of comedy was continued by Clair and Tati, but Chaplin remains inimitable. If Keaton had not been curtailed by sound and financing, would he have remained on the same plateau? Keaton's champions usually argue that comedy is comedy, and tragedy is tragedy, and never the twain should meet as they do in Chaplin. This is the argument of purity, but somehow the cinema has always reveled in mixed forms. The current ascendancy of Keaton is long overdue, but when and if Chaplin's repertory becomes accessible, the proper balance should be reestablished. Ultimately, Keaton and Chaplin complement each other all the way down the line to that memorably ghostly moment in *Limelight* when they share the same tawdy dressing room preparing to face their lost audience.

FRITZ LANG (1890-)

FILMS: 1919—Halb-Blut; Der Herr Der Liebe; Die Spinnen: Der Goldene See; Hara Kiri; Die Spinnen: Das Brillanten Schiff. 1920—Das Wandernde Bild. 1921—Vier Um Die Frau, Der Müde Tod. 1922—Dr. Mabuse, Der Spieler. 1924—Die Niebelungen. 1926—Metropolis. 1928—Spione, Frau Im Mond. 1932—M; Das Testament Von Dr. Mabuse. 1933—Liliom. American Period: 1936—Fury. 1937—You Only Live Once. 1938—You and Me. 1940—The Return of Frank James. 1941—Western Union, Manhunt. 1943—Hangmen Also Die. 1945—Ministry of Fear, The Woman in the Window, Scarlet Street. 1946—Cloak and Dagger. 1948—Secret Beyond the Door. 1950—House By the River, American Guerilla in the Philippines. 1952—Rancho Notorious, Clash by Night. 1953—The Blue Gardenia, The Big Heat. 1954—Human Desire. 1955—Moonfleet. 1956—While the City Sleeps, Beyond a Reasonable Doubt. 1960—Journey to the Lost City (Eng.-Ger. lan.)

Fritz Lang's cinema is the cinema of the nightmare, the fable and the philosophical dissertation. Lang's apparent weaknesses are the consequences of his virtues. He has always lacked the anecdotal flair lesser directors display to such advantage. Lang's plots generally go inexplicably sour or silly at the very end. His characters never develop with any psychological precision, and his world lacks the details of verisimilitude which are so important to realistic critics. However, Lang's vision of the world is profoundly expressed by his visual forms. Where Renoir's *The Human Beast* is the tragedy of a doomed man caught up in the flow of life, Lang's remake, *Human Desire*, is the nightmare of an innocent man enmeshed in the tangled strands of fate. What we remember in Renoir are the faces of Gabin, Simon and Ledoux. What we remember in Lang are the geometrical patterns of trains, tracks and fateful camera angles. If Renoir is humanism, Lang is determinism. If Renoir is concerned with the plight of his characters, Lang is obsessed with the structure of the trap. It must be stressed that Lang's cinema has not declined over the years. The same objections can be directed at both *Metropolis* and *Moonfleet*, and yet both films share the same bleak view of the universe where man grapples with his personal destiny, and inevitably loses. The last sea image of *Moonfleet* is Lang's chilling reconstruction of the legend of the Flying Dutchman. There is something of the voyeur in Lang; vide the flashlight sequence in *Metropolis* and

the false mirror in the last *Mabuse*. His films are cold and unpleasant, but their formal brilliance and intellectual conceptions are incontestable. Lang is the cerebral tragedian of the cinema, and his lapses into absurdity are the evidence of a remote sagacity, an intellect without intelligence.

ERNST LUBITSCH (1892-1947)

FILMS: 1915-1918—12 comedy shorts. 1918—Die Augen Der Mumie Ma (The Eyes of the Mummy), The Ballet Girl, Carmen. 1919—Meyer from Berlin; My Wife, the Movie Star; The Schwab Maiden, The Oyster Princess, Rausch (Intoxication), Madame Dubarry (Passion), Die Puppe (The Doll). 1920—Kohlhiesel's Daughters, Romeo and Juliet in the Snow, Sumurun (One Arabian Night), Anne Boleyn (Deception). 1921—The Wildcat. 1922—The Loves of Pharaoh. 1923—Die Flamme (Montmartre). American Period: 1923—Rosita. 1924—The Marriage Circle, Three Women, Forbidden Paradise. 1925—Kiss Me Again, Lady Windermere's Fan. 1926—So This Is Paris. 1927—The Student Prince. 1928—The Patriot, Eternal Love. 1929—The Love Parade. 1930—Paramount on Parade (with Edmund Goulding, Victor Schertzinger, Rowland V. Lee, Edward Sutherland, Lother Mendes, Frank Tuttle, Dorothy Arzner, Edwin H. Knopf, Victor Heerman, Otto Brower), Monte Carlo. 1931—The Smiling Lieutenant. 1932—The Man I Killed, One Hour With You (Cukor directed from Lubitsch plan, signed by Lubitsch), Trouble in Paradise, If I Had a Million (with King Vidor, James Cruze, Norman Z. McLeod, Stephen S. Roberts, William A. Seiter, Norman Taurog, Bruce Humberstone). 1933—Design for Living. 1934—The Merry Widow. 1937—Angel. 1938—Bluebeard's Eighth Wife. 1939—Ninotchka. 1940—The Shop Around the Corner. 1941—That Uncertain Feeling. 1942—To Be or Not to Be. 1943—Heaven Can Wait. 1946—Cluny Brown. 1948—That Lady in Ermine (Completed by Otto Preminger after Lubitsch's death, signed by Lubitsch).

In the well-mannered, good-natured world of Ernst Lubitsch, grace transcends purpose. *To Be or Not to Be*, widely criticized as an inappropriately farcical treatment of Nazi terror, bridges the abyss between laughter and horror. For Lubitsch, it was sufficient to say that Hitler had bad manners, and no evil was then inconceivable. What are manners, after all, but the limits to man's presumption, a recognition that we all even-

tually lose the game of life, but that we should still play the game according to the rules. A poignant sadness infiltrates the director's gayest moments, and it is this counterpoint between sadness and gaiety which represents the Lubitsch touch, and not the leering humor of closed doors. Describing Lubitsch as the continental sophisticate is as inadequate as describing Hitchcock as the master of suspense. Garbo's pixilated speech in *Ninotchka* is pitched delicately between the comic and the cosmic, and in one breath-taking moment, Garbo and Lubitsch bridge the abyss between grace and purpose. Lubitsch was always the least Germanic of German directors, as Lang was the most Germanic. The critics were always so obsessed with what Lubitsch naughtily left off the screen, that they never fully evaluated what was left on. It seems incredible that Lubitsch's silent *Lady Windmere's Fan* was an improvement on Wilde's original. Everyone remembers Wilde's epigrams which were largely irrelevant to the plot, but Lubitsch redeemed Wilde's silly melodramatics through the sardonic wit of his images and players. There were many Lubitsch imitators in the Thirties, but none could penetrate beyond the master's most superficial mannerisms.

OTTO PREMINGER (1906-)

FILMS: 1936—*Under Your Spell*. 1937—*Danger Love at Work*. 1943—*Margin for Error*. 1944—*In the Meantime Darling, Laura*. 1945—*A Royal Scandal, Fallen Angel*. 1946—*Centennial Summer*. 1947—*Forever Amber, Daisy Kenyon*. 1948—*That Lady in Ermine* (begun and signed by Ernst Lubitsch). 1949—*The Fan, Whirlpool*. 1950—*Where the Sidewalk Ends, The Thirteenth Letter*. 1953—*Angel Face, The Moon is Blue*. 1954—*River of No Return, Carmen Jones*. 1955—*The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell, The Man with the Golden Arm*. 1957—*Saint Joan*. 1958—*Bonjour Tristesse*. 1959—*Porgy and Bess, Anatomy of a Murder*. 1960—*Exodus*. 1962—*Advise and Consent*.

In one sense, at least, *Laura* is Preminger's *Citizen Kane*. Otto's detractors, like Orson's have never permitted him to live it down. In fact, *Laura* is usually cited as a prime example of the "happy accident" theory of the cinema. By this theory, great films just happen, and woe unto him who tries to create them. Yet, *Laura* is no more an accident than *Birth of a Nation* or *Faust*. The same perversely objective camera viewpoint which shaped *Laura*, later shaped *Fallen Angel, Whirl-*

pool, Where the Sidewalk Ends, River of No Return, Anatomy of a Murder and *Advise and Consent*. There is one unforgettable moment in *Fallen Angel* when all the murder suspects are grouped together in the same shot with a woman who might possibly identify the possible murderer. The meaning of that shot is not apparent at that point in the plot, and thus Preminger cannot be charged with milking the screen for suspense. It is only toward the end of the film that the spectator comes to realize that innocence and guilt are quite relative in Preminger's conception of characters. Only one of the suspects is technically guilty, but no one is entirely innocent. By placing them in the same frame, Preminger places them on the same moral plane. Preminger's camera never takes sides even when the plot does. The fluidity of his camera enables the director to present moral issues without resolving them through dialectical montage. We are back to Renoir's classic axiom: *Tout le monde a ses raisons*. Point of View, the three most important words in the cinema, define the source of Preminger's art. His deeper meanings elude critics who ignore visual style and directorial personality to concentrate on the literal content of scripts. Not that Preminger is without weaknesses. His direction of actors is strikingly uneven, as is his taste in subjects. His films, like Lang's, are cold and unpleasant, and on the most sublime level of film-making, he lacks that final spark of humanism which ignites the art of an Ophuls, a Renoir, a Mizoguchi, a Griffith, a Ford and a Dreyer, but here we cross the thin, always disputable line between the great and the near-great, and that is hardly the issue with Preminger's most determined detractors.

NICHOLAS RAY (1911-)

FILMS: 1949—*They Live by Night, Knock on Any Door, A Woman's Secret*. 1950—*In a Lonely Place, Born to be Bad*. 1951—*Flying Leathernecks, On Dangerous Ground*. 1952—*The Lusty Men*. 1954—*Johnny Guitar*. 1955—*Run for Cover, Rebel Without a Cause*. 1956—*Hot Blood, Bigger Than Life*. 1957—*The True Story of Jesse James*. 1958—*Bitter Victory, Wind Across the Everglades, Party Girl*. 1961—*The Savage Innocents, King of Kings*.

Nicholas Ray has been the *cause célèbre* of the *auteur* theory for such a long time that his critics, pro and con, have lost all sense of proportion about his career. Nicholas Ray is not the greatest director who ever lived, nor is he a Hollywood hack. The Truth lies somewhere in

between. It must be remembered that *They Live by Night*, *The Lusty Men*, *Rebel Without a Cause* and *Bigger Than Life* are socially conscious films by any standards, and that *Knock on Any Door* is particularly bad social consciousness on the Kramer-Cayatte level. So Ray does not represent the triumph of form over content. His form is not that impeccable, and his content has generally involved considerable social issues. Ray has always displayed an exciting visual style. For example, if one compares *They Live by Night* with Huston's *The Asphalt Jungle*, and these two films are strikingly similar in mood, theme and plot, one will notice that where Ray tends to cut between physical movements, Huston tends to cut between static compositions. Ray's style tends to be more kinetic, Huston's more plastic, the difference between dance and sculpture. If Ray's nervous direction had no thematic meaning, he would be a minor director indeed. Fortunately, Ray does have a theme, and a very important one, namely that every relationship establishes its own moral code, and that there is no such thing as abstract morality. This much was made clear in *Rebel Without a Cause* when James Dean and his fellow adolescents leaned back in their seats at the planetarium and passively accepted the proposition that the universe itself was drifting without any frame of reference. Even though Ray's career has been plagued by many frustrations, none of his films ever lacks some burst of inspiration. *Johnny Guitar* is his most bizarre film, and probably his best. Certainly, one can sympathize with Everson and Fenin trying to relate this "western" to the William S. Hart tradition, and finding Ray lacking, but this is the fallacy of writing about genres. *Johnny Guitar* has invented its own genre. Philip Yordan set out to attack McCarthyism, but Ray was too delirious to pay any heed as Freud prevailed over Marx, and Pirandello transcended polemics.

DOUGLAS SIRK (1900-)

FILMS: 1929-1943 (Films in Germany, Spain, Africa, Australia not yet reliably indexed). 1943—*Hitler's Madman*. 1944—*Summer Storm*. 1946—*A Scandal in Paris*. 1947—*Lured*. 1948—*Sleep My Love*. 1949—*Shockproof*, *Slightly French*. 1950—*Mystery Submarine*. 1951—*The First Legion*, *Thunder on the Hill*, *The Lady Pays Off*, *Weekend with Father*. 1952—*Has Any-*

body Seen My Gal, *No Room for the Groom*, *Meet Me at the Fair*. 1953—*Take Me to Town*, *All I Desire*. 1954—*Magnificent Obsession*; *Taza*, *Son of Cochise*; *Sign of the Pagan*. 1955—*Captain Lightfoot*. 1956—*All That Heaven Allows*, *There's Always Tomorrow*, *Battle Hymn*. 1957—*Written on the Wind*, *Interlude*. 1958—*Tarnished Angels*, *A Time to Love and a Time to Die*. 1959—*Imitation of Life*.

Time, if nothing else, will vindicate Douglas Sirk as it has already vindicated Josef von Sternberg. Formal excellence and visual wit are seldom as appreciated at first glance as are the topical sensations of the hour. Yet, *The Defiant Ones* and *On the Beach* are already dead, while *Written on the Wind* and *Tarnished Angels* become more impressive with each passing year. Sirk requires no extreme rationalization, and his films require no elaborate defense. The evidence of his style is visible on the screen. It is a personal style, distinct from the impressive technological apparatus of the Universal-MCA-Decca complex. David Miller's *Back Street* and Norman Jewison's *Forty Pounds of Trouble* can serve as decisive cross-references against the theoreticians of studios as *auteurs*. Even before Sirk came to Universal, he displayed his audacious talent in films like *Summer Storm*, *A Scandal in Paris* and *Lured*. The essence of Sirkian cinema is the direct confrontation of all material, however fanciful and improbable. Even in his most dubious projects, Sirk never shrinks away from the ridiculous, but by a full-bodied formal development, his art transcends the ridiculous, as form comments on content. Where John Stahl transcended the lachrymose dramas of *Imitation of Life* and *Magnificent Obsession* through the force of his naive sincerity, Sirk transformed the same plots into hilarious comedies through the incisiveness of his dark humor. If it is true, as veteran Polish director Aleksander Ford once observed, that the cinema of tomorrow is the cinema of wide screen and color, then Sirk's formal achievements will have helped lead the way into a more sensuous future. Visual style is never an end in itself, and it cannot be ultimately defended except as it relates to a director's taste and sensibility. Any visual style can be mechanically reproduced, but without the linkage to a directorial personality, the effect is indeed mechanical. Sirk's taste is exquisite, and hence, inimitable.

KING VIDOR (1894-)

FILMS: 1913-18—Short Subjects. 1918—The Turn in the Road. 1919—Better Times, The Other Half, Poor Relations, The Jack-Knife Man. 1920—The Family Honor. 1921—The Sky Pilot, Love Never Dies, Conquering the Women; Woman, Wake Up. 1922—The Real Adventure, Dusk to Dawn, Alice Adams, Peg O' My Heart. 1923—The Woman of Bronze, Three Wise Fools, Wild Oranges, Happiness. 1924—Wine of Youth, His Hour, Wife of the Centaur. 1925—Proud Flesh, The Big Parade, La Boheme. 1926—Bardelys the Magnificent. 1928—The Crowd, Show People. 1929—Hallelujah! 1930—Not So Dumb, Billy the Kid. 1931—Street Scene, The Champ. 1932—Bird of Paradise, Cynara. 1933—The Stranger's Return. 1934—Our Daily Bread, The Wedding Night. 1935—So Red the Rose. 1936—The Texas Rangers. 1937—Stella Dallas. 1938—The Citadel. 1939—Northwest Passage. 1940—Comrade X. 1941—H. M. Pulham, Esq. 1944—An American Romance. 1947—Duel in the Sun, On Our Merry Way. 1949—The Fountainhead. Beyond The Forest. 1951—Lightning Strikes Twice. 1952—Japanese War Bride, Ruby Gentry. 1955—Man Without a Star. 1956—War and Peace. 1959—Solomon and Sheba.

King Vidor is a director for anthologies. He has created more great moments and fewer great films than any director of his rank. Vidor's is an unusually instinctive talent, less grounded than most in theory. The classics of his humanistic museum period—*The Big Parade*, *The Crowd*, *Hallelujah*—are no less uneven nor more impressive than the classics of his delirious modern period—*Duel in the Sun*, *The Fountainhead*, *Ruby Gentry*. Vidor's vitality seems ageless, and his plastic force is especially appropriate for partings and reunions, and the visual opposition of individuals to masses, both social and physical. Vidor's is an architectural cinema with none of Lang's determinism nor Antonioni's decadence. There are occasions in the cinema when two directors confront the same visual problem and thus provide a convenient cross-reference. Such a cross-reference occurs in Siegel's *Hell is for Heroes* and Sanders' *War Hunt* when a wounded soldier dies in the midst of his screams as he is being carried to a medic. On a purely technical level, Siegel's treatment is decisively superior in the judicious use of a traveling overhead shot. Similarly, Vidor and Milestone cross each other's path in *The Big Parade* and *All Quiet on the Western Front*. In the Vidor, an enraged American soldier pursues a German

into a shell-hole. When the American sees that the German is wounded, he is unable to finish the job, but gives his enemy a cigarette instead. In the *Milestone*, a German soldier bayonets a Frenchman, and then asks his victim's forgiveness. Both scenes are contrived to express human brotherhood and thereby attack the idea of War. Both scenes involve two figures in a depressed and isolated enclosure. The two-shot is almost mandatory here for both directors because cross-cutting would destroy the meaning of the scene. If two figures are shown in the same frame, a bond is established between them. Cross-cutting would establish separateness and opposition as the point of view changed back and forth. Both Vidor and Milestone understood this much, and thus the issue of montage never arises. Yet, though these scenes are identical in meaning and broadly equivalent in technical execution, the Vidor is both more moving and aesthetically superior to the Milestone. Why? Well, not because the Vidor came first. Most film critics under fifty probably saw the Milestone before they saw the Vidor. Not because Vidor has been arbitrarily designated as a better director than Milestone. One superficial advantage the Vidor possesses is that it is a silent sequence in a silent film while the Milestone is handicapped by an inexperienced Lew Ayres reciting excessively literary dialogue. The scene in both cases involves soldiers who speak different languages, and so the Milestone imposes a suspension of disbelief unnecessary in the Vidor. The Vidor does not even have to break the continuity of the visual field with titles, and so one of the great advantages of the talkies—their visual continuum—does not help Milestone in this instance. The personalities of the actors must also be considered somewhat, and in this instance, the advantage is with Vidor. John Gilbert and his German comrade are closer together in age than are Lew Ayres and a middle-aged Raymond Griffith. The Vidor pair convey more strongly the idea of vital youth wasted in War while the Milestone pair suggest abstractions of humanity rather than individuals. Ultimately, however, the issue between the two scenes is resolved by the oldest criterion of the cinema, good old camera placement, an aesthetic factor that was as decisive in 1895 as it is today. Vidor moves much closer to his characters, and thus achieves greater dramatic intensity. By staying further back, Milestone emphasizes the pictorialism of the scene, the frame in which the spectacle unfolds rather than the spectacle itself. Vidor's treatment is more forceful than Milestone's, and hence more emotionally

satisfying. We remember the faces of the two protagonists, and not the spectacle as a whole. Thus, in this one sequence, two careers fall into place. Vidor's plasticity versus Milestone's pictorialism. Engagement versus disengagement. An auteur versus a technician. The *auteur* theory can only record the evidence on the screen. It can never prejudge it. Vidor is superior to Milestone.

THIRD LINE

ROBERT ALDRICH
FRANK CAPRA
CECIL B. DE MILLE
JOSEPH LOSEY
LEO McCAREY
VINCENTE MINNELLI
GEORGE STEVENS
PRESTON STURGES
RAOUL WALSH

ROBERT ALDRICH (1918-)

FILMS: 1953—*The Big Leaguer*. 1954—*World for Ransom*, *Apache*, *Vera Cruz*. 1955—*Kiss Me Deadly*, *The Big Knife*. 1956—*Autumn Leaves*, *Attack*. 1959—*The Angry Hills*, *Ten Seconds to Hell*. 1961—*The Last Sunset*. 1962—*What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* 1963—*Sodom and Gomorrah*.

Aldrich is no more respectable today than when he was first canonized by the *Politique des Auteurs* in the exciting days of *The Big Knife* and *Kiss Me Deadly*. The prissy American diatribes against *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* suggest only that Aldrich is back in outrageous form after a long hiatus in Europe. Meanwhile, the French critics have abandoned him to pursue will-of-the-wisps like Robert Mulligan. Happily, *Baby Jane* indicates that Aldrich's erratic talent is still intact, and that his anarchic cinema may yet supplant Losey's Brechtian cinema. It is interesting that Aldrich's early American period stands up better than Losey's American period. Both directors have always been excessively violent, but Aldrich now seems more controlled and less hysterical. Whether he has much more to say than Losey is a question only the future will resolve. In typically grotesque fashion, most American film critics have remained blithely unaware that Aldrich has risen and fallen in critical esteem throughout Europe, and many have yet to redis-

cover *The Big Knife* and *Kiss Me Deadly*. American film criticism adds a new dimension to euphoria.

FRANK CAPRA (1897-)

FILMS: 1926—*The Strong Man*. 1927—*Long Pants*, *For the Love of Mike*. 1928—*That Certain Feeling*, *So This is Love*, *The Matinee Idol*, *The Way of the Strong*, *Say it with Sables*, *Submarine*, *Power of the Press*. 1929—*Younger Generation*, *Donovan Affair*, *Flight*. 1930—*Ladies of Leisure*, *Rain or Shine*. 1931—*Dirigible*, *Miracle Woman*, *Platinum Blonde*. 1932—*Forbidden*, *American Madness*. 1933—*Bitter Tea of General Yen*, *Lady for a Day*. 1934—*It Happened One Night*, *Broadway Bill*. 1936—*Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. 1937—*Lost Horizon*. 1938—*You Can't Take It With You*. 1939—*Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. 1941—*Meet John Doe*. 1944—*Arsenic and Old Lace*. 1942-1945—Co-directed seven war documentaries. 1946—*It's a Wonderful Life*. 1948—*State of the Union*. 1950—*Riding High*. 1951—*Here Comes the Groom*. 1959—*A Hole in the Head*. 1961—*Pocketful of Miracles*.

With *Meet John Doe*, Frank Capra crossed the thin line between populist sentimentality and populist demagoguery. Capra's political films—*Meet John Doe*, *You Can't Take It With You*, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*—had always implied a belief in the tyranny of the majority, but John Doe unmasked a barefoot Fascist, suspicious of all ideas and all doctrines, but believing in the innate conformism of the common man. Capra's Shangri-La in *Lost Horizon* was an anti-intellectual paradise, a rest home for the troubled mind with even the eternal problems of aging and dying miraculously banished from consideration. At that point, Capra stopped the world and got off. After years of relative inactivity, Capra returned almost triumphantly with the new look in conformity, Frank Sinatra, and a more nervous brand of sentimentality labeled: *Hole in the Head*. In *Pocketful of Miracles*, Capra quoted Pascal to the effect that the heart has its own reasons. Capra is a genuine *auteur*, and there is no mistaking his point of view. The Kaufman and Hart *You Can't Take It With You* on Broadway related the story of an eccentric family which chose to live on the basis of its unconventional impulses. The Capra-Riskin version transformed the eccentric family into a spokesman for all the little people in the world, and perverted the play's stuffy businessman into

a bloated shark of Wall Street beyond even Eisenstein's power of caricature. An admirably personal *auteur* is Frank Capra, but what a cracker barrel philosopher. His flair for improvisation displayed most felicitously in *It Happened One Night*, the sleeper of its year, was a talent he shared with McCarey, La Cava and other comedy directors of the time. As a topical director, Capra's star rose as Sternberg's fell. The time is long overdue for restoring a classical scale of values.

CECIL B. DE MILLE (1881-1959)

FILMS: 1913—The Squaw Man. 1914—The Virginian, The Call of the North, What's His Name, The Man from Home, Rose of the Rancho. 1915—The Girl of the Golden West, The Warrens of Virginia, The Unafraid, The Captive, Wild Goose Chase, The Arab, Chimmie Fadden, Kindling, Maria Rosa, Carmen, Temptation, Chimmie Fadden out West, The Cheat. 1916—The Golden Chance, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, The Heart of Nora Flynn, The Dream Girl. 1917—Joan the Woman, A Romance of the Redwoods, The Little American, The Woman God Forgot, The Devil Stone. 1918—The Whispering Chorus, Old Wives for New, We Can't Have Everything, Till I Come Back to You, The Squaw Man. 1919—Don't Change Your Hunsband, For Better For Worse, Male and Female. 1920—Why Change Your Wife, Something to Think About. 1921—Forbidden Fruit, The Affairs of Anatol. 1922—Fool's Paradise, Saturday Night, Man-slaughter. 1923—Adam's Rib, The Ten Commandments. 1924—Triumph, Feet of Clay. 1925—The Golden Bed, The Road to Yesterday. 1926—The Volga Boatman. 1927—The King of Kings. 1928—The Godless Girl. 1929—Dynamite. 1930—Madame Satan. 1931—The Squaw Man. 1932—The Sign of the Cross. 1933—This Day and Age. 1934—Four Frightened People, Cleopatra. 1935—The Crusades. 1936—The Plainsman. 1938—The Buccaneer. 1939—Union Pacific. 1940—North West Mounted Police. 1942—Reap the Wild Wind. 1944—The Story of Dr. Wassell. 1947—Unconquered. 1949—Samson and Delilah. 1952—The Greatest Show on Earth. 1956—The Ten Commandments.

It is inevitable that the mere mention of Cecil B. De Mille will evoke complacent laughter in some quarters, and bristling patriotic speeches in others. If De Mille had the right enemies, he also had the wrong friends. De Mille was neither

a primitive like Fuller, nor a populist like Capra. Although he appealed to audiences, he never manipulated them. He remained faithful to the literary tradition of Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales* and to the dramatic conventions of David Belasco. Griffith, Chaplin, Lubitsch, Murnau, Eisenstein, Ford, Hawks, Capra, Welles, Renoir, Ophuls, and all the others came and went without influencing his style in the slightest. Ironically, his films look much better today than their reputations would indicate. De Mille's cross reference is Frank Lloyd, and interested or rather disinterested critics might profitably compare De Mille's *Union Pacific* with Lloyd's *Wells Fargo*, or De Mille's *Reap the Wild Wind* with Lloyd's *Rulers of the Sea*, or De Mille's *The Crusades* with Lloyd's *If I Were King*. The comparison in each instance is almost fantastically favorable to De Mille. Where Lloyd's spectacles are dull, heavy and monotonous; De Mille's are well-paced and logically constructed. De Mille relished complications in his narratives, and he may have been the last American director who enjoyed telling a story for its own sake. He may also have been the last Victorian, although the late George Orwell would probably have held out for Salvador Dali.

JOSEPH LOSEY (1909-)

FILMS: 1948—The Boy With Green Hair. 1950—The Lawless. 1951—The Prowler; M; The Big Night. 1953—Stranger on the Prowl. 1954—The Sleeping Tiger. 1956—Finger of Guilt. 1957—Time Without Pity. 1958—The Gypsy and the Gentleman. 1960—Chance Meeting. 1962—The Concrete Jungle. 1963—Eva.

Losey is now the center of a controversy within a controversy. Originally a victim of the Hollywood blacklist, he seemed by all indications to belong to the committed Left. Instead he was embraced by a rightist faction in *Cahiers du Cinema*, embraced by *Movie*, and repudiated by *Sight and Sound*. Meanwhile, he kept making controversial films while new battle lines were being drawn. What this brief critical history suggests most vividly is that film polemics are waged on questions of internal rather than external politics. Left and Right in the classical sense of those terms have been supplanted by In and Out. A few more miserable magazine sales, and the world can go to blazes. This rather cynical attitude marks the death knell of serious ideological criticism, and that is unfortunate. Henceforth, each critical camp will have its pet Fascist director coupled with its

pet Communist, its pet formalist with its pet humanist, its pet realist with its pet romantic, and its pet misanthrope with its pet evangelist. The current question with Losey is whether his thematic development is keeping pace with his rising hysteria. *Eva* may provide some clues when it is finally released here in provincial America.

LEO McCAREY (1898-)

FILMS: 1929—The Sophomore, Red Hot Rhythm. 1930—Let's Go Native, Wild Company, Part Time Wife. 1931—Indiscreet. 1932—The Kid from Spain. 1933—Duck Soup. 1934—Six of a Kind, Belle of the Nineties. 1935—Ruggles of Red Gap. 1936—The Milky Way. 1937—The Awful Truth, Make Way for Tomorrow. 1939—Love Affair. 1942—Once Upon a Honeymoon. 1944—Going My Way. 1945—The Bells of St. Mary's. 1948—Good Sam. 1952—My Son John. 1957—An Affair to Remember. 1958—Rally Round the Flag Boys. 1962—Satan Never Sleeps.

McCarey and Capra seem to go together like ham and eggs. They both started at about the same time in the Twenties with the same kind of gag training. They both slipped unobtrusively into the sound era, and didn't hit their stride until the mid-Thirties, their peaks until the late Thirties. Both declined in the Forties, virtually faded away in the early Fifties, and returned in the late Fifties. Both directors combine sentimentality and improvisation in personal dosages, and both have seen their enormous popularity and prestige disappear with startling suddenness. Both lack a strong visual style, but rely instead on the rhythm of their players and the dramatic intensity of their material. On the whole, McCarey is closer to his actors while Capra is closer to his subjects. *The Awful Truth* and *Love Affair* are probably superior to anything Capra has ever done, but Capra's career is somewhat more consistent in quality overall. *Make Way for Tomorrow* is probably the soggiest tear-jerker of the Thirties, but Renoir was right, as always, when he observed that McCarey understood people. The crudity of McCarey's technique, particularly his incredibly ugly cross-cutting between one slushily-focused composition and another, seems to work in his favor by establishing his primary concern with actors. It is odd that Cukor should have developed a sophisticated visual style when McCarey did not. Even Stevens made a stab at the post-Wellesian style, but McCarey remained in the foreground

of the screen where people have always spoken their pieces and gripped their audiences. In all art, you always gain something at the expense of something else, and McCarey, for all his faults, remains on the plus side of the ledger.

VINCENTE MINNELLI (1913-)

FILMS: 1943—Cabin in the Sky, I Dood It. 1944—Meet Me in St. Louis. 1945—The Clock, Yolanda and the Thief. 1946—Ziegfeld Follies, Undercurrent. 1948—The Pirate. 1949—Madame Bovary. 1950—Father of the Bride. 1951—An American in Paris, Father's Little Dividend. 1953—The Bad and the Beautiful, The Story of Three Loves (Minnelli 1/3, Reinhardt 2/3), The Band Wagon. 1954—The Long, Long Trailer; Brigadoon. 1955—Cobweb, Kismet. 1956—Lust for Life, Tea and Sympathy. 1957—Designing Woman. 1958—Gigi, The Reluctant Debutante. 1959—Some Came Running. 1960—Bells Are Ringing, Home From the Hill. 1962—Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Two Weeks in Another Town.

Minnelli began his career as a stylist, and has remained in that niche ever since. If there is no thematic pattern to his career, nor even a meaningful stylistic consistency, his individual achievements redeem his career as a whole. His Garland-Kelly-Astaire-Charisse-Caron musicals deserve a chapter in any film history. Because so large a proportion of his films have been made in color, he has been adopted by the critical school of visual analysis. The fact that his art is more visual than personal, more decorative than meaningful, makes it difficult to generalize about his career. This does not invalidate the brilliant analyses in *Movie* by Mark Shivas, Ian Cameron and V. F. Perkins, but it does make even a comment on these analyses impractical for the limited space available here. Minnelli is a major talent, but his course up and down, in and out, can never be charted in advance. The emotional facility of *The Courtship of Eddie's Father* confirms his skills, but raises new questions about his artistic judgment. Conversely, the Pirandellian pyrotechnics of *Two Weeks in Another Town*, a brilliant companion piece to his best film, *The Bad and the Beautiful*, recharged his career and the American cinema as a whole with what amounted to Hollywood's final blast at *Cinecitta*. As a side dividend, *Last Year at Marienbad* and *La Dolce Vita* will never look the same again.

GEORGE STEVENS (1905-)

FILMS: 1933—Cohens and Kellys in Trouble. 1934—Bachelor Bait, Kentucky Kernels. 1935—Alice Adams, Laddie, Nitwits, Annie Oakley. 1936—Swing Time. 1937—Quality Street, A Damsel in Distress. 1938—Vivacious Lady. 1939—Gunga Din. 1940—Vigil in the Night. 1941—Penny Serenade. 1942—Woman of the Year, The Talk of the Town. 1943—The More the Merrier. 1948—I Remember Mama. 1951—A Place in the Sun. 1953—Shane. 1956—Giant. 1959—The Diary of Anne Frank.

George Stevens is in the third line mainly because there doesn't seem to be any other place to put him. Before *Place in the Sun*, he was a minor director with major virtues. Since then, he has been a major director with minor virtues. His instinctive sentimentality has always been intelligently restrained and technically graded. His humor has never impaired his feeling for his characters. There is a softness to his films which is not entirely unpleasant, but this is just one of his many negative virtues. The technique of his American trilogy which once seemed classic now seems labored. *Shane*, particularly, now looks over-elaborated in terms of its genre and material, particularly in comparison with the greater spontaneity of Ford and Hawks. What happened to Stevens is that his talent, like that of many of his colleagues, was strained to the breaking point by the massive projects of the Fifties. Few of the big directors made it to the top rung of greatness, and most lost whatever reputation they had acquired before elephantiasis set in, but *The Diary of Anne Frank* is not nearly as cruel a revelation as *Ben Hur* and *The Nun's Story*, and so Stevens remains where he is on the basis of his record when a movie was just a movie.

PRESTON STURGES (1898-1959)

FILMS: 1940—The Great McGinty, Christmas in July. 1941—The Lady Eve. 1942—Sullivan's Travels, The Palm Beach Story. 1944—The Miracle at Morgan's Creek, Hail the Conquering Hero, The Great Moment. 1947—Mad Wednesday. 1948—Unfaithfully Yours. 1949—The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend. 1957—The French They Are A Funny Race.

If the cinema were indeed a writer's medium, Preston Sturges would have entered the Pantheon a long time ago. His incredible burst of creative activity between 1940 and 1944 is still one of the

brightest chapters in Hollywood history, but he never quite supplanted Lubitsch, and his career soon disintegrated. FILM CULTURE has printed Manny Farber's brilliant essay on Sturges, and no comments here can supersede that definitive analysis of a curious career. In retrospect, Sturges may have contributed more to the American language than to the American cinema. He is an American property, as Guitry is a French property, and both lose a great deal in translation. Unlike the visually graceful films of Lubitsch, the frenetic efforts of Sturges always look weaker the second time around.

RAOUL WALSH (1892-)

FILMS: 1912—Life of Villa. 1915—The Regeneration, Carmen. 1916—Honor System, Blue Blood and Red, The Serpent. 1917—Betrayed, The Conqueror, The Pride of New York, The Innocent Sinner, Silent Lie. 1918—Woman and the Law, This is the Life, The Prussian Cur, On the Jump, Every Mother's Son, I'll Say So. 1919—Evangeline, Should a Husband Forgive? 1920—From Now On, The Deep Purple, The Strongest. 1921—The Oath, Serenade. 1922—Kindred of the Dust. 1923—Lost and Found. 1924—The Thief of Bagdad. 1925—East of Suez, The Spaniard. 1926—The Wanderer, The Lucky Lady, The Lady of the Harem, What Price Glory? 1927—The Monkey Talks, The Loves of Carmen. 1928—Sadie Thompson, The Red Dance, Me Gangster. 1929—Hot for Paris, In Old Arizona (with Irving Cummings), The Cock-Eyed World. 1930—The Big Trail. 1931—The Man Who Came Back, Women of All Nations, Yellow Ticket. 1932—Wild Girl, Me and My Gal. 1933—Sailor's Luck, The Bowery, Going Hollywood. 1935—Under Pressure, Baby Face Harrington, Every Night at Eight. 1936—Klondike Annie, Big Brown Eyes, Spendthrift. 1937—You're in the Army Now, When Thief Meets Thief, Artists and Models, Hitting a New High. 1938—College Swing. 1939—St. Louis Blues, The Roaring Twenties. 1940—Dark Command, They Drive by Night. 1941—High Sierra, The Strawberry Blonde, Manpower, They Died With Their Boots On. 1942—Desperate Journey, Gentleman Jim. 1943—Background to Danger, Northern Pursuit. 1944—Uncertain Glory. 1945—Objective Burma, Salty O'Rourke, The Horn Blows at Midnight. 1946—The Man I Love. 1947—Pursued, Cheyenne. 1948—Silver River, One Sunday Afternoon, Fighter Squadron. 1949—Colorado Terri-

tory, *White Heat*. 1951—Along the Great Divide, *Captain Horatio Hornblower*, *Distant Drums*. 1952—*Glory Alley*, *The World in His Arms*, *Blackbeard the Pirate*. 1953—*Sea Devils*, *A Lion is in the Streets*, *Gun Fury*. 1954—*Saskatchewan*. 1955—*Battle Cry*, *The Tall Men*. 1956—*The Revolt of Mamie Stover*, *The King and Four Queens*. 1957—*Band of Angels*. 1958—*The Naked and the Dead*, *The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw*. 1959—*A Private's Affair*. 1960—*Esther and the King*. 1961—*Marines, Let's Go*.

If the heroes of Ford are sustained by tradition, and the heroes of Hawks by professionalism, the heroes of Walsh are sustained by nothing more than a feeling for adventure. The Fordian hero knows why he is doing something even if he doesn't know how. The Hawksian hero knows how to do what he is doing even if he doesn't know why. The Walshian hero is less interested in the why or the how than in the what. He is always plunging into the unknown, and he is never too sure what he will find there. There is a pathos and vulnerability in Walsh's characters lacking in the more self-contained Ford and Hawks counterparts. Where Ford shifts from the immediacy of the slightly depressed heroic angle to the horizon line of history, and Hawks remains at eye level, Walsh often moves to the slightly elevated angle of the lost child in the big world. One of the most stunning shots of this nature occurs in *Captain Horatio Hornblower* when Walsh's camera recedes and rises slowly to present the lonely image of Gregory Peck, ridiculously gallant in his period costume and yet foreshortened into the lost son of his mother. The *Time* reviewer of *White Heat* has perceptively observed that Raoul Walsh was the only Hollywood director who could have gotten away with a shot of James Cagney sitting on his mother's lap. The principle of counterpoint operates here. Only the most virile director can effectively project a feminine vulnerability in his characters. Only an actor like Bogart could effectively hold Ava Gardner's dead body in his arms, and wonder aloud why he could never remember the Spanish word for Cinerella. Only a tough actor like Garfield could cry over the death of a friend in *The Breaking Point*. A sensitive actor like Brando was also perceptive enough to hold back his tears at Red Buttons' death in *Sayonara*. The other point that can be made about Walsh is that he has always possessed the necessary technical skills and artistic instincts to bring off the most ambitious physical spectacles. His best films are genuinely exciting, though neither

profound nor pretentious. If there is no place in the cinema for the virtues and limitations of Raoul Walsh, there is even less place for an honestly pluralistic criticism.

ESOTERICA

BUDD BOETTICHER
STANLEY DONEN
ALLAN DWAN
BLAKE EDWARDS
GREGORY LA CAVA
PHIL KARLSON
JOSEPH H. LEWIS
ANTHONY MANN
GERD OSWALD
ARTHUR PENN
ARTHUR RIPLEY
DON SIEGEL
ROBERT SIODMAK
JOHN STAHL
FRANK TASHLIN
JACQUES TOURNEUR
EDGAR G. ULMER

BUDD BOETTICHER (1916-)

FILMS: 1944—*One Mysterious Night*. 1945—*The Missing Juror*; *A Guy, a Gal and a Pal*; *Escape in the Fog*, *Youth on Trial*. 1948—*Assigned to Danger*, *Behind Locked Doors*. 1949—*Black Midnight*. 1950—*Killer Shark*, *The Wolf Hunters*. 1951—*The Bullfighter and the Lady*, *The Cimarron Kid*. 1952—*Red Ball Express*, *Broncho Buster*, *Horizons West*. 1953—*City Beneath the Sea*, *Seminole*, *The Man From the Alamo*, *Wings of the Hawk*, *East of Sumatra*. 1955—*The Magnificent Matador*. 1956—*The Killer is Loose*, *Seven Men from Now*. 1957—*Decision at Sundown*, *The Tall T*. 1958—*Buchanan Rides Alone*. 1959—*Ride Lonesome*, *Westbound*. 1960—*The Rise and Fall of Legs of Diamond*, *Comanche Station*.

Does anyone know where Budd Boetticher is? The last we heard, our gifted friend was on his way to Spain to make a movie on bullfighting, his third. Be that what it may, Boetticher is one of the most fascinating unrecognized talents in the American cinema. How many admirers of Peckinpah's *Ride the High Country* recognize this film as an attempted summation of the incredibly consistent Boetticher-Randolph Scott-Harry Joe Brown ser-

ies of westerns, which from 1956 on, established a new style in the genre? Constructed partly as allegorical Odysseys and partly as floating poker games where every character took turns at bluffing about his hand until the final showdown, Boetticher's westerners expressed a weary serenity and moral certitude which was contrary to the more neurotic approaches of other directors on this neglected level of the cinema. Similarly, *The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond* is a minor classic in the perverse *Scarface* tradition. One wonders where directors like Boetticher find the energy and the inspiration to do such fine work, when native critics are so fantastically indifferent that they probably couldn't tell a Boetticher film apart from a Selander or worse. This unyielding taste and dedication is what makes the American cinema so exciting and, at times, so miraculous.

STANLEY DONEN (1924-)

FILMS: 1949—*On the Town* (with Gene Kelly). 1951—*Royal Wedding*. 1952—*Singin' in the Rain* (with Gene Kelly), *Love is Better than Ever*, *Fearless Fagan*. 1953—*Give a Girl a Break*. 1954—*Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, *Deep in My Heart*. 1955—*It's Always Fair Weather* (with Gene Kelly). 1957—*Funny Face*, *The Pajama Game* (with George Abbott), *Kiss Them for Me*. 1958—*Indiscreet*, *Damn Yankees*. 1960—*Once More with Feeling*, *Surprise Package*, *The Grass is Greener*. 1963—*Charade*.

The strange career of Stanley Donen illustrates the hazards of the *auteur* theory, at least in its application to musicals. At one time, Donen was considered Gene Kelly's silent partner for *On the Town*, *Singin' in the Rain* and *It's Always Fair Weather*. *The Pajama Game* and *Damn Yankees* seemed to be dominated by George Abbott's vigorously theatrical pacing, *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* by Michael Kidd's muscular choreography, *Funny Face* by Richard Avedon's witty fashion photography. Since the aforementioned tandem operations represent the high points of Donen's career, where can the line be drawn between the director and his collaborators? Donen's relatively personal musicals—*Royal Wedding* and *Give a Girl a Break*—are peculiarly sombre affairs with only intermittent flashes of inspiration. *Deep in My Heart* is virtually a complete disaster, and his non-musical comedies are either relentlessly trivial (*Love is Better than Ever*, *Fearless Fagan*) or nervously oververbalized (*Once More with Feeling*, *Surprise Package*, *The Grass is Greener*). Before *Indiscreet* collapses

under the weight of Norman Krasna's plot indiscretions, Donen reveals the serious temperament necessary for high comedy. His timing is sharp, and he seems at home with an elegant cast. Curiously, Donen's failures may be a measure of his promise. His musicals lack the voluptuous style of Minnelli, and his comedies are singularly unfunny, but the feeling persists that this apparent theoretician may yet be heard from.

ALLAN DWAN 1885-)

FILMS: (Partial List 1911-1917): 1914—*Wildflower*, *The Straight Road*. 1915—*A Girl of Yesterday*, *Jordan is a Hard Road*, *The Pretty Sister of Jose*, *The Dancing Girl*, *David Harum*. 1916—*Betty of Greystone*, *The Habit of Happiness*, *The Half-Breed*, *The Good Bad Man*, *Manhattan Madness*, *An Innocent Magdalene*. 1917—*Panthea*, *The Fighting Odds*. 1918—*A Modern Musketeer*, *Mr. Fix-It*, *Bound in Morocco*, *He Comes Up Smiling*. 1919—*Cheating Cheaters*, *Soldiers of Fortune*, *The Dark Star*, *Getting Mary Married*. 1920—*Luck of the Irish*, *A Splendid Hazard*, *The Forbidden Thing*. 1921—*The Perfect Crime*, *A Broken Doll*, *In the Heart of a Fool*, *The Scoffer*. 1922—*The Sin of Martha Queed*, *Superstition*, *Robin Hood*. 1923—*Zaza*, *Glimpses of the Moon*, *Lawful Larceny*, *Big Brother*. 1924—*Her Love Story*, *Manhandled*, *A Society Scandal*, *The Wages of Virtue*, *Argentine Love*. 1925—*Night Life in New York*, *Stage Struck*, *Coast of Folly*. 1926—*Sea Horses*, *Padlocked*, *Tin Gods*, *Summer Bachelors*. 1927—*The Music Master*, *The Joy Girl*; *East Side*, *West Side*. 1928—*French Dressing*, *Big Noise*. 1929—*The Iron Mask*, *Tide of Empire*, *Frozen Justice*, *The Far Call*, *South Sea Rose*. 1930—*What a Widow!* 1931—*Man to Man*, *Chances*, *Wicked*. 1932—*While Paris Sleeps*. 1934—*The Morning After*. 1935—*Black Sheep*, *Beauty's Daughter*. 1936—*The Song and Dance Man*, *Human Cargo*, *High Tension*, *Fifteen Maiden Lane*. 1937—*Woman Wise*, *That I May Live*, *One Mile from Heaven*, *Heidi*. 1938—*Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *Josette*, *Suez*. 1939—*The Three Musketeers*, *The Gorilla*, *Frontier Marshall*. 1940—*Sailor's Lady*, *Young People*, *Trail of the Vigilantes*. 1941—*Look Who's Laughing*, *Rise and Shine*. 1942—*Friendly Enemies*, *Here We Go Again*. 1943—*Around the World*. 1944—*Abroad With Two Yanks*, *Up in Mabel's Room*. 1945—*Brewster's Millions*, *Getting Gertie's Garter*. 1946—*Rendezvous with Annie*. 1947—*Calendar Girl*,

Northwest Outpost. 1948—The Inside Story, Angel in Exile. 1949—Sands of Iwo Jima. 1950—Surrender. 1951—Belle Le Grande, The Wild Blue Yonder. 1952—I Dream of Jeannie, Montana Belle. 1953—Woman They Almost Lynched, Sweethearts on Parade, Flight Nurse. 1954—Silver Lode, Cattle Queen of Montana, Passion. 1955—Escape to Burma, Pearl of the South Pacific, Tennessee's Partner. 1956—Slightly Scarlet, Hold Back the Night. 1957—The River's Edge, The Restless Breed. 1958—Enchanted Island. 1961—Most Dangerous Man Alive.

Dwan's career is still being mined for a possibly higher assay of gold to dross. Recent findings—*Silver Lode*, *The Restless Breed*, *The River's Edge*—represent a virtual bonanza of hitherto unexplored classics. It is too early to establish any coherent pattern to Dwan's career as a whole, but it may very well be that Dwan will turn out to be the last of the old masters. *Silver Lode* displays a classic circularity of remembered technique unifying the varied themes of the film by repeating the same images in different contexts. From the Fairbanks period in the silents, to unassuming comedies in the Thirties and Forties, and to westerns in the Fifties, Dwan has been as active as he has been obscure. Yet, one can recall *Brewster's Millions* and *Rendezvous with Annie* with fond pleasure unprompted by the alleged mystiques of the *auteur* theory. Consequently, there may be much more to be said about Dwan.

BLAKE EDWARDS

FILMS: 1955—Bring Your Smile Along. 1956—He Laughed Last. 1957—Mr. Cory. 1958—This Happy Feeling, The Perfect Furlough. 1959—Operation Petticoat. 1960—High Time. 1961—Breakfast at Tiffany's. 1962—Experiment in Terror. 1963—Days of Wine and Roses.

As Blake Edwards' stock has risen, Richard Quine's has fallen. Where Edwards has a decisive edge is in the conviction he applies to a bright, if artificial, style. Despite occasional lapses in taste and increasingly frequent bursts of visual flamboyance, Edwards confirms on a minor scale what Lubitsch established on a major scale, and that is the correlation of buoyancy with conviction. It follows that Edwards operates most effectively with the thinly lacquered dramas of *Mr. Cory* and *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and the transparently farcical water colors of *This Happy Feeling*, *The Perfect Furlough*, *Operation Petticoat* and *High Time*. In the more realistic black-and

white worlds of *Experiment in Terror* and *Days of Wine and Roses*, the removal of the director's rose-colored glasses reveals an unpleasant vision of the plastic forms of urban life.

PHIL KARLSON (1908-)

FILMS: 1944—A Wave, a WAC and a Marine. 1945—There Goes Kelly, G. I. Honeymoon, The Shanghai Cobra. 1946—Live Wires, Swing Parade of 1946, Dark Alibi, Behind the Mask, Bowery Bombshell, Wife Wanted. 1947—Black Gold, Louisiana. 1948—Adventures in Silverado, Rocky, Thunderhoof, Ladies of the Chorus. 1949—The Big Cat. 1950—The Iroquois Trail. 1951—Lorna Doone, Texas Rangers, Mask of the Avenger. 1952—Scandal Sheet, The Brigand. 1953—99 River Street. 1954—They Rode West. 1955—Hell's Island, **Tight Spot**, **Five Against the House**, **The Phenix City Story**. 1957—The Brothers Rico. 1958—Gunman's Walk. 1960—Hell to Eternity, Key Witness. 1961—The Secret Ways, The Young Doctors. 1962—Kid Galahad.

Karlson's career has had a peculiar rhythm of its own. He started slowly, and from 1944 through 1952, did little to attract attention. *Ladies of the Chorus* has acquired a retroactive cult composed of some of the admirers of the late Marilyn Monroe in her pristine state, but otherwise nothing much happens until *99 River Street*. Then in 1955, a Karlson style emerges decisively in *Hell's Island*, *Tight Spot*, *Five Against the House* and *The Phenix City Story*. *The Brothers Rico* in 1957 is still Karlson's best film, and then a tapering off—*Gunman's Walk*, *Hell to Eternity*, *Key Witness*, *The Secret Ways*, *The Young Doctors*. *Kid Galahad*, Presley's best film since *Flaming Star*, and equally unsuccessful at the box-office, represents a mild upturn, but the evidence of decline before full recognition is too strong to be denied. Karlson may have had bad luck with projects, or he may be just the latest victim of the fallacy of big subjects. Karlson was most personal and most effective when he dealt with the phenomenon of violence in a world controlled by organized evil. His special brand of lynch hysteria establishes such an outrageous moral imbalance that the most unthinking violence releases the audience from its helpless passivity. Unfortunately, an American director gets nowhere making films like *The Brothers Rico* because American critics will invariably pass it up to watch the new Stanley Kramer monstrosity with its Big Subject and Big Cast. Consequently, Karlson gets into the act with the medical bosh of *The Young Doctors*.

GREGORY LACAVA (1892-1949)

FILMS: 1924—The New School Teacher, Restless Wives. 1925—Womanhandled. 1926—Let's Get Married, So's Your Old Man, Say It Again. 1927—Paradise for Two, Running Wild, Tell it to Sweeney. 1928—The Gay Defender, Feel My Pulse, Half a Bride. 1929—Saturday's Children, Big News. 1930—His First Command. 1931—Laugh and Get Rich, Smart Woman. 1932—Symphony of Six Million, Age of Consent, The Half-Naked Truth. 1934—Affairs of Cellini, What Every Woman Knows. 1935—Private Worlds, She Married Her Boss. 1936—My Man Godfrey. 1937—Stage Door. 1939—Fifth Avenue Girl. 1940—Primrose Path. 1941—Unfinished Business. 1942—Lady in a Jam. 1947—Living in a Big Way.

La Cava's best films—*She Married Her Boss*, *My Man Godfrey*, *Stage Door* and *Unfinished Business*—reveal a flair for improvisation and a delicate touch with such expert commediennes as Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers and Irene Dunne. The seduction scene in *Unfinished Business*, like that in Stevens' *The More the Merrier*, demonstrates the conflict between Hollywood's erotic images and its laundered scripts. Significantly, La Cava was most effective when he could work between the lines of his scenarios. His more solemn projects—*What Every Woman Knows*, *The Affairs of Cellini*, *Private Worlds* and *Primrose Path*—suffer from a lack of formal control. Like most comedy directors of his time, he concentrated more on the rhythm of his players than on any distinctive visual style.

JOSEPH H. LEWIS (1900—)

FILMS: 1937—*Courage of the West*, *Singing Outlaw*, *International Spy*. 1938—*The Spy Ring*, *Border Wolves*, *The Last Stand*. 1940—*Two-Fisted Rangers*, *Blazing Six Shooters*, *Texas Stagecoach*, *The Man from Tumbleweeds*, *Boys of the City*, *The Return of Wild Bill*, *That Gang of Mine*. 1941—*The Invisible Ghost*, *Pride of the Bowery*. 1942—*Arizona Cyclone*, *Bombs Over Burma*, *The Silver Bullet*, *Secrets of a Co-ed*, *The Boss of Hangtown Mesa*, *The Mad Doctor of Market Street*. 1944—*Minstrel Man*. 1945—*My Name is Julia Ross*. 1946—*So Dark the Night*. 1947—*The Swordsman*. 1948—*The Return of October*. 1949—*The Undercover Man*, *Deadly is the*

Female. 1950—*Lady Without a Passport*. 1952—*Retreat, Hell!*, *Desperate Search*. 1953—*Cry of the Hunted*. 1955—*The Big Combo*, *A Lawless Street*. 1956—*The Seventh Calvary*. 1957—*The Halliday Brand*. 1958—*Terror in a Texas Town*.

Back in the Spring 1962 issue of *Film Culture*, a critic, writing on "The High Forties Revisited," remarked: "If some bright new critic should awaken the world to the merits of Joseph Lewis in the near future, we will have to scramble back to his 1940 record: *Two Fisted Rangers*, *Blazing Six-Shooter*, *Texas Stagecoach*, *The Man From Tumbleweeds*, *Boys of the City*, *Return of Wild Bill*, and *That Gang of Mine*. Admittedly, in this direction lies madness." Well, madness is always preferable to smugness, and scramble we must because Lewis has been discovered. After several years of Poverty Row, he made *The Minstrel Man* with Edgar G. Ulmer no less as his set designer. Then in 1945, *My Name is Julia Ross* became the sleeper of the year. From that point on, the director's somber personality has been revealed consistently through a complex visual style. It would seem that his career warrants further investigation.

ANTHONY MANN (1907—)

FILMS: 1942—*Doctor Broadway*, *Moonlight in Havana*. 1943—*Nobody's Darling*. 1944—*My Best Gal*, *Strangers in the Night*. 1945—*Two O'Clock Courage*, *The Great Flamarion*, *Sing Your Way Home*. 1946—*Strange Interpretation*, *The Bamboo Blonde*. 1947—*Desperate*, *Railroaded*, *T-Men*. 1948—*Raw Deal*. 1949—*Border Incident*, *Reign of Terror*, *Side Street*. 1950—*Devil's Doorway*, *Winchester 73*, *The Furies*. 1951—*The Tall Target*. 1952—*Bend of the River*. 1953—*The Naked Spur*, *Thunder Bay*. 1954—*The Glenn Miller Story*. 1955—*The Far Country*, *Strategic Air Command*, *The Man from Laramie*. 1956—*The Last Frontier*, *Serenade*. 1957—*Men in War*, *The Tin Star*. 1958—*God's Little Acre*, *Man of the West*. 1960—*Cimarron*. 1961—*El Cid*.

Anthony Mann (not to be confused with Daniel and Delbert) is a style without a theme. His westerns are distinguished by some of the most brilliant photography of exteriors in the history of the American cinema, and yet it is impossible to detect a consistent thematic pattern in his work. His best films—*Man of the West*, *The Last Frontier*,

Men in War, *The Naked Spur*, *Bend of the River*—are directed with psychological intensity and an undercurrent of didacticism. His most didactic film, *Tin Star*, is also one of his weakest. Curiously, Mann's visual style is the American style which most closely resembles that of Antonioni in the literal progression through landscapes from the vegetable to the mineral world as in *Man of the West* and *Il Grido* down to the ultimate decadence of *El Cid* and *L'Eclisse*.

GERD OSWALD (1916-)

FILMS: 1956—*A Kiss Before Dying*, *The Brass Legend*. 1957—*Crime of Passion*, *Fury at Showdown*, *Valerie*. 1958—*Paris Holiday*, *Screaming Mimi*. 1961—*Brainwashed*.

Except for a pardonable lapse with Bob Hope and Fernandel in *Paris Holiday*, Gerd Oswald has achieved an admirable consistency, both stylistically and thematically, for a director in his obscure position. A fluency of camera movement is controlled by sliding turns and harsh stops befitting a cinema of bitter ambiguity. Oswald's success in imposing a personal style on such otherwise routine westerns as *The Brass Legend* and *Fury at Showdown* on shooting schedules ranging from five to seven days should serve as an object lesson to young directors who complain that they lack the time to get their films just right. There are paranoiac overtones in all his films, and the anti-Nazi symbolism is never too hard to detect even in a frontier *Rashomon* like *Valerie*. What is important is that Gerd Oswald has been making distinguished American films which are never reviewed in the fashionable weeklies and monthlies which fed off the fashionable and well-publicized projection room circuit. Consequently, the most prominent film critics in America, all the big, prestigious names, are virtually illiterate about the cinema of their own country while a fifth-rate imitator like Bolognini is given yards and yards of prose.

ARTHUR PENN (1922-)

FILMS: 1958—*The Lefthanded Gun*. 1962—*The Miracle Worker*.

For a stage director whose work suffers from an oppressive literalness of effect, Penn has revealed a distinctive flair for the cinema. The intense physicality of the performances in his two films serves to counterbalance a strained reading of lines. A director of force rather than grace, Penn may yet reassert the plastic role of the actor in

the scheme of things. Be that what it may, *The Lefthanded Gun* remains a tribute to the director's gifts of improvisation.

ARTHUR RIPLEY (1895-)

FILMS: 1938—*I Met My Love Again* (with Joshua Logan). 1942—*Prisoner of Japan*. 1944—*Voice in the Wind*. 1946—*The Chase*. 1958—*Thunder Road*.

Ripley is one of the most bizarre and most mysterious silhouettes in the American Cinema. *Voice in the Wind* lingers in the mind for its anguished lyricism perceived dimly through a studio fog. *The Chase* projects an avant-garde spirit imprisoned in a conventional frame. *Thunder Road* is oddly poetic in its treatment of moonshiners. It is difficult to sum up Ripley's career in terms of a coherent principle, but it is just as difficult to overlook him.

DON SIEGEL

FILMS: 1946—*The Verdict*. 1949—*The Big Steal*, *Night Unto Night*. 1952—*The Duel at Silver Creek*, *No Time for Flowers*. 1953—*Count the Horus*, *China Venture*. 1954—*Riot in Cell Block 11*, *Private Hell 36*. 1955—*An Annapolis Story*. 1956—*Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *Crime in the Streets*. 1957—*Baby Face Nelson*. 1958—*Spanish Affair*, *The Line-Up*, *The Gun Runners*. 1959—*Hound Dog Man*. 1960—*Edge of Eternity*, *Flaming Star*. 1962—*Hell is for Heroes*.

His most successful films express the doomed peculiarity of the anti-social outcast. The director's gallery of loners assimilates an otherwise anomalous group of actors—Neville Brand (*Riot in Cell Block 11*), Steve Cochran (*Private Hell 36*), Mickey Rooney (*Baby Face Nelson*), Eli Wallach (*The Line-Up*), Elvis Presley (*Flaming Star*) and Steve McQueen (*Hell is for Heroes*). *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, one of the few authentic science fiction classics, derives its horror from the systematic destruction of individual feeling by unearthly forces. Unlike Fuller, Aldrich, Losey, and to a lesser extent, Karlson, Siegel declines to implicate the world at large in the anarchic causes of his heroes, nor to adjust his compositions to their psychological quirks. The moral architecture of his universe is never undermined by the editing, however frenzied. Nevertheless, the final car chase in *The Line Up* is one of the most stunning displays of action montage in the

history of the American cinema. On the negative side, *No Time for Flowers* clearly fails to meet the awesome challenge of Lubitsch's *Ninotchka*, and Audie Murphy's stone-faced virtuousness in *The Gun Runners* seems beyond any director's control. For the present, Siegel seems most assured with the middle-budget action film, and it is to be hoped that he does not become a casualty of Hollywood's excluded middle.

ROBERT SIODMAK (1900—)

FILMS: 1927—*Menschen am Sonntag*. 1932—*Stürme der Leidenschaft*. 1933—*Le Sexe Faible*. 1937—*Mister Flow*. 1938—*Mollenard*. 1939—*Pièges*. 1941—*West Point Widow*. 1942—*Fly by Night*, *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, *The Night Before the Divorce*. 1943—*Someone to Remember*, *Son of Dracula*. 1944—*Phantom Lady*, *Cobra Woman*, *Christmas Holiday*. 1945—*Uncle Harry*. 1946—*The Spiral Staircase*, *The Killers*, *The Dark Mirror*. 1947—*Time Out of Mind*. 1948—*Cry of the City*. 1949—*Criss Cross*, *The Great Sinner*, *Thelma Jordan*. 1950—*Deported*. 1951—*The Whistle at Eaton Falls*. 1952—*The Crimson Pirate*. 1953—*The Magnetic Monster*. 1954—*Le grand jeu*. 1955—*Die Ratten*. 1949—*Katia*. 1961—*L'Affaire Nina B*. 1962—*Escape From East Berlin*.

Siodmak's Hollywood films were more Germanic than his German ones, and that is as it should be. Why should Germans want to look at Germanic films? Only Americans are suitably impressed by this apparent triumph of form over content. Nevertheless, Siodmak's most successful projects—*Phantom Lady*, *Christmas Holiday*, *Uncle Harry*, *The Spiral Staircase*, *The Killers*—represent a fortuitous conjunction of such attractive actresses as Ella Raines, Dorothy McGuire, Ava Gardner, and even an absurdly lurid Deanna Durbin with perverse subjects and expert technicians all whipped together with a heavy Teutonic sauce and served to the customers as off-beat art. After this period, Siodmak's personality, such as it is, becomes less distinctive, and the casual observer might mistake Siodmak's *Cry of the City* as a Dassin, and Dassin's *Brute Force* as a Siodmak.

JOHN M. STAHL (1886—1950)

FILMS: 1914-1917: No reliable index. 1918—*Wives of Men*. 1919—*Her Code of Honor*, *Suspicion*, *A Woman Under Oath*. 1920—*Women Men Forget*, *Woman in His House*. 1921—*The*

Child Thou Gavest Me, *Sowing the Wind*. 1922—*The Song of Life*, *One Clear Call*, *Suspicious Wives*. 1923—*The Wanters*, *The Dangerous Age*. 1924—*Husbands and Lovers*, *Why Men Leave Home*. 1925—*Fine Clothes*. 1926—*Memory Lane*, *The Gay Deceiver*. 1927—*Lovers*, *In Old Kentucky*. 1931—*Seed*, *Strictly Dishonorable*. 1932—*Back Street*. 1933—*Only Yesterday*. 1934—*Imitation of Life*. 1935—*Magnificent Obsession*. 1937—*Parnell*. 1938—*Letter of Introduction*. 1939—*When Tomorrow Comes*. 1943—*Holy Matrimony*, *Immortal Sergeant*. 1944—*The Eve of St. Mark*, *The Keys of the Kingdom*. 1945—*Leave Her to Heaven*. 1947—*The Foxes of Harrow*, *The Walls of Jericho*.

John M. Stahl was a neglected pre-Sirkian figure, whose career suddenly became illuminated after his death through an accident in film scholarship. A French film historian classified Stahl a director with only one masterpiece, *Back Street* (1932). A quick recheck of Stahl's career for possible *auteur* analysis revealed a startling quality of consistency from 1932 on. For the most part, Stahl, like Sternberg and Sirk, was involved with outrageously improbable material. Hence, the disapprobation of the plot-obsessed American critics. *Holy Matrimony*, however, was a success by any standards. Parnell was actually one of the more creditable films of Clark Gable, and not the hopeless disaster its reputation would indicate. Stahl's strong point was sincerity and a vivid visual style. Who can forget Gene Tierney on horseback spreading her father's ashes in *Leave Her to Heaven*, or Margaret Sullavan having one last tryst with her forgetful lover on the second level of a duplex, or Irene Dunne having a sombre farewell dinner with hopelessly married Charles Boyer, or Andrea Leeds and her *Letter of Introduction* to Adolphe Menjou. Stahl possessed the audacity of Sirk, but not the dark humor. Where Stahl was tione. 1939—*When Tomorrow Comes*. 1943—capable of a straight, reverent treatment of *The Keys of the Kingdom*, Sirk transformed *The First Legion* into a devastating parody of the Jesuits. In *The Eve of St. Mark*, Stahl revealed a profound comprehension of the emotional implications of two-shots as opposed to cross-cutting. At times, Stahl's conception of contrasts was as forceful as Sirk's. In *The Immortal Sergeant*, for example, Henry Fonda is in the desert with a mental image of Maureen O'Hara emerging dripping wet from a swimming pool. This is the cinema of audacity to the point of madness, and yet always preferable to the relative sanity of discretion.

FRANK TASHLIN (1913-)

FILMS: 1952—The First Time, Son of Paleface. 1953—Marry Me Again. 1955—Artists and Models. 1956—The Lieutenant Wore Skirts, Hollywood or Bust, The Girl Can't Help It. 1957—Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter. 1958—Rock-a-bye Baby, Geisha Boy. 1959—Say One for Me. 1960—Cindefella. 1962—Bachelor Flat, It's Only Money.

Peter Bogdanovich and Ian Cameron have analyzed Tashlin's career with great accuracy and perception, and Jean Luc Godard had already hailed Tashlin as the vanguard of a genuinely modern comedy style in the cinema. What then is the problem with Tashlin? Simply that there is a distinction between what is analyzed and what is directly experienced. In short, Tashlin sounds better than he plays. One can approve vulgarity in theory as a comment on vulgarity, but in practice all vulgarity is inseparable. Tashlin can still be given considerable leeway. An unrecognized comedy director in Hollywood at the present time can hardly write his own ticket, and studio interference is particularly damaging to farce conceptions. Casts are a special problem, also, but the suspicion persists that if Tashlin had not had Jerry Lewis and Jayne Mansfield, he would have invented their equivalents. To ridicule Jayne Mansfield's enormous bust in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter* may be construed as satire, indulgent or otherwise, but to ridicule Betsy Drake's small bust in the same film is simply unabashed vulgarity. Although Tashlin is impressively inventive, particularly with gadgets and animals, he has never been sympathetic enough to any of his characters to forego a laugh at their expense. The one possible exception is the sweet, anonymous British girl in *Bachelor Flat*, Tashlin's best film. Ultimately, frenetic farce, however inventive, is self-defeating without a theory of character. Up to now, Tashlin has dealt almost exclusively with caricatures instead of characters, and so unless we are entering an age of robot comedy, the problem of Tashlin will remain a problem of taste.

JACQUES TOURNEUR (1904-)

Films: 1939—They All Come Out, Nick Carter—Master Detective. 1940—Phantom Riders. 1941—Doctors Don't Tell. 1942—Cat People. 1943—I Walked with a Zombie, The Leopard Man. 1944—Days of Glory, Experiment Perilous. 1946—Canyon Passage. 1947—Out of the Past. 1948—Berlin Express. 1949—Easy Living.

1950—Stars in My Crown, The Flame and the Arrow. 1951—Circle of Danger, Anne of the Indies. 1952—Way of a Gaucho. 1953—Appointment in Honduras. 1955—Stranger on Horseback, Wichita. 1956—Great Day in the Morning, Nightfall. 1958—Curse of the Demon, The Fearmakers. 1959—Timbuktu. 1960—The Giant of Marathon.

Jacques Tourneur, son of the late Maurice Tourneur, brings a certain French gentility to the American Cinema. At its best, this gentility lifts a western like *Great Day in the Morning* to a new, unaccustomed level of subdued, pastel-colored sensibility. At its worst, this same gentility drains all the vitality out of a trivial medieval exercise like *The Flame and the Arrow*. Tourneur's first films for Val Lewton—*The Cat People* and *I Walked with a Zombie*—possessed a subtler dramatic force than those of Wise and Robson. *Out of the Past* is still Tourneur's masterpiece, a civilized treatment of an annihilating melodrama. *Anne of the Indies* and *Way of a Gaucho*, two misguided Fox projects conceived in the last hectic days before Cinemascope, come off much better than anyone had any right to expect despite their intransigent exoticism. *Stranger on Horseback* and *Wichita* lack both excitement and the compensating sensibility of *Great Day in the Morning*. *Curse of the Demon*, *The Fearmakers*, *Timbuktu* and *The Giant of Marathon* can be summed up as stylish miscellany. All in all, a formidable career for a stylist, if not a full-fledged *auteur*.

EDGAR G. ULMER (1900-)

FILMS: 1929—Menschen Am Sonntag (with Robert Siodmak). 1933—Damaged Lives. 1934—The Black Cat. 1937—Green Fields (with Jacob Ben-Ami). 1938—The Singing Blacksmith. 1939—Moon Over Harlem. 1942—Tomorrow We Live. 1943—My Son, the Hero; Girls in Chains, Isle of Forgotten Sins, Jive Junction. 1944—Bluebeard. 1945—Strange Illusion, The Strange Woman. 1946—Detour, Club Havana, The Wife of Monte Cristo, Her Sister's Secret. 1947—Carnegie Hall. 1948—Ruthless. 1949—The Pirates of Capri. 1951—The Man From Planet X, St. Benny the Dip. 1952—Babes in Bagdad. 1955—Murder is My Beat, The Naked Dawn. 1957—Daughter of Dr. Jekyll. 1960—Hannibal, The Amazing Transparent Man, Beyond the Time Barrier. 1961—L'Atlantide.

The French call him *un cineaste maudit*, and directors certainly don't come any more *maudit*.

But yes, Virginia, there is an Edgar G. Ulmer, and he is no longer one of the private jokes shared by *auteur* critics, but one of the minor glories of the cinema. Here is a career, more subterranean than most, which bears the signature of a genuine artist. Strictly speaking, most of Ulmer's films are of interest only to unthinking audiences or specialists in *mise-en-scene*. Yet, anyone who loves the cinema must be moved by *Daughter of Dr. Jekyll*, a film with a scenario so atrocious that it takes forty minutes to establish that the daughter of Dr. Jekyll is indeed the daughter of Dr. Jekyll. Ulmer's camera never falters even when his characters disintegrate. As the executor of the Murnau estate, he is faithful to his trust, and when his material is less impossible, his reflexes are still sharp for the meaningful challenges of *The Black Cat*, *Bluebeard*, *Ruthless*, *Murder is My Beat*, *Detour* and *The Naked Dawn*. That a personal style could emerge from the lowest depths of Poverty Row is a tribute to a director without alibis.

BEYOND THE FRINGE

The following directors occupied such a marginal role in the American Cinema that it would be unfair to them to analyze them in that context in any detail, but a few comments may be in order.

LUIS BUNUEL: His English-language films, *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Young One*, indicate that he could have been one of Us if he had not hated everything Hollywood stands for. Bunuel had the talent to justify his anger and integrity, but too many people with only anger and integrity think that a brave anti-Hollywood posture will compensate for a lack of talent. It won't. Yet, there may come a day when censorship gives up the ghost forever, and Hollywood is thrown to the few audacious spirits in the world, and Bunuel should head the list. Curiously, there is growing evidence that Bunuel is becoming unacceptable to the Left because he is supposedly acceptable to the Right. Perhaps, the Left is being completely reorganized to fall into line behind the dull UNESCO cinema of Satyajit Ray.

RENE CLAIR: Although Clair made several English-language and Hollywood films, his American period is generally blamed for his decline. The

trouble with Clair's American career is that he was typed for fantasy and other fluff, and could never escape his niche. His most successful American film—*And Then There Were None*—confirmed that Clair needed a little realistic vinegar in his material in order to function. Even Agatha Christie's formula murders were preferable to the processions of ghosts and futurities in *I Married a Witch*, *The Ghost Goes West*, *It Happened Tomorrow*. Only Dietrich's intransigent corporeality redeemed *The Flame of New Orleans* from the spooky fate of Clair's other films. However, it must be reported honestly that Clair's decline began before he left France for Hollywood's lucre, and that Clair never regained his footing back in Paris. *A Nous La Liberté*, *Le Million*, *Sous Les Toits de Paris*, *The Italian Straw Hat* retain a certain classic value, but Clair, once too good to be called even the French Lubitsch, now seems more like the French Mamoulian.

RÉNÉ CLÉMENT: The irony of René Clément is that his two best films—*Lovers*, *Happy Lovers* and *This Angry Age*—are both English-language productions, and that Clément, more than such Americanophiles as Melville and Godard, has the necessary pragmatic temperament to become an American director.

SERGEI EISENSTEIN: The time has come to stop blaming Eisenstein for every excess or inadequacy of montage. As it is, Eisenstein's *Film Form* and *Film Sense* have been almost as misunderstood as Stanislavsky's *An Actor Prepares*, and Eisenstein's montage classics have probably done more harm to American film criticism and film history than any other factor. The totalitarians of the Left embraced Eisenstein and montage as the first step toward brainwashing humanity, but the cinema quickly lent its manipulative social powers to Television. The cinema returned to formal excellence, abandoning the salvation of mankind as a criterion of criticism. Now, there is a tendency to dismiss Eisenstein as irrelevant to modern aesthetics, and nothing could be further from the truth.

GUSTAV MACHATY: Aside from giving us Hedy Lamarr, this director gave a few American critics a righteous glow of discovery with *Ecstasy*. Here at last and once again was the kind of honest sensuality, they said, which Hollywood was always thwarting. Periodically, a European film of indeter-

minate merit will chart a new course in cinematic eroticism, at least as far as American critics are concerned. *Ecstasy* was one, *The Baker's Wife* (Yes *The Baker's Wife*) was another, *And God Created Woman* was a third. Machaty's American films—*Within the Law* and *Jealousy*—were interesting, but not as charming as the academic symbolism of eroticism in *Ecstasy*.

G. W. PABST: Not for his American film, *A Modern Hero*, but for the retroactive glory of Louise Brooks in *Diary of a Lost Girl* and *Lulu*. The pre-eminence of Miss Brooks as the beauty of the Twenties indicates the classic nature of the cinema, and its built-in machinery for an appeal to the verdict of history.

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI: Rossellini's sublime films with Ingrid Bergman were years ahead of their time, and are not fully appreciated even today in America. For the record, *Stromboli*, *The Greatest Love*, *Strangers*, *Fear* and *Joan at the Stake* constitute one of the most impressively biographical bodies of work in the history of the cinema.

FALLEN IDOLS

JOHN HUSTON

ELIA KAZAN

DAVID LEAN

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

LEWIS MILESTONE

CAROL REED

WILLIAM WELLMAN

BILLY WILDER

WILLIAM WYLER

FRED ZINNEBANN

JOHN HUSTON (1906-)

FILMS: 1941—*The Maltese Falcon*. 1942—*In This Our Life*, *Across the Pacific*, *Report from the Aleutians*. 1944—*The Battle of San Pietro*. 1945—*Let There be Light*. 1948—*The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, *Key Largo*. 1949—*We Were Strangers*. 1950—*The Asphalt Jungle*. 1951—*The Red Badge of Courage*. 1952—*The African Queen*. 1953—*Moulin Rouge*. 1954—*Beat the Devil*. 1956—*Moby Dick*. 1957—*Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*. 1958—*The Barbarian and the Geisha*, *The Roots of Heaven*. 1960—*The Unforgiven*. 1961—*The Misfits*. 1962—*Freud*.

The late James Agee canonized Huston prematurely in a *Life Magazine* *auteur* piece circa *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. Agee was as wrong about Huston as Bazin was about Wyler, but Huston is still coasting on his reputation as a wronged individualist with an alibi for every bad movie. If it isn't Jack Warner, it's L. B. Mayer, and if it isn't L. B. Mayer, it's David O. Selznick, and if it isn't David O. Selznick, it's Darryl F. Zanuck, and if it isn't any of these, it's the whole rotten system of making movies. But who except Huston is to blame for the inept banality of *Freud*, a throwback to the kind of junk Dieterle used to grind out in the Thirties? Huston has confused indifference with integrity for such a long time that he is no longer even the competent craftsman of *The Asphalt Jungle*, *The Maltese Falcon* and *The African Queen*, films which owe more to casting coups than to directorial acumen. *Falcon*, particularly, is an uncanny match-up of Dashiell Hammett's literary characters with their visual doubles: Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sidney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre and Elisha Cook, Jr. Only Stendhal's Julien Sorel in search of Gerard Philipe can match *Falcon's* Pirandellian equation. In his palmier days, Huston displayed his material without projecting his personality. His technique has always been evasive, his camera often pitched at a stand-offish angle away from the heart of the action. *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* and *Beat the Devil*, his two most over-rated films, end with howling laughter on the sound-track, an echo perhaps of the director laughing at his own feeble jokes.

ELIA KAZAN (1909-)

FILMS: 1945—*A Tree Grows In Brooklyn*. 1947—*Boomerang*, *The Sea of Grass*, *Gentleman's Agreement*. 1949—*Pinky*. 1950—*Panic in the Streets*. 1951—*A Streetcar Named Desire*. 1952—*Viva Zapata!* 1953—*Man on a Tightrope*. 1954—*On the Waterfront*. 1955—*East of Eden*. 1956—*Baby Doll*. 1957—*A Face in the Crowd*. 1960—*Wild River*. 1961—*Splendor in the Grass*.

The Method of *A Streetcar Named Desire* has finally degenerated into the madness of *Splendor in the Grass*. Kazan's violence has always been more excessive than expressive, more mannered than meaningful. There is an edge of hysteria even to his pauses and silences, and the thin line between passion and neurosis has been crossed time and again. Yet, his brilliance with actors is incontestable. The revolutionary performances of Marlon Brando and the late James Dean are irrevocable, and *East of Eden*, though technically dated, is still a creditable achievement. Kazan's conscious efforts to adjust his personality to the classical forms of Ford (*Pinky*, *Wild River*) and Eisenstein (*Viva Zapata*) were commendable, if not entirely successful. Unfortunately, his career as a whole reflects an unending struggle between a stable camera and a jittery one. Significantly, his most nervous films—*Man on a Tightrope*, *On the Waterfront*, *Baby Doll* and *Splendor in the Grass* are ultimately his weakest. Kazan's gifts can never be written off entirely, but the evidence of decline is overwhelming.

DAVID LEAN (1908-)

FILMS: 1942—*In Which We Serve* (with Noel Coward). 1945—*Blithe Spirit*. 1946—*Brief Encounter*. 1947—*This Happy Breed*, *Great Expectations*. 1949—*One Woman's Story*. 1950—*Madeleine*. 1951—*Oliver Twist*. 1952—*Breaking Through the Sound Barrier*. 1954—*Hobson's Choice*. 1955—*Summertime*. 1957—*Bridge on the River Kwai*. 1962—*Lawrence of Arabia*.

Lean's career has reached the point where the modest virtues of *Brief Encounter* and *Great Expectations* have been inflated with the hot air of *Lawrence of Arabia* and *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, films as pointlessly obscure in their way as *Madeleine*. By the time Lean gets around to propounding a question, no one really cares about the

answer. The sheer logistics of *Lawrence* and *Kwai* cannot support the luxury of a directorial point of view. Lean is even more of an enigma than Lawrence, but the cinema as an expressive art-form is not receptive to enigmas. Now that Lean has been enshrined in the various Academies, whatever artistic sensibility he once possessed is now safely embalmed in the tomb of the impersonal cinema. Looking back past the shifting sands of *Lawrence* and the tangled underbrush of *Kwai*, one can fondly remember the tasteful performances of Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard (*Brief Encounter*), Ralph Richardson (*Breaking the Sound Barrier*), John Mills and Brenda de Banzie (*Hobson's Choice*) and Katharine Hepburn (*Summertime*), but these deviations from obfuscation are no longer the measure of a director whose next logical project is a spectacle on the riddle of the Sphinx.

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

FILMS: 1929—*Applause*. 1931—*City Streets*. 1932—*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Love Me Tonight*. 1933—*Queen Christina*, *Song of Songs*. 1934—*We Live Again*. 1935—*Becky Sharp*. 1936—*The Gay Desperado*. 1937—*High, Wide and Handsome*. 1939—*Golden Boy*. 1940—*The Mark of Zorro*. 1941—*Blood and Sand*. 1942—*Rings on Her Fingers*. 1948—*Summer Holiday*. 1957—*Silk Stockings*.

Mamoulian's tragedy is that of the innovator who runs out of innovations. *Applause* and *City Streets* have been amply honored in the textbooks for helping break the sound barrier, and *Becky Sharp* is usually cited in any tract on the color film. The obviousness of Mamoulian's technique, like King's in *Tol'able David*, is ideal for anthologies. Unfortunately, while Mamoulian was performing his technical acrobatics, Lubitsch, Vidor, Sternberg, Hawks and Ford swept into the sound era without breaking their stride. Except for *Applause*, Mamoulian's films date badly. *Love Me Tonight* is imitation Lubitsch with too many camera angles. *High, Wide and Handsome* misapplies Busby Berkeley's crane choreography to the great outdoors, and *The Gay Desperado*, not without its charms, resembles an impersonal operetta. The innovator has become an imitator, and the rest is mediocrity.

JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ (1909-)

FILMS: 1946—*Dragonwyck*, *Somewhere in the Night*. 1947—*The Late George Apley*, *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*. 1948—*Escape*. 1949—*Letter to Three Wives*, *House of Strangers*. 1950—*No Way Out*, *All About Eve*. 1951—*People Will Talk*. 1952—*Five Fingers*. 1953—*Julius Caesar*. 1954—*The Barefoot Contessa*. 1955—*Guys and Dolls*. 1958—*The Quiet American*. 1959—*Suddenly Last Summer*. 1963—*Cleopatra*. ..

If Anthony Mann is a style without a theme, Joseph L. Mankiewicz is a theme without a style. His best films — *The Barefoot Contessa* and *All About Eve*—bear the signature of a genuine *auteur*. Unfortunately, the signature is literary rather than visual. Turn off the sound track, and *The Barefoot Contessa* is closer to Lewin's *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman* than to Ophüls' *Lola Montès*. Mankiewicz' sensibility is decidedly more refined than Lewin's, but his technique is almost as pedestrian. With *Five Fingers*, Mankiewicz set out to prove that he could execute a technical exercise as well as anyone, and he failed honorably. *Cleopatra* should not be considered the last word on this intelligent American cinéaste because once his limitations are conceded, there is nothing wrong in enjoying his gibes at the Philistines. Mankiewicz' cranky liberalism sometimes gets the better of him, particularly when he wrenches scenes out of their context to inveigh against the evils of farm subsidies (*People Will Talk*) and oil depletion allowances (*The Barefoot Contessa*). He despises the lechery of fat, greasy plutocrats, the disloyalty of opportunists and the hypocrisy of moralists, but these commendable attitudes reflect a naive morality unable to cope with the political hallucinations of Graham Greene (*The Quiet American*) and the sexual traumas of Tennessee Williams (*Suddenly Last Summer*). Although his wit scratches more than it bites, it is undeniable enough to place his area of greatest aptitude somewhere between the brittle worlds of Oscar Wilde (*All About Eve*) and F. Scott Fitzgerald (*The Barefoot Contessa*). His vibrant women — Susan Hayward (*House of Strangers*), Bette Davis and Anne Baxter (*Eve*) and Ava Gardner (*Contessa*) — shine with special brilliance from midnight to the three o'clock in the morning of the soul.

LEWIS MILESTONE (1895-)

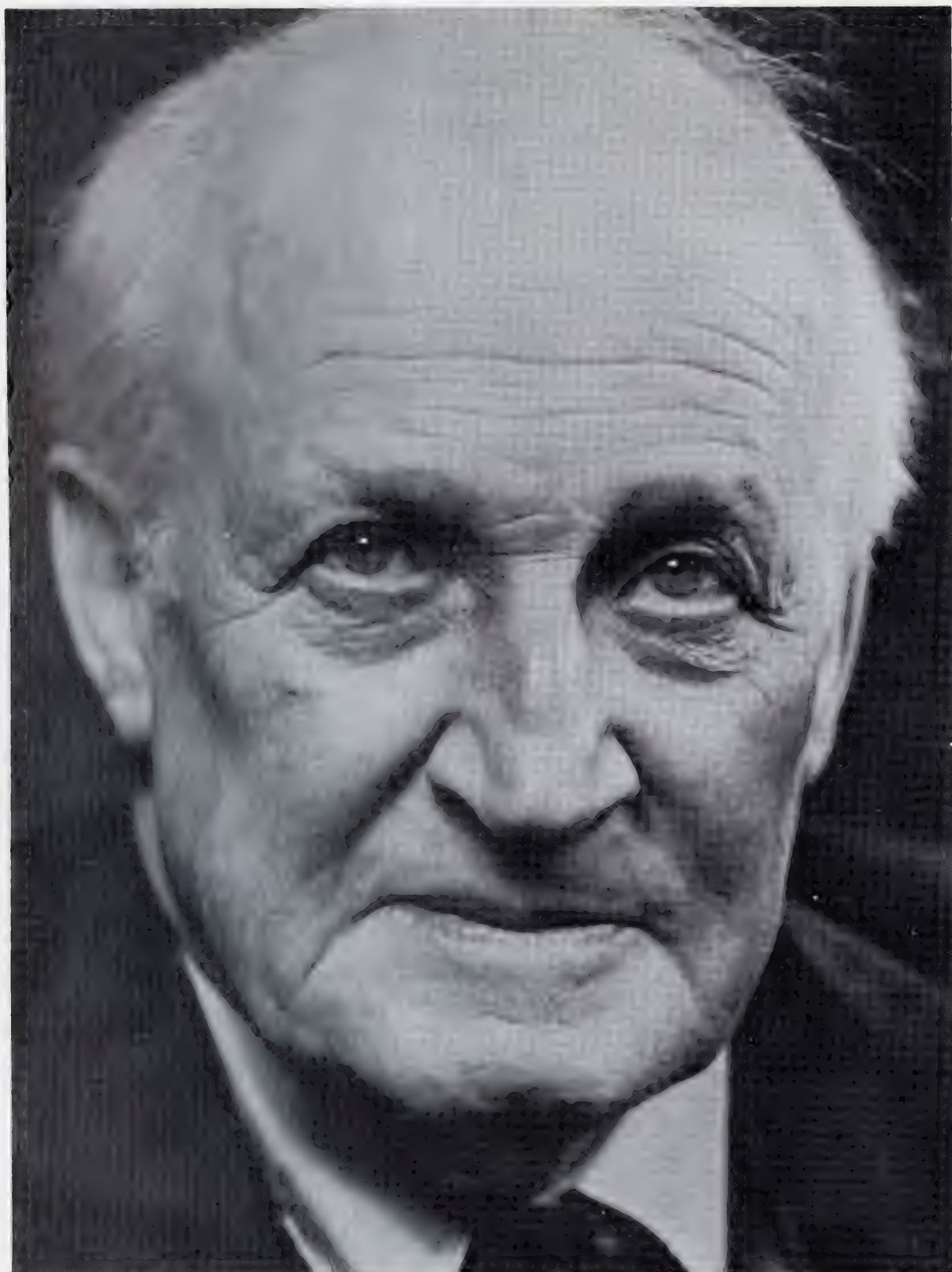
FILMS: 1925—*Seven Sinners*. 1926—*The Caveman*, *The New Klondike*. 1927—*Two Arabian Knights*. 1928—*The Garden of Eden*, *The Racket*. 1929—*The Betrayal*, *New York Nights*. 1930—*All Quiet on the Western Front*. 1931—*The Front Page*. 1932—*Rain*. 1933—*Hallelujah, I'm a Bum*. 1934—*The Captain Hates the Sea*. 1935—*Paris in Spring*. 1936—*Anything Goes*, *The General Died at Dawn*. 1940—*The Night of Nights*, *Of Mice and Men*, *Lucky Partners*. 1941—*My Life With Caroline*. 1943—*Edge of Darkness*, *The North Star*. 1944—*The Purple Heart*. 1946—*A Walk in the Sun*, *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*. 1948—*Arch of Triumph*, *No Minor Vices*. 1949—*The Red Pony*. 1950—*Halls of Montezuma*. 1952—*Kangaroo*, *Les Misérables*. 1953—*Melba*. 1955—*They Who Dare*. 1959—*Pork Chop Hill*. 1960—*Ocean's Eleven*. 1962 *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

A formalist of the Left, Milestone was hailed as the American Eisenstein after *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *The Front Page*. It is of course possible, though not highly probable, that Eisenstein himself might have ended up directing the Clan in *Ocean's Eleven* if he had remained in Hollywood. Just think of all the opportunities for dialectical montage in Las Vegas! Where else is the naked structure of capitalism so garnishly visual? Unfortunately, Milestone's fluid camera style has always been dissociated from any personal viewpoint. The director's cynical detachment is more appropriate to the stylized surfaces of *The General Died at Dawn* and *The Night of Nights* than to the realistic depths of *All Quiet* and *Of Mice and Men*. A propagandist in press releases only, Milestone is almost the classic example of the uncommitted director. From the beginning, his editing was mechanical rather than analytical, and his tracking synthetic rather than expressive. Socially conscious film historians were therefore needlessly agitated by the miscellaneousness of his projects. *Anything Goes* or *The North Star*. What difference does it make? It might be said in Milestone's defense that he has never discriminated against doomed projects like *Rain* and *The Arch of Triumph*. His professionalism is as unyielding as it is meaningless, and not even the seismic eruptions of *Mutiny on the Bounty* can faze him.

CHARLES CHAPLIN IN "THE GREAT DICTATOR"



ROBERT FLAHERTY



JOHN FORD



D. W. GRIFFITH



CECIL B. DE MILLE, D. W. GRIFFITH, MACK SENNETT



HOWARD HAWKS SHOOTING "HATARI!"



ALFRED HITCHCOCK SHOOTING "THE BIRDS"



F. W. MURNAU SHOOTING "SUNRISE"



MAX OPHULS



JEAN RENOIR SHOOTING "THE RIVER"



01-P-3

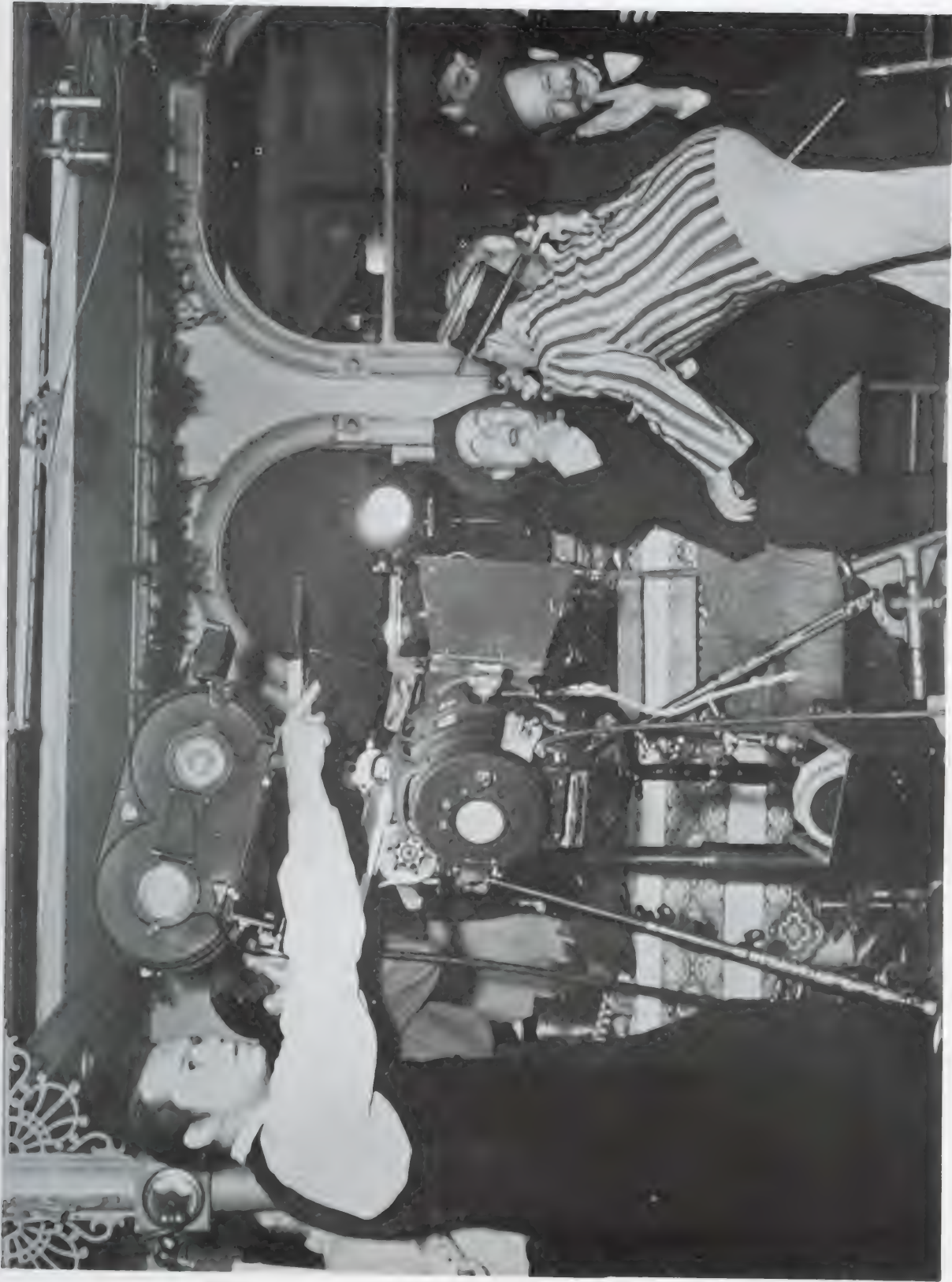
JOSEF VON STERNBERG



ERICH VON STROHEIM



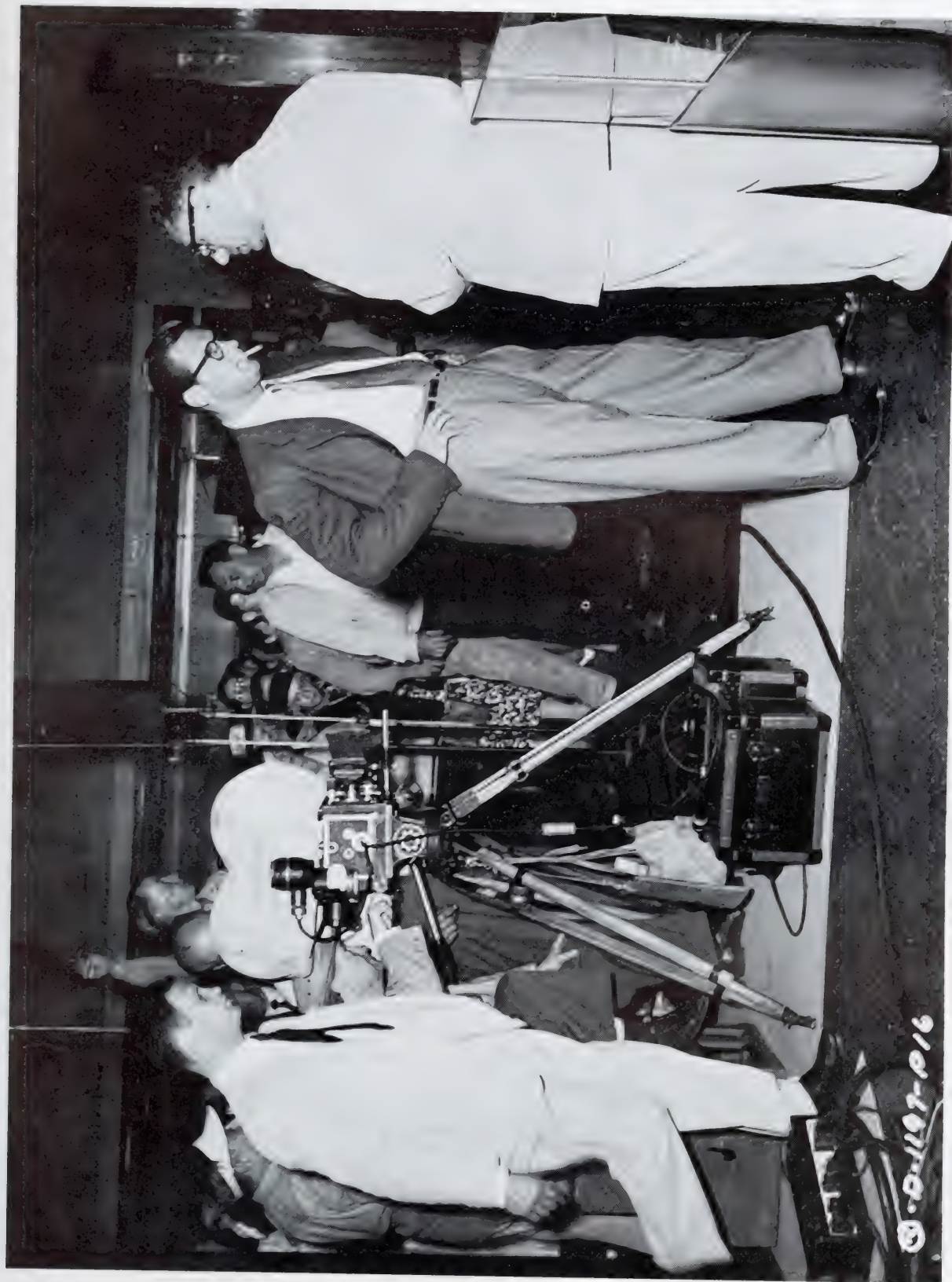
ORSON WELLES SHOOTING "CITIZEN KANE"



FRANK BORZAGE SHOOTING "LUCKY STAR"



GEORGE CUKOR SHOOTING "BORN YESTERDAY"



SAMUEL FULLER SHOOTING "MERRILL'S MARAUDERS"



BUSTER KEATON 1956



FRITZ LANG



ERNST LUBITSCH



OTTO PREMINGER SHOOTING "ADVISE AND CONSENT"



NICHOLAS RAY



DOUGLAS SIRK



KING VIDOR SHOOTING "SOLOMON AND SHEBA"



ROBERT ALDRICH



FRANK CAPRA SHOOTING "A HOLE IN THE HEAD"



CECIL B. DE MILLE SHOOTING "A ROMANCE OF THE REDWOODS"



JOSEPH LOSEY



LEO MC CAREY SHOOTING "RUGGLES OF RED GAP"



VINCENTE MINNELLI



GEORGE STEVENS SHOOTING "THE GIANT"



PRESTON STURGES



RAOUL WALSH



CAROL REED (1906-)

FILMS: 1936—*Midshipman Easy*, *Laburnum Grove*. 1937—*Talk of the Devil*, *Bank Holiday*. 1938—*No Parking*, *Climbing High*, *A Girl Must Live*, *Penny Paradise*. 1939—*The Stars Look Down* (1941 in New York), *Night Train* (1940 in New York). 1940—*The Girl in the News*, *Kipps*. *The Young Mr. Pitt*. 1942-1945—Documentaries: *The New Lot*, *The Way Ahead*, *The True Glory* (with Garson Kanin). 1947—*Odd Man Out*. 1949—*Fallen Idol*. 1950—*The Third Man*. 1952—*Outcast of the Islands*. 1953—*The Man Between*. 1956—*A Kid for Two Farthings*, *Trapeze*. 1958—*The Key*. 1960—*Our Man in Havana*.

The decline of Carol Reed since *Outcast of the Islands* is more real than apparent. The director of *Odd Man Out*, *The Fallen Idol* and *The Third Man* displayed undeniable talent at one time, particularly with ensemble acting. His modulated sound tracks seemed impressive in an era when understatement was generally overrated. Similarly, his editing of off-angle compositions produced a misleading impression of visual complexity. Today, the technique of even his "golden" period looks too turgid (*Odd Man Out*), too fastidious (*The Fallen Idol*) and too elaborate (*The Third Man*). Nowhere does the director's personality grip the literary themes of F. L. Green, Graham Greene and Joseph Conrad. From *The Man Between* to *Our Man in Havana*, Reed steadily lost control of his material as his feigned objectivity disintegrated into imperviousness. Reed's career demonstrates that a director who limits himself to solving technical problems quickly lapses into the decadence of the inappropriate effect. For example, Reed's fateful camera angles in *The Key* only emphasize the dishonesty of Carl Foreman's script.

WILLIAM WELLMAN (1896-)

FILMS: 1923—*The Man Who Won*, *Second Hand Love*, *Big Dan*. 1924—*The Vagabond Trail*, *Cupid's Fireman*, *Not a Drum Was Heard*, *The Circus Cowboy*. 1926—*When Husbands Flirt*, *The Boob*, *The Cat's Pajamas*, *You Never Know Women*. 1927—*Wings*. 1928—*Legion of Condemned*, *Ladies of the Mob*, *Beggars of Life*. 1929—*Chinatown Nights*, *The Man I Love*, *Woman Trap*. 1930—*Dangerous Paradise*, *Young Eagles*, *Maybe It's Love*, *Steel Highway*. 1931—

The Public Enemy, *Other Men's Women*, *Star Witness*, *Night Nurse*, *Safe in Hell*. 1932—*Love is a Racket*, *Hatchet Man*, *So Big*, *Purchase Price*, *The Conquerors*. 1933—*Frisco Jenny*, *Central Airport*, *Lady of the Night*, *Lilly Turner*, *College Coach*, *Heroes for Sale*, *Midnight Mary*, *Wild Boys of the Road*. 1934—*Looking for Trouble*, *Stingaree*, *The President Vanishes*. 1935—*The Call of the Wild*, *Robin Hood of El Dorado*. 1936—*Small Town Girl*. 1937—*A Star Is Born*, *Nothing Sacred*. 1938—*Men with Wings*. 1939—*Beau Geste*, *The Light That Failed*. 1940—*Reaching for the Sun*. 1942—*Roxie Hart*, *The Great Man's Lady*, *Thunder Birds*. 1943—*Ox-Bow Incident*, *Lady of Burlesque*. 1944—*Buffalo Bill*. 1945—*This Man's Navy*, *Story of G. I. Joe*. 1946—*Gallant Journey*. 1947—*Magic Town*. 1948—*The Iron Curtain*, *Happy Years*, *The Next Voice You Hear*. 1951—*Yellow Sky*. 1949—*Battleground*. 1950—*The Across the Wide Missouri*, *Westward the Women*. 1952—*My Man and I*. 1953—*Island in the Sky*. 1954—*High and the Mighty*, *Track of the Cat*. 1955—*Blood Alley*. 1956—*Goodbye, My Lady*. 1958—*Darby's Rangers*, *Lafayette Escadrille*.

With Wellman, crudity is too often mistaken for sincerity. What is at issue here is not the large number of bad films he has made, but a fundamental deficiency in his direction of good projects. On parallel subjects, he runs a poorer second to good directors than he should. *The Public Enemy* with Cagney should not be all that inferior to Hawks' *Scarface*, nor *Nothing Sacred* with Lombard and Hecht to McCarey's *The Awful Truth*, nor *Story of G. I. Joe* with Mitchum and Steele to Ford's *They Were Expendable*. Wellman, like Wyler, Huston and Zinneman, is a recessive director, one whose images tend to recede from the foreground to the background in the absence of a strong point of view. *Roxie Hart* is framed like a Sennett primitive without the Sennett pacing. *The Light That Failed* keeps floating back in its frame like a Sunday painting. *The Ox-Bow Incident* looks grotesque today with its painted backdrops treated like the natural vistas in a Ford western. Again, a Hollywood director cannot be criticized for working with fake sets, but his technique can be called into question if it emphasizes the fakery. With Wellman, as with so many other directors, objectivity is the last refuge of mediocrity.

BILLY WILDER (1906—)

FILMS: 1942—*The Major and the Minor*. 1943—*Five Graves to Cairo*. 1944—*Double Indemnity*. 1945—*The Lost Weekend*. 1948—*The Emperor Waltz*, *A Foreign Affair*. 1950—*Sunset Boulevard*. 1951—*Ace in the Hole*. 1953—*Stalag 17*. 1954—*Sabrina*. 1955—*The Seven Year Itch*. 1957—*Spirit of St. Louis*, *Love in the Afternoon*. 1958—*Witness for the Prosecution*. 1959—*Some Like it Hot*. 1960—*The Apartment*. 1961—*One, Two, Three*. 1963—*Irma La Douce*.

Billy Wilder is too cynical to believe even his own cynicism. Toward the end of *Stalag 17*, William Holden bids a properly cynical adieu to his prison camp buddies. He ducks into the escape tunnel for a second, then quickly pops up out of character with a boyish smile and a friendly wave, and then ducks down for good. Holden's sentimental waste motion in a tensely timed melodrama demonstrates the cancellation principle in Wilder's cinema. For example, the director's irresponsible Berlin films — *A Foreign Affair* and *One, Two, Three* — have been wrongly criticized for social irresponsibility. This is too serious a charge to level at a series of tasteless gags, half anti-left and half anti-right, adding up to Wilder's conception of political sophistication. Even his best films — *The Major and the Minor*, *Sunset Boulevard*, *Stalag 17* and *Some Like It Hot* — are marred by the director's penchant for gross caricature, especially with peripheral characters. All of Wilder's films decline in retrospect because of visual and structural deficiencies. Only Laughton's owlish performance makes *Witness for the Prosecution* look like the tour-de-force it was intended to be, and only Jack Lemmon keeps *The Apartment* from collapsing into the cellar of morbid psychology. Wilder deserves full credit for these performances, and for many of the other felicities which redeem his films from the superficial nastiness of his personality. He has fallen only to the extent that he has been proven inadequate for the more serious demands of modern tragedy (*Double Indemnity*), and moral judgment (*Ace in the Hole*). A director who can crack jokes about suicide attempts (*Sabrina* and *The Apartment*) and thoughtlessly brutalize charming actresses like Jean Arthur (*Foreign Affair*) and Audrey Hepburn (*Sabrina*) is hardly likely to make a coherent film on the human condition.

WILLIAM WYLER (1902—)

FILMS: 1926—*Lazy Lightning*, *Stolen Ranch*. 1927—*Blazing Days*, *Hard Fists*, *Straight Shoot-in'*, *The Border Cavalier*, *Desert Dust*. 1928—*Thunder Riders*, *Anybody Here Seen Kelly?* 1929—*The Shakedown*, *Love Trap*. 1930—*Hell's Heroes*, *The Storm*. 1932—*A House Divided*, *Tom Brown of Culver*. 1933—*Her First Mate*, *Counsellor at Law*. 1935—*The Good Fairy*, *The Gay Deception*. 1936—*Come and Get It* (with Howard Hawks), *Dodsworth*, *These Three*. 1937—*Dead End*. 1938—*Jezebel*. 1939—*Wuthering Heights*. 1940—*The Letter*, *The Westerner*. 1941—*The Little Foxes*. 1942—*Mrs. Miniver*. 1943—1945—*The Memphis Belle*, *The Fighting Lady* (documentaries). 1946—*The Best Years of Our Lives*. 1949—*The Heiress*. 1951—*Detective Story*. 1952—*Carrie*. 1953—*Roman Holiday*. 1955—*The Desperate Hours*. 1956—*Friendly Persuasion*. 1958—*The Big Country*. 1959—*Ben Hur*. 1962—*The Children's Hour*.

There is something poetically just in the announcement that William Wyler will direct *Sound of Music*, the *Ben Hur* of Broadway musicals, for Darryl F. Zanuck. If ever there were a prescription for elephantiasis, this is it. A French hack director once expressed his admiration for Wyler as "the style without a style." Precisely. *The Little Foxes* owes more to Toland's camera than to Wyler's direction, and *The Letter* still reverberates somewhat with the repressed passion of Bette Davis and James Stephenson. Otherwise, Wyler's career is a cipher as far as personal expression is concerned. What has become increasingly apparent in retrospect is a misanthropic tendency in Wyler's technique, particularly with romantic material like *Wuthering Heights* and *Roman Holiday*. It would seem that Wyler's admirers have long mistaken a lack of feeling for emotional restraint.

FRED ZINNEMANN (1907—)

FILMS: 1942—*Kid Glove Killer*, *Eyes in the Night*. 1944—*The Seventh Cross*. 1946—*Little Mr. Jim*. 1947—*My Brother Talks to Horses*. 1948—*The Search*. 1949—*Act of Violence*. 1950—*The Men*. 1951—*Teresa*. 1952—*High Noon*, *The Member of the Wedding*. 1953—*From Here to Eternity*. 1955—*Oklahoma!* 1957—*A Hatful of Rain*. 1959—*The Nun's Story*. 1960—*The Sundowners*.

The Sam Wood of the Fifties, Zinnemann's direction is consistently inferior to his subjects, his genres, his players and his technicians. His movies seem ashamed to be movies. Discreetly trying for something more, he invariably winds up with something less. The sea-swept embrace in *From Here to Eternity* becomes absurd by virtue of the director's detached contemplation. His supreme talent consists in revealing the falseness of his material. *The Search* is false humanitarianism, *Act of Violence* false melodrama, *The Men* false rehabilitation, *High Noon* the false western, *Oklahoma!* the false musical, *The Nun's Story* false religiosity, *The Sundowners* false lyricism. By draining every subject and every situation of any possible emotional excitement, Fred Zinnemann is now widely considered in academic circles as the screen's most honest director. Too honest perhaps to waste his time and ours making movies. What Dieterle was to the socially conscious Thirties, Zinnemann is to the self-conscious Fifties. His true vocation is making anti-movies for anti-moviegoers.

LIKABLE BUT ELUSIVE

BUSBY BERKELEY (1895-)

FILMS: 1935—Gold Diggers of 1935, Bright Lights, I Live for Love. 1936—Stagestruck. 1937—The Go-Getter, Hollywood Hotel. 1938—Men Are Such Fools, Garden of the Moon, Comet Over Broadway. 1939—They Made Me a Criminal, Babes in Arms, Fast and Furious. 1940—Strike Up the Band, Forty, Little Mothers. 1941—Babes on Broadway, Blonde Inspiration. 1942—For Me and My Gal. 1943—The Gang's All Here. 1948—Cinderella Jones. 1949—Take Me Out to the Ball Game.

As a choreographer from the crane, his influence has been felt from the sound stages of *Forty Second Street* (1933) to the circus grounds of *Jumbo* (1962). As a moderately entertaining director, he held the fort for the musical between the end of the Astaire-Rogers cycle and the beginning of the Minnelli period. Berkeley can claim some of the credit for the spectacular evolution of Judy Garland and Gene Kelly into the titans of the Metro musical. Some of his socialized floral patterns may look a bit naive and prema-

turely anti-Astairish today, but they did have their time and place in the depths of the depression when the difference between quantity and quality was not too important.

JOHN CROMWELL

FILMS: 1929—Close Harmony, Dance of Life. 1930—Street of Chance, The Texan, For the Defense, Tom Sawyer. 1931—Scandal Sheet, Unfaithful, Vice Squad, Rich Man's Folly. 1932—World and the Flesh. 1933—Sweepings, Silver Cord, Double Harness, Ann Vickers. 1934—This Man is Mine, Spitfire, Of Human Bondage, The Fountain. 1935—Village Tale, Jalna, I Dream Too Much. 1936—Little Lord Fauntleroy, To Mary with Love, Banjo on My Knee. 1937—The Prisoner of Zenda. 1938—Algiers. 1939—Made for Each Other, In Name Only, Abe Lincoln in Illinois. 1940—Victory. 1941—So Ends Our Night. 1942—Son of Fury. 1944—Since You Went Away. 1945—The Enchanted Cottage. 1946—Anna and the King of Siam. 1947—Dead Reckoning, Night Song. 1950—Caged, The Company She Keeps. 1951—The Racket. 1958—The Goddess. 1961—A Matter of Morals.

From Nancy Carroll (*Close Harmony*) to Kim Stanley (*The Goddess*), the motto of Cromwell's cinema has been "cherchez la femme." Whether by luck or design, his eclectic career has been redeemed by the iconographical contributions of Irene Dunne, Katharine Hepburn, Bette Davis, Madeleine Carroll, Mary Astor, Carole Lombard, Betty Field, Margaret Sullavan, Gene Tierney, Jennifer Jones and Dorothy McGuire. Fortunately, Cromwell's formal deficiencies seldom obscure the beautiful drivers of his vehicles. Cromwell may be remembered ultimately as the perfect director for David O'Selznick, himself a noted connoisseur of feminine beauty.

MICHAEL CURTIZ (1888-1962)

FILMS: 1927—Moon of Israel, The Third Degree, A Million Bid, The Desired Woman, Good Time Charlie. 1928—Tenderloin. 1929—Noah's Ark, Glad Rag Doll, Madonna of Avenue A, Hearts in Exile. 1930—Mammy, Under a Texas Moon, The Matrimonial Bed. 1931—River's End, Bright Lights, God's Gift to Women, Soldier's Plaything. 1932—Woman from Monte Carlo, Strange Love of Molly Louvain, Doctor X, Cabin in the Cotton. 1933—20000 Years in Sing Sing,

History of the Wax Museum, The Keyhole, Private Detective 62, Goodbye Again, Kennel Murder Case, Female. 1934—Mandalay; Jimmy, the Gent; The Key, Brutal Agent. 1935—Case of the Curious Bride, Black Fury, Front Page Woman, Little Big Shot, Captain Blood. 1936—The Walking Dead, Stolen Holiday, Charge of the Light Brigade. 1937—Kid Galahad, Mountain Justice, The Perfect Specimen. 1938—Gold is Where You Find It, The Adventures of Robin Hood (with William Keighley), Four Daughters, Four's a Crowd, Angels with Dirty Faces. 1939—Dodge City, Daughters Courageous, The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Four Wives. 1940—Virginia City, The Sea Hawk, Santa Fe Trail. 1941—The Sea Wolf, Dive Bomber. 1942—Casablanca, Yankee Doodle Dandy, Captains of the Clouds. 1943—Mission to Moscow, This is the Army. 1944—Passage to Marseilles, Janie. 1945—Roughly Speaking, Mildred Pierce. 1946—Night and Day. 1947—Life with Father, The Un-suspected. 1948—Romance on the High Seas. 1949—Flamingo Road, My Dream is Yours, The Lady Takes a Sailor. 1950—The Breaking Point, Bright Leaf. 1951—Jim Thorpe—All American, Force of Arms, I'll See You in My Dreams. 1952—The Will Rogers Story, The Jazz Singer. 1954—The Boy from Oklahoma, The Egyptian, White Christmas. 1955—We're No Angels. 1956—The Scarlet Hour, The Vagabond King, The Best Things in Life are Free. 1957—The Helen Morgan Story. 1958—The Proud Rebel, King Creole. 1959—The Hangman, The Man in the Net. 1960—The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, A Breath of Scandal. 1961—Francis of Assisi, The Commancheros.

Perhaps more than any other director, Curtiz reflected the strengths and weaknesses of the studio system in Hollywood. This most amiable of Warners technicians faithfully served the studio's contract players from Dolores Costello to Doris Day. When one speaks of a typical Warners film in the Thirties and Forties, one is generally speaking of a typical Curtiz film of those periods. He directed many of Bette Davis' lesser bread-and-butter vehicles, and shared the Errol Flynn cycle with Raoul Walsh. He guided James Cagney (*Yankee Doodle Cagney*) and Joan Crawford (*Mildred Pierce*) to Oscars, and saw the Lane sisters through the Depression. He helped project the memorably anarchic personalities of Cagney, Bogart, Garfield and Muni in between other less

memorable projects. After *Force of Arms*, his career went to the dogs. If many of the early Curtiz films are hardly worth remembering, none of the later ones are even worth seeing. What the collapse of studio discipline meant to Curtiz and to Hollywood was the bottom dropping out of routine film-making. The director's one enduring masterpiece is, of course, *Casablanca*, the happiest of happy accidents, and the most decisive exception to the *auteur* theory.

VICTOR FLEMING (1883—1949)

FILMS: 1920—When the Clouds Roll By, The Mollycoddle. 1921—Mamma's Affair. 1922—Woman's Place, Red Hot Romance, Lane that Had No Turning, Anna Ascends. 1923—Dark Secrets, Law of the Lawless, To the Last Man, Call of the Canyon. 1924—Empty Hands, The Code of the Sea. 1925—A Son of his Father, Adventure, The Devil's Cargo, Lord Jim. 1926—Blind Goddess, Mantrap. 1927—Rough Riders, Way of All Flesh, Hula. 1928—Abie's Irish Rose, The Awakening. 1929—Wolf Song, The Virginian. 1930—Common Clay, Renegades. 1931—Around the World in 80 Minutes. 1932—The Wet Parade, Red Dust. 1933—White Sister, Bombshell. 1934—Treasure Island. 1935—Reckless, The Farmer Takes a Wife. 1937—Captains Courageous. 1938—Test Pilot. 1939—The Wizard of Oz, Gone With the Wind. 1941—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. 1942—Tortilla Flat. 1943—A Guy Named Joe. 1945—Adventure. 1948—Joan of Arc.

Fleming's work has a Jekyll and Hyde quality of its own. Within the same year, Jekyll could turn out the raucously entertaining *Bombshell* while Hyde was being heavy-handed with *White Sister*. Or is it simply the law of accidents which explains the superiority of *Treasure Island*, *Captains Courageous* and *A Guy Named Joe* over *The Virginian*, *Test Pilot* and *Tortilla Flat*? Fleming's most popularly remembered films, *Gone With the Wind* and *The Wizard of Oz*, seem extraneous to his career, and such creditable efforts as *Red Dust* and *Reckless* were magnificently remade by Ford (*Mogambo*) and Sirk (*Written on the Wind*), and significantly improved in the process. His last films, *Adventure* and *Joan of Arc*, were disastrous failures, yet with somewhat more

merit than their reputations would indicate. This mysterious figure probably expressed more of Hollywood's contradictions than did most of his colleagues. Yet, aside from Cukor, he was the only Metro director who could occasionally make the lion roar.

TAY GARNETT

FILMS: 1928—*Celebrity*, *The Spieler*. 1929—*Flying Fools*, *Oh Yeah!* 1930—*Officer O'Brien*, *Her Man*. 1931—*Bad Company*. 1932—*One Way Passage*, *Prestige*, *Okay America*. 1933—*Destination Unknown*, *SOS Iceberg*. 1935—*China Seas*, *She Couldn't Take It*, *Professional Soldier*. 1937—*Love is News*, *Slave Ship*, *Stand In*. 1938—*Joy of Living*, *Trade Winds*. 1939—*Eternally Yours*. 1940—*Slightly Honorable*, *Seven Sinners*. 1941—*Cheers for Miss Bishop*. 1942—*My Favorite Spy*. 1943—*Bataan*, *The Cross of Lorraine*. 1944—*Mrs. Parkington*. 1945—*The Valley of Decision*. 1946—*The Postman Always Rings Twice*. 1947—*Wild Harvest*. 1949—*A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. 1950—*The Fireball*. 1951—*Soldiers Three*, *Cause for Alarm*. 1952—*One Minute to Zero*. 1953—*Main Street to Broadway*. 1954—*The Black Knight*. 1956—*Seven Wonders of the World*. 1960—*The Night Fighter*.

Inconsistency is the hobgoblin of Tay Garnett's career, and inconsistency can never be defined satisfactorily. The director of *Her Man*, *One-Way Passage*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *The Night Fighter* stays in the mind despite the lack of an overall pattern in his work. Curiously, the director's fondness for *China Seas* and *The Cross of Lorraine* is as inexplicable as the underground reputations of *Stand-In* and *Cause for Alarm*, but the critical values are always topsy-turvy at this level of film-making. For the moment, Garnett's ultimate reputation is still unusually elusive. Even as a footnote to Marlene Dietrich's career, the rowdy humor of *Seven Sinners* could tip the scales in the director's favor.

EDMUND GOULDING (1891—1959)

FILMS: 1925—*Sun-Up*; *Sally*, *Irene and Mary*. 1926—*Paris*. 1927—*Women Love Diamonds*. 1928—*Love*, *The Trespasser*, *Paramount on Parade*, *Devil's Holiday*. 1931—*Reaching for the Moon*, *Night Angel*. 1932—*Grand Hotel*, *Blon-*

die of the Follies. 1934—*Riptide*. 1935—*The Flame Within*. 1937—*That Certain Woman*. 1938—*White Banners*, *The Dawn Patrol*. 1939—*Dark Victory*, *We Are Not Alone*, *The Old Maid*. 1940—*Till We Meet Again*. 1941—*The Great Lie*. 1943—*The Constant Nymph*, *Claudia*. 1946—*Of Human Bondage*, *The Razor's Edge*. 1947—*Nightmare Alley*. 1949—*Everybody Does It*. 1950—*Mr. 880*. 1952—*We're Not Married*. 1953—*Down Among the Sheltering Palms*. 1956—*Teen Age Rebel*. 1958—*Mardi Gras*.

Goulding's career, like his talent, was discreet and tasteful. A vehicle director with something extra, he lent his most threadbare projects a feeling of concern. His best films — *Grand Hotel*, *The Constant Nymph*, *Claudia*, *The Razor's Edge* and *Nightmare Alley* — are seldom attributed to him. *Grand Hotel* won an Academy Award in a year when he was not even nominated for direction. His remakes — *The Dawn Patrol* and *Till We Meet Again* — were markedly but not disgracefully inferior to the Hawks and Garnett (*One-Way Passage*). Even when he remade his Gloria Swanson vehicle (*The Trespasser*) into a Bette Davis vehicle (*That Certain Woman*), he did not gain or lose much in the process. Plus and minus all the way down the line. *Dark Victory*, *The Old Maid* and *The Great Lie* are afflicted by George Brent and excessive melodrama, but they are still much closer to Wyler's Davis counterparts, *Jezebel*, *The Letter* and *The Little Foxes*, than anyone would have suspected at the time. Goulding not only enhanced his actresses — Greta Garbo, Bette Davis, Dorothy McGuire, Joan Fontaine, Gene Tierney — but also his supporting actresses — Geraldine Fitzgerald, Jane Bryan, Mary Astor, Anne Baxter, the latter two winning Oscars, and who can forget Marilyn Monroe in a bathing suit in *We're Not Married?*

HENRY HATHAWAY (1898-)

FILMS: 1933—*Wild Horse Mesa*, *Heritage of the Desert*, *Under the Tonto Rim*, *Sunset Pass*, *Man of the Forest*, *To the Last Man*. 1934—*Come on Marines*, *Last Round-Up*, *Thundering Herd*, *The Witching Hour*, *Now and Forever*. 1935—*Lives of Bengal Lancer*, *Peter Ibbetson*. 1936—*Trail of the Lonesome Pine*; *Go West*, *Young Man*. 1937—*Souls at Sea*. 1938—*Spawn of the North*. 1939—*The Real Glory*. 1940—*Johnny Apollo*, *Brigham Young*. 1941—*The Shepherd of*

the Hills, Sundown. 1942—Ten Gentlemen from the West Point, China Girl. 1944—Home in Indiana, Wing and a Prayer. 1945—Nob Hill, The House on 92nd Street. 1946—The Dark Corner, 13 Rue Madeleine. 1947—Kiss of Death. 1948—Call Northside 777. 1949—Down to the Sea in Ships. 1950—The Black Rose. 1951—You're in the Navy Now, Rawhide, 14 Hours, The Desert Fox. 1952—Diplomatic Courier. 1953—Niagara, White Witch Doctor. 1954—Prince Valiant, Garden of Evil. 1955—The Racers. 1956—The Bottom of the Bottle, 23 Paces to Baker Street. 1957—Legend of the Lost. 1958—From Hell to Texas. 1959—Woman Obsessed. 1960—Seven Thieves, North to Alaska. 1963—How the West Was Won (with John Ford and George Marshall.)

Hathaway is a director without complexes or neuroses even when his material is saturated with these modern accoutrements. The lunacies of *14 Hours* and *Niagara* are treated with the grotesque straightforwardness of the action genre. The conventional distinctions between realism and romanticism are irrelevant to Hathaway's career. The legendary romanticism of *Peter Ibbetson* can now be clearly traced to Lee Garmes' camera, and the semi-documentary surfaces of *The House on 92nd Street*, *13 Rue Madeleine* and *Call Northside 777* can be dismissed as a passing fancy of the American cinema. Hathaway's charm consists simply of minor virtues, particularly a sense of humor, uncorrupted by major pretensions, but this charm is also a limiting factor. The professional detractors of Ford and Hawks almost invariably attempt to palm off Hathaway as a reasonable facsimile, but such a comparison is patently absurd. Hathaway has directed many likable films—*The Witching Hour*, *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, *Spawn of the North*, *Shepherd of the Hills*, *China Girl*, *From Hell to Texas* and *North to Alaska*. Even *The Dark Corner*, a poor man's *Laura*, and *The Kiss of Death*, a conformist gangster film, have their merits. Unfortunately, Hathaway has also directed *Johnny Apollo*, *Ten Gentlemen from West Point*, *Nob Hill*, *Down to the Sea in Ships*, *The Black Rose*, *Prince Valiant*, *Garden of Evil* and *Legend of the Lost*. On balance, a creditable career on Hollywood's roulette wheel, but nothing approaching the high plateau of Ford and Hawks.

MITCHELL LEISEN (1898-)

FILMS: 1933—Cradle Song. 1934—Death Takes a Holiday, Murder at the Vanities. 1935

—Behold My Wife, Four Hours to Kill, Hands Across the Table, 1936—Thirteen Hours by Air, Big Broadcast of 1937. 1937—Swing High, Swing Low; Easy Living. 1938—Big Broadcast of 1938, Artists and Models Abroad. 1939—Midnight. 1940—Remember the Night, Arise My Love. 1941—I Wanted Wings, Hold Back the Dawn. 1942—The Lady is Willing; Take a Letter, Darling. 1943—No Time for Love. 1944—Lady in the Dark, Frenchman's Creek, Practically Yours. 1945—Masquerade in Mexico. 1946—Kitty, To Each His Own, Suddenly It's Spring. 1947—Golden Earrings, Dream Girl. 1949—Bride of Vengeance, Song of Surrender. 1950—No Man of her Own, Captain Carey, U.S.A. 1951—The Mating Season; Darling, How Could You? 1952—Young Man with Ideas. 1953—Tonight We Sing. 1955—Bedevilled. 1957—The Girl Most Likely.

When Mitchell Leisen began at Paramount, the art was supplied by Lubitsch and Sternberg, and the junk by almost everyone everyone else. Leisen occupied a middle position in the late Thirties and early Forties with such stylish productions as *Easy Living*, *Midnight*, *Remember the Night*, *Hold Back the Dawn* and *Lady in the Dark*. The promotion of Preston Sturges and Billy Wilder from writers' cubicles to directors' chairs in the Forties probably contributed to Leisen's decline. He soon found himself in the unenviable position of an expert diamond-cutter working with lumpy coal. Yet, even the trivialities of *Kitty*, *Golden Earrings* and *The Mating Season* are not entirely devoid of directorial niceties.

MERVYN LE ROY (1900-)

FILMS: 1927—No Place to Go. 1928—Flying Romeos, Harold Teen. 1929—Naughty Baby, Hot Stuff, Broadway Daddy. 1930—Little Johnny Jones, Playing Around, Show Girl in Hollywood, Numbered Men, Broken Dishes, Top Speed, Little Caesar. 1931—Broad Minded. Too Young to Marry, Five Star Final, Local Boy Makes Good, Tonight or Never. 1932—I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, High Pressure, Heart of New York, Two Seconds, Big City Blues, Three on a Match. 1933—Hard to Handle, Tugboat Annie, Elmer the Great, Gold Diggers of 1933, The World Changes. 1934—Heat Lightening, Hi Nellie, Happiness Ahead, Sweet Adeline. 1935—Oil for the Lamps of China, Page Miss Glory, I found Stella Parish. 1936—Anthony Adverse, Three Men on a Horse. 1937—The King and the Chorus Girl, They Won't Forget. 1938—Fools for Scandal.

1940—*Waterloo Bridge*, *Escape*. 1941—*Blossoms in the Dust*, *Unholy Partners*. 1942—*Random Harvest*, *Johnny Eager*. 1943—*Madame Curie*. 1946—*Without Reservations*. 1948—*Homecoming*. 1949—*In the Good Old Summertime*, *Any Number Can Play*; *East Side, West Side*. 1951—*Quo Vadis*. 1952—*Lovely to Look At*, *Million Dollar Mermaid*. 1953—*Latin Lovers*. 1954—*Rosemarie*. 1955—*Strange Lady in Town*, *Mr. Roberts* (with John Ford). 1956—*The Bad Seed*, *Toward the Unknown*. 1958—*No Time for Sergeants*, *Home Before Dark*. 1959—*The FBI Story*. 1960—*Wake Me When It's Over*. 1961—*The Devil at 4 O'Clock*, *A Majority of One*. 1962—*Gypsy*.

From *Little Caesar* to *Gypsy*, Le Roy has converted his innate vulgarity into a personal style. As long as he is not mistaken for a serious artist, Le Roy can be delightfully entertaining. Divested of a spurious social consciousness, *I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* and *They Won't Forget* are as much fun as *Waterloo Bridge* and *Random Harvest*. For all the jokes made about *Quo Vadis*, Le Roy's feeling for spectacle is clearly superior to Wyler's in the unendurable *Ben Hur*. His *Little Caesar* is feeble next to Hawks' *Scarface*, and his *Little Women* are far littler than Cukor's, but you can't have everything. His direction of Conrad Veidt and Norma Shearer in *Escape* and the haunting presence of Irene Dunne in *Sweet Adeline* make up any numbers of clinkers.

GEORGE SIDNEY (1916—)

FILMS: 1941—*Free and Easy*. 1942—*Pacific Rendezvous*. 1943—*Pilot No. 5*. *Thousands Cheer*. 1944—*Bathing Beauty*. 1945—*Anchors Aweigh*. 1946—*The Harvey Girls*, *Holiday in Mexico*. 1947—*Cass Timberlane*. 1948—*The Three Musketeers*. 1949—*The Red Danube*. 1950—*Annie Get Your Gun*, *Key to the City*. 1951—*Show Boat*. 1952—*Scaramouche*. 1953—*Kiss Me Kate*. 1955—*Jupiter's Darling*. 1956—*The Eddie Duchin Story*. 1957—*Jeanne Eagels*, *Pal Joey*. 1960—*Who Was That Lady?*, *Pepe*. 1963—*Bye Bye Birdie*.

Alongside Sidney, LeRoy looks like a Bresonian director. It can be argued that Sidney has ruined more good musicals with more gusto than any director in history, but who else has di-

rected Esther Williams and Kim Novak in their opulent periods with such a straight face? There is a point at which brassiness, vulgarity and downright badness become virtues, and Sidney approached that point in *Scaramouche* and *Jeanne Eagels*, and was not too far behind with *The Three Musketeers* and *The Eddie Duchin Story*. Of course, *Kiss Me Kate* was regrettable, and *Pal Joey* was unforgivable, but Sidney has kept his hand in even when it seemed time and again that the musical gravy train had reached the last stop. Sidney's ability to shift gears after such disasters as *Holiday in Mexico*, *Jupiter's Darling* and *Pepe* is a tribute to his tenacity. After all, every aesthete in New York, London and Paris wants to make a musical, but Sidney just keeps making them by default.

SIDNEY LUMET (1924—)

FILMS: 1957—*Twelve Angry Men*. 1958—*Stage Struck*. 1959—*That Kind of Woman*, *The Fugitive Kind*. 1962—*View From the Bridge*, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*.

At its best, Lumet's direction is efficiently vehicular but pleasantly impersonal. Sophia Loren and Tab Hunter come off much better in *That Kind of Woman* than do the stronger-willed Anna Magnani and Marlon Brando in *The Fugitive Kind*. The moral is clear. Those who would be led, Lumet will guide. Those who would lead, Lumet will follow. He lacks the necessary temperament of a tyrant on the set, but insists on remaining a constitutional monarch. When his subjects are responsible as in *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, his services are valuable. In most other instances, only his innate good taste saves him from utter mediocrity.

ANDREW L. STONE (1902—)

FILMS: 1928—*Two O'Clock in the Morning*, *Liebenstraum*. 1930—*Sombras de Gloria*. 1932—*Hell's Headquarters*. 1938—*Stolen Heaven*, *Say It in French*. 1939—*The Great Victor Herbert*. 1941—*The Hard-Boiled Canary*. 1943—*Stormy Weather*, *Hi Diddle Diddle*. 1944—*Sensations of 1945*. 1950—*Highway 301*. 1952—*Confidence Girl*, *The Steel Trap*. 1955—*The Night Holds Terror*. 1956—*Julie*. 1958—*Cry Terror*, *The Decks Ran Red*. 1960—*The Last Voyage*. 1962—*The Password is Courage*.

Since *The Steel Trap*, Andrew Stone and his fantastically helpful wife-editor have evolved a materialism without a dialectic, a form of filmmaking for those who brood over movie "boners." A tree is a tree to the Stones, but they don't shoot it in Griffith Park. If they want to blow up a train, they blow up a real train. If they want to sink an ocean liner, they sink a real ocean liner. This literal approach to catastrophes is pleasantly naive in this neurotic age when everyone is afraid of his shadow, and when what is truly frightening about things is not their essence, but their appearance. One sobering deduction: If the Stones had made *On the Beach*, none of us would be around now to review it.

CHARLES WALTERS

FILMS: 1947—Good News. 1948—Easter Parade. 1949—The Barkleys of Broadway. 1950—Summer Stock. 1951—Three Guys Named Mike, Texas Carnival. 1952—The Belle of New York. 1953—Lilli, Torch Song. 1955—The Glass Slipper, The Tender Trap. 1956—High Society. 1957—Don't Go Near the Water. 1959—Ask Any Girl. 1960.—Please Don't Eat the Daisies. 1961—Two Loves. 1962—Jumbo.

The late H. L. Mencken used to boast that he had never seen a movie, but toward the end of his life, this irascible cynic was induced to see *Lilli*, and he loved it! Walters produces this effect almost inexplicably with the most dubious material. His sensibility is pitched at a certain level of fakery, and remains there consistently. If the word "nice" could be defined with any precision, it would apply to most of his films.

ALBERT LEWIN (1901—)

FILMS: 1942—The Moon and Sixpence. 1945—The Picture of Dorian Gray. 1947—The Private Affairs of Bel Ami. 1951—Pandora and the Flying Dutchman. 1954—Saadia. 1957—The Living Idol.

Jean Renoir said it all when he observed that Lewin was too much of a theoretician. There is an ironic moment in *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*, Lewin's most memorable film, when Ava Gardner has just defaced James Mason's painting of her, and the doomed painter declares that the desecration introduces the element of

accident to his art. Would that there were more room for accident in Lewin's clogged literary narrations and his naive conception of refinement in the cinema. Still, Lewin's cultural evangelism is less offensive than most, and there are even moments of cinematic lucidity in the midst of all his literary elucidation.

GARSON KANIN (1912—)

FILMS: 1938—A Man to Remember, Next Time I Marry. 1939—The Great Man Votes, Bachelor Mother. 1940—My Favorite Wife, They Knew What They Wanted. 1941—Tom, Dick and Harry. 1945—The True Glory (with Carol Reed).

As a playwright, Kanin tended to imitate George S. Kaufman. His direction of film comedies derived from Capra and McCarey to such an extent that *Cahiers du Cinema* once erroneously listed Kanin's *My Favorite Wife* as a McCarey film. Even so, his work is not without charm and talent. However, his major contribution to the American cinema consists of the inventive scripts he provided George Cukor for the glorious Judy Holliday cycle of psychological comedies.

DON WEIS (1922—)

FILMS: 1951—It's a Big Country (with Richard Thorpe, John Sturges, Charles Vidor, Clarence Brown, Don Hartman, William Wellman), Bannerline. 1952—Just This Once, You for Me. 1953—I Love Melvin. 1953—Remains to Be Seen, A Slight Case of Larceny, The Affairs of Dobie Gillis, Half a Hero. 1954—The Adventures of Hajji Baba. 1956—Ride the High Iron. 1959—The Gene Krupa Story. 1963—Critic's Choice.

The Don Weis cultists in Britain and France are not normally frivolous, but just this once, it remains to be seen. Beyond the graceful nonsense of *The Affairs of Dobie Gillis* and *The Adventures of Hajji Baba*, it is difficult to discern any stylistic or thematic pattern in either his Metro (1951-53) or miscellaneous (1954-63) periods. What Weis lacks more than anything else is just one eye-popping masterpiece for the objectively inclined American Philistines.

MINOR DISAPPOINTMENTS

RICHARD BROOKS (1912-)

FILMS: 1950—Crisis, 1951—The Light Touch. 1952—Deadline U. S. A. 1953—Battle Circus, Take the High Ground. 1954—The Last Time I Saw Paris. 1955—Blackboard Jungle. 1956—The Last Hunt, The Catered Affair. 1957—Something of Value. 1958—The Brothers Karamazov, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof. 1960—Elmer Gantry. 1962—Sweet Bird of Youth.

Brooks is attracted to violent subjects, but his direction lacks the force to express them. His punches are seen but not felt, and his films consequently lack any lasting impact. The director's superficiality is applied impartially to Dostoyevsky and Chayevsky, Tennessee Williams and Robert C. Ruark, Sinclair Lewis and Evan Hunter. Brooks' sub-Proustian visualizations in *Sweet Bird of Youth* are particularly damning proofs of an imagination more shallow than fallow. There has to be something wrong with an artist who searches for the kind of material he knows he will shamefully compromise. Although most of his films display something of value on first viewing, none can take the high ground on second thought.

JULES DASSIN (1911-)

FILMS: 1942—Nazi Agent, The Affairs of Martha, Reunion in France. 1943—Young Ideas. 1945—A Letter for Evie. 1946—Two Smart People. 1947—Brute Force. 1948—The Naked City. 1949—Thieves' Highway. 1950—Night and the City. 1956—Rififi. 1958—He Who Must Die. 1960—Never on Sunday. 1962—Phaedra.

Confronting a career which verges on the grotesque, one might say that it is easier to drive a director out of Hollywood than to drive Hollywood out of a director. Dassin's soft-headed social consciousness has never obscured his minor talents. After the lumpy proletarianism of *He Who Must Die*, the ludicrous escapades of *Never on Sunday* and *Phaedra* seem more appropriate to the delirious director of *Brute Force* and *Night and the City*. If the works of Dassin's Mercurial period are not particularly mercurial, neither is much of the other trans-Atlantic cinema which presumes to graft European intellectualism to American intelligence. Dassin remains a lively director in a minor key, and it is difficult to under-

stand today why anything more was ever expected of him. For the record, Dassin's most famous films, *The Naked City* and *Rififi*, are among his lesser works.

RICHARD FLEISCHER (1916-)

FILMS: 1946—Child of Divorce. 1947—Banjo. 1948—So This is New York. 1949—Make Mine Laughs, The Clay Pigeon, Follow Me Quietly, Trapped. 1950—Armored Car Robbery. 1952—The Narrow Margin, The Happy Time. 1953—Arena. 1954—20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. 1955—Violent Saturday, The Girl on the Red Velvet Swing. 1956—Bandido, Between Heaven and Hell. 1958—The Vikings. 1959—These Thousand Hills, Compulsion. 1960—Crack in the Mirror. 1961—The Big Gamble. 1962—Barrabas.

Responsible critics have advanced Fleischer as a candidate for Walsh's laurels in the adventure category. Since *The Narrow Margin*, Fleischer's career has sputtered, alas, at less than fifty per cent efficiency. That is, even if the director is given the benefit of the doubt for *Violent Saturday*, *Bandido*, *The Vikings* and *Barrabas*. On the theory that a director must be judged by all his films rather than by his more bearable ones, the burden of proof falls on Fleischer's champions. *Crack in the Mirror* alone would be sufficient to disqualify most directors from serious consideration. As for *Compulsion*, the subject is still in search of an abler director. More damning to Fleischer's reputation is the striking vapidness of *The Happy Time*, the Dunne-like turgidity of *Between Heaven and Hell*, and the elaborate pointlessness of *The Big Gamble*.

JOHN FRANKENHEIMER (1930-)

FILMS: 1957—The Young Stranger. 1961—The Young Savages. 1962—All Fall Down, Birdman of Alcatraz, The Manchurian Candidate.

A director of parts at the expense of the whole, Frankenheimer betrays his television origins by pumping synthetic technique into penultimate scenes as if he had to grab the audience before the commercial break. The selective eclecticism of his first film, influenced as it was by Stevens and Reed, has degenerated into an all-embracing academicism, a veritable glossary of film techniques. A director capable of alternating shock

cuts and slow dissolves is obviously sweating over his technique. Instead of building sequences, Frankheimer explodes them prematurely, preventing his films from hanging together. Up until *The Manchurian Candidate*, it was difficult to differentiate between the contradictions in the director's style and the confusion inherent in his material. The vaguely environmental focus on delinquency, criminality, libertinism and hypocrisy in *The Young Stranger*, *The Young Savages*, *All Fall Down* and *Birdman of Alcatraz* suggested a modern form of social consciousness in search of more sophisticated means of expression. But with George Axelrod's efficient blueprint for a modern thriller, Frankheimer simply bungled the assignment by dawdling over the motivations of intermediate sequences. When a director flunks the kind of technical exercise a Gerd Oswald or a Blake Edwards would have passed with honors, it becomes difficult to honor his more serious aspirations.

JACK GARFEIN

FILMS: 1957—*The Young One*. 1961—*Something Wild*.

One of the last and least of Kazan's imitators, Garfein attracted some attention with his first film, and then dispelled any incipient hopes with his second. His style, such as it is, consists of little more than contrived hysteria. Until anger is considered an adequate substitute for talent, Garfein's status will remain dubious.

STANLEY KUBRICK (1928-)

FILMS: *Fear and Desire* (?). 1955—*Killer's Kiss*. 1956—*The Killing*. 1957—*Paths of Glory*. 1960—*Spartacus*. 1962—*Lolita*.

His métier is projects rather than films, *publité* rather than *cinéma*. He may wind up as the director of the best coming attractions in the industry, but time is running out on his projected evolution into a major artist. His unfortunate tendency to misapply Ophulsiian camera movements to trivial diversions, and his increasing reluctance to express an apparently perverse personality, suggest that his career is at a standstill of his own devising. *Lolita* is his most irritating failure to date. With such splendid material, he emphasized the problem without the passion, the badness without the beauty, the agony without

the ecstasy. What doth it avail a director if a project be pre-sold to the whole world and he loseth his soul?

JOSHUA LOGAN (1908-)

FILMS: 1938—*I Met My Love Again* (with Arthur Ripley). 1956—*Picnic*, *Bus Stop*. 1957—*Sayonara*. 1958—*South Pacific*. 1960—*Tall Story*. 1961—*Fanny*.

The promise of *Picnic*, long since betrayed as far as Joshua Logan is concerned, can be attributed belatedly to Jo Mielziner's coherent principles of set design. Logan's main function now consists of transporting Broadway's tastelessness to the cinema. The unspeakable quartet of *Sayonara*, *South Pacific*, *Tall Story* and *Fanny* invests the director's vulgarity with cosmic dimensions. The last hope of the cinema is that Mr. Logan find Broadway more congenial and stay there. Unfortunately, the most obscenely lit scrim curtain is no adequate substitute for camera filters, and who can deny a director his addiction?

DAVID MILLER (1905-)

FILMS: 1941—*Billy the Kid*. 1942—*Sunday Punch*, *Flying Tigers*. 1949—*Top O' the Morning*, *Love Happy*. 1950—*Our Very Own*. 1951—*Saturday's Hero*. 1952—*Sudden Fear*. 1954—*Twist of Fate*. 1955—*Diane*. 1956—*The Opposite Sex*. 1957—*The Story of Esther Costello*. 1959—*Happy Anniversary*. 1960—*Midnight Lace*. 1961—*Back Street*. 1962—*Lonely Are the Brave*.

How a David Miller cult ever got started is one of the unsolved mysteries of underground criticism. *Billy the Kid* proved that Miller was no relation to King Vidor, *Flying Tigers* that one could plagiarize from Hawks' *Only Angels Have Wings* without equaling the master, *Love Happy* that the Marx Brothers have always needed Leo McCarey and a good script, *The Opposite Sex* that George Cukor was indeed inimitable, and *Back Street* that Douglas Sirk was indeed irreplaceable. Not much is left after the parrot pictures are removed. *Sudden Fear* and *Midnight Lace* are ambitious lady-in-distress thrillers, more aggravating than suspenseful. *The Story of Esther Costello* is notable only for the Rossano Brazzi shock treatment, and *Lonely Are the Brave* is worth mentioning only for the presumption of

its producer-star, the estimable Kirk Douglas, who deigned to give discriminating American audiences an honest-to-goodness art film from Hollywood, and then found us all unworthy of the privilege. The basic question remains. Who is David Miller?

ROBERT MULLIGAN (1930-)

FILMS: 1957—*Fear Strikes Out*. 1960—*The Rat Race*, *The Great Impostor*. 1961—*Come September*. 1962—*Spiral Road*. 1963—*To Kill a Mockingbird*.

Francois Truffant notwithstanding, Robert Mulligan has struck out on six pitches. To recapitulate, two of the pitches were screwballs (*Fear Strikes Out* and *The Great Impostor*) which broke over the heart of the plate like miniatures of *Citizen Kane*. Two wild blooper pitches (*Come September* and *The Spiral Road*) should never have been swung at in the first place. *To Kill a Mockingbird* was the kind of sweeping literary curve which drives hitters (and directors) back to the minors for more seasoning. *The Rat Race* broke stupidly because that old spitball pitcher, Garson Kanin, was out on the mound. Whatever the extenuating circumstances, Mulligan missed every pitch, good and bad. He has yet to make a satisfactory film despite at least two good opportunities. What Mulligan lacks is not technique, but the rudimentary artistic discernment to separate the wheat from the chaff in his material. His direction is unstressed, impersonal and uncommitted. He never gives his more promising projects the necessary point of view, and he never salvages the impossible projects with the saving grace of humor. Mulligan's direction on every occasion is ultimately too frivolous to justify serious expectations that this competent technician will ever be anything more.

ROBERT PARRISH (1916-)

FILMS: 1951—*The Mob*, *Cry Danger*. 1952—*Assignment Paris*, *My Pal Gus*. 1953—*Shoot First*. 1955—*The Purple Plain*, *Lucy Gallant*. 1957—*Fire Down Below*. 1958—*Saddle the Wind*. 1959—*The Wonderful Country*.

The Purple Plain stands out in the above list like a pearl among swine. What burst of Buddhist contemplation was responsible for such a haunting exception to such an exceptionable career?

Apart from *The Purple Plain*, the films of Robert Parrish belong properly to a director who craves anonymity.

RICHARD QUINE (1920-)

FILMS: 1951—*On the Sunny Side of the Street*, *Purple Heart Diary*. 1952—*Sound Off*, *Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder*. 1953—*All A-shore*, *Siren of Bagdad*, *Cruisin' Down the River*. 1954—*Drive a Crooked Road*, *Pushover*, *So This is Paris*. 1955—*My Sister Eileen*. 1956—*Solid Gold Cadillac*. 1957—*Full of Life*, *Operation Madball*. 1958—*Bell, Book and Candle*. 1959—*It Happened to Jane*. 1960—*Strangers When We Meet*, *The World of Suzie Wong*. 1962—*The Notorious Landlady*.

Columbia house directors are guilty until proven innocent. The studio which inspired the writing of *The Big Knife* is a good place for directors to visit, but no place to live since the prestigious days of Frank Capra. Sternberg, Hawks, Cukor, Stevens and other distinguished house guests have had pleasant experiences at Cohn Corners, usually at the expense of the permanent residents. When Charles Vidor was invited to a foreign film festival under the misapprehension that he was King Vidor—well, that could only happen to a Columbia director. Not that Quine ever attained even the modest heights of *Gilda*. At best, he was an inoffensive imitator of his betters from other studios. *Pushover* is a poor man's *Double Indemnity*. *Solid Gold Cadillac* and *Full of Life* are pale copies of Cukor's *It Should Happen to You* and *The Marrying Kind* respectively. Then in 1960, disaster strikes as Quine sinks to the level of Henry King (*Strangers When We Meet*) and Joshua Logan (*The World of Suzie Wong*). *The Notorious Landlady* is Quine on a mild upswing, but there was no other direction to go, and he is right back where he started.

ROBERT ROSSEN (1908-)

FILMS: 1947—*Johnny O'Clock*, *Body and Soul*. 1949—*All the King's Men*. 1951—*The Brave Bulls*. 1955—*Mambo*. 1956—*Alexander the Great*. 1957—*Island in The Sun*. 1959—*They Came to Cordura*. 1961—*The Hustler*.

For all their seriousness of purpose, Rossen's films prove only that aspiration is no substitute for inspiration. A moralizer rather than a moralist,

the director is always trying to say more than his technique can express. His characters consequently have a tendency to run down after talking themselves out. In all fairness, Rossen lost four years at time when his work still seemed promising. (*Mambo* can be charged off to McCarthy.) In retrospect, however, the dreariness of Rossen's direction is remarkably consistent. *All the King's Men* is more pretentious than Walsh's *A Lion Is in the Streets*, but less forceful and less coherent. Similarly, *The Brave Bulls* is more grandiloquent than Boetticher's *The Bullfighter and the Lady*, but less personal and less moving. The point is that Rossen had stronger literary material to begin with, but then dissipated his advantage over Walsh and Boetticher in the transition from script to screen. To compensate for the lack of a visual style, Rossen picks at his characters in the name of psychological realism. Huey Long, Alexander the Great and the Hustler meet on the same ignoble plane to engage in bizarre intrigues. The low point of psychological (and physiological) realism in the American cinema was probably reached in *They Came to Cordura* when contrite Rita Hayworth sacrificed herself to villainous Van Heflin so that Gary Cooper could get a safe night's sleep. The scabrousness of this intrigue only enhances the power and glory of a similar gambit in Hawks' *Red River*.

JOHN STURGES

FILMS: 1946—*The Man Who Dared*, *Shadowed*. 1947—*Alias Mr. Twilight*, *For the Love of Rusty*, *Keeper of the Bees*. 1948—*Best Man Wins*, *Sign of the Ram*. 1949—*The Walking Hills*. 1950—*Mystery Street*, *The Capture*, *The Magnificent Yankee*, *Right Cross*. 1951—*Kind Lady*, *The People Against O'Hara*, *It's a Big Country*. 1952—*The Girl in White*. 1953—*Jeopardy*, *Fast Company*, *Escape From Fort Bravo*. 1955—*Bad Day at Black Rock*, *Underwater*, *The Scarlet Coat*. 1956—*Backlash*. 1957—*Gunfight at the O. K. Corral*. 1958—*The Old Man and the Sea*, *The Law and Jake Wade*. 1959—*Last Train from Gun Hill*, *Never So Few*. 1960—*The Magnificent Seven*. 1961—*By Love Possessed*.

Long before *The Magnificent Seven*, John Sturges seemed to be striving, albeit unconsciously, to become the American Kurosawa, tortured, humorless and self-consciously social. Come to think of it, is there much difference between Spencer Tracy's

karate crusade in *Bad Day at Black Rock*, and Toshiro Mifune's samurai swordplay in *Yojimbo*? If Kurosawa has an advantage here, it is because his personality is more attuned to violence and misanthropy. Unfortunately, it is hard to remember why Sturges' career was ever taken seriously. How naive it was, for example, to deduce that Sturges had solved the problems of Cinemascope by his allegorical groupings in the aforementioned *Bad Day at Black Rock*. Even in the era of *Mystery Street*, *The People Against O'Hara* and *Escape From Fort Bravo*, the director's easily acquired reputation as an expert technician was incomprehensible. Where Daves attracts attention with his debasing crane, Kubrick with his meaningless tracks and Wise with the IBM perforations of his montage, Sturges' stock-in-trade for superficial visual analysis is the wasteful pan.

ROBERT WISE (1914—)

FILMS: 1944—*Curse of the Cat People*, *Mlle. Fifi*. 1945—*The Body Snatcher*, *A Game of Death*. 1946—*Criminal Court*. 1947—*Born to Kill*. 1948—*Mystery in Mexico*, *Blood on the Moon*. 1949—*The Set-Up*. 1950—*Two Flags West*, *Three Secrets*. 1951—*The House on Telegraph Hill*, *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. 1952—*The Captive City*, *Something for the Birds*. 1953—*Destination Gobi*, *The Desert Rats*, *So Big*. 1954—*Executive Suite*. 1955—*Helen of Troy*. 1956—*Tribute to a Bad Man*, *Somebody Up There Likes Me*. 1957—*This Could Be the Night*, *Until They Sail*. 1958—*Run Silent, Run Deep*; *I Want to Live*. 1959—*Odds Against Tomorrow*. 1961—*West Side Story* (with Jerome Robbins). 1962—*Two for the Seesaw*.

Robert Wise was marked as a director to watch very early in his career. Among Val Lewton alumni, he occupies a middle position between Jacques Tourneur at the top and Mark Robson at the bottom. His temperament is vaguely liberal, his style vaguely realistic, but what has happened to Wise in the Fifties has happened to most technicians without a strong personality. The artistic failure of his last three films, all ambitious projects, can be explained in terms of a technical miscalculation. Although montage is not out, as Bazin had once proclaimed, academic montage can no longer function as an adequate means of expression even for the cutter of *Citizen Kane*.

and *The Magnificent Ambersons*. The cinema has largely abandoned the vertical for the horizontal, and Wise has not been able to make the necessary adjustments. The split-screen conception borrowed from the stage version of *Two for the Seesaw* actually defeats the mood of the story. When two lonely people are shown in the same frame, their loneliness is not being expressed visually. Wise, like Wyler, has simply become archaic.

ODDITIES AND ONE SHOTS

MARLON BRANDO: *One-Eyed Jacks* (1961).

For all his decadent narcissism and self-indulgence, Brando remains one of the most fascinating actors in the cinema. If he has reached the point where he is unable or unwilling to take strong direction, self-direction would seem a wiser course than weak direction. *One-Eyed Jacks* is quite charming in a disorganized sort of way, but *The Ugly American* under Ken Englund's subservient direction is completely worthless.

JOHN CASSAVETES: *Shadows* (1961), *Too Late Blues*, *A Child is Waiting* (1962). Cassavetes remains an unresolved talent, not entirely happy with the established or against it. His direction, like his acting, hovers between off-beat improvisation and blatant contrivance. Somehow, his timing always seems to be off a beat or two even when he understands what he is doing. Too much of the time he is groping when he should be gripping.

HAROLD CLURMAN: *Deadly at Dawn* (1946).

Back when the Group Theatre was camped in Hollywood, Clurman came up with a film which today resembles nothing so much as a parody of poetic social consciousness. Yet, there in the middle of all the fakery was Susan Hayward, pure Brooklyn and pure Hollywood, and infinitely more real and lasting than the WPA.

SETH HOLT: *Nowhere to Go* (1959), *Taste of Fear* (1962). Holt's talent bears watching even if his films thus far do not stand too rigorous scrutiny.

HOWARD HUGHES: *Hell's Angels* (1930), *The Outlaw* (1943). Hughes has been caricatured and vilified from *The Barefoot Contessa* to *The Carpetbaggers*. He has been accused of destroying the American career of Jean Simmons, and of rejecting Bette Davis as an actress because she lacked sex-appeal. The fact remains that his record as a director and a producer is far more interesting than his lurid reputation would indicate. Anyone who has produced *Scarface*, *Jet Pilot*, *Mad Wednesday*, *Angel Face* and *Two Arabian Knights* cannot be all bad. To his credit, Hughes has never been as sanctimonious about his "art" as have those revered oracles of mediocrity, Samuel Goldwyn and Dore Schary.

GENE KELLY: With Stanley Donen: *On the Town* (1959) *Singin' In The Rain* (1952), *It's Always Fair Weather* (1955). Alone *Invitation to the Dance* (1956), *The Happy Road* (1957), *Tunnel of Love* (1958), *Gigot* (1962). The charm and brilliance of Kelly's dancing has not carried over to his direction since the dissolution of his partnership with Donen. If Donen has since diminished. Kelly has completely disintegrated. Kelly's potentialities as a straight actor were never fully developed, and the Metro musical died before his musical ideas had been fully expressed. *Invitation to the Dance* was an uneasy mixture of Hollywood formulas and European pretensions, and *Gigot* was pure slop out of the gutters of an expatriate's Paris. Yet, *Singin' in the Rain* can never be tarnished by the subsequent derelictions of its participants.

CHARLES LAUGHTON: *The Night of the Hunter* (1955). Rumor has it that the final shooting script of *The Night of the Hunter* was one-third Laughton, one-third Jame Agee and one-third Davis Grubb. Be that what it may, *The Night of the Hunter* displays a striking visual style, almost semi-Germanic Griffith, which is completely lacking in the Huston-Agee-Forester *The African Queen* and the Windust-Agee-Crane *The Bride Came To Yellow Sky*. Moral: Directors, not writers, are the ultimate *auteurs* of the cinema, at least

of that cinema which has any visual meaning and merit.

IRVING LERNER: *Edge of Fury*, *Murder by Contract* (1958), *City of Fear* (1959), *Studs Lonigan* (1960). Lerner, like Kershner, and Cornfield, is a director whose talent seems to vary inversely with the size of his intentions. The danger with directors like these, and with a relatively successful newcomer like Frank Perry of *David and Lisa* fame, is that they will choose to market awkwardness as sincerity with the cynical assurance that many anti-Hollywood critics can no longer tell the difference.

JERRY LEWIS: *The Bellboy* (1960), *The Ladies' Man* (1961), *The Errand Boy* (1962). The arguments for and against Jerry Lewis as both a comedian and a director tend to become entangled in the controversy surrounding Frank Tashlin. If you like Tashlin, you can stand Lewis. If you hate Tashlin, Lewis loses his *raison d'être*. The issue of vulgarity and feigned transvestism is always difficult to resolve with any degree of objectivity, but a more serious objection to Lewis, and to Danny Kaye as well, is a corrupting professionalism of the night club variety creeping into naive screen characterizations. Nevertheless, Tashlin and Lewis may become the American comedy directors simply by default.

IDA LUPINO: *Not Wanted* (1959), *Outrage*, *Never Fear* (1950), *Hard, Fast and Beautiful* (1951), *The Bigamist*, *The Hitch-Hiker* (1953). Lillian Gish, that actress of actresses, once directed a film (*Remodeling Her Husband*-1921), and declared afterward that directing was no job for a lady. Simone de Beauvoir would undoubtedly argue the contrary, but relatively few women have put the matter to the test. Jacqueline Audrey, Shirley Clarke, Mrs. Sidney Drew, Lilian Ducey, Julia Crawford Ivers, Joan Littlewood, Frances Marion, Vera McCord, Frances Nordstrom, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Lois Weber and Margery Wilson come to mind as little more than a ladies' auxiliary. (The unwary historian might also include such certified males as Monta Bell and Marion Gering). A special footnote must be devoted to the widow of Alexander Dovjenko, particularly for such séance productions as

Poem from the Sea and *Years of Fire*. Ultimately, the only two women directors who have thus far risen above the level of oddities are Leni Riefenstahl and Agnes Varda. As for Miss Lupino, her directed films express much of the feeling if little of the skill which she has projected so admirably as an actress.

ALEXANDER MACKENDRICK: *Tight Little Island* (1950), *The Man in the White Suit* (1952), *The Story of Many* (1953), *High and Dry* (1954), *Sweet Smell of Success* (1957). How much of *Sweet Smell of Success* is attributable to MacKendrick, and how much to Clifford Odets and James Wong Howe? What has happened to Mackendrick's career, and why? We miss MacKendrick without knowing exactly what we are missing.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY: *Lady in the Lake* (1946), *Ride the Pink Horse* (1947); *Once More, My Darling* (1959); *Eye Witness* (1950), *Gallant Hours* (1960). Robert Montgomery always admired James Cagney's acting, and Cagney always admired Montgomery's, but neither actor received the direction he deserved, except on the rarest occasions, Montgomery with Hitchcock (*Mr. and Mrs. Smith*) and Ford (*They Were Expendable*), Cagney with Walsh (*White Heat*) and Ray (*Run for Cover*). Montgomery directed Cagney in *Gallant Hours* period. Otherwise, Montgomery achieved some notoriety with his subjective camera in *Lady in the Lake*, coaxed a memorable performance out of Wanda Hendrix in *Ride the Pink Horse*, executed a charming *champ-contre-champ* joke in *Once More, My Darling*, and went to Britain to make *Eye Witness*, a film not entirely devoid of merit.

CHRISTIAN NYBY: *The Thing* (1951). Nyby remains an unknown quantity apart from Hawks.

SAM PECKINPAH: *The Deadly Companions*, *Ride the High Country* (1962). *Ride the High Country* is the sleeper of the year, or is it? At first glance, the film represents a fusion of the Boetticher-Scott and Tournier-McCrea traditions. Unfortunately Peckinpah affects condescending overhead shots in a context reminiscent of Demy's condescension toward

Elina Labourdette in *Lola*. Peckinpah will bear watching, but a measured judgement would be premature at this time.

ABE POLONSKY: *Force of Evil* (1948), William Pechter's astute analysis of Polonsky's career in the Spring 1962 *FILM QUARTERLY* confirms that Polonsky's influence was decisive over Rossen's in Garfield's companion vehicle, *Body and Soul*. Polonsky, along with Chaplin and Losey, remains one of the great casualties of the anti-Communist hysteria of the Fifties. *Force of Evil* stands up under repeated viewings as one of the great films of the modern American cinema, and Garfield's taxicab scene with Beatrice Pearson takes away some of the lustre from Kazan's Brando-Steiger tour-de-force in *On The Waterfront*.

JOHN WAYNE: *The Alamo* (1960). Rumor has it that the old master himself, John Ford, directed some of *The Alamo*. Nevertheless, Wayne's epic style reveals enough individual visual beauties amid the oratorical bombast to encourage another try on a less pretentious scale.

PAUL WENDKOS: *The Burglar* (1957). *The Case Against Brooklyn*, *Tarawa Beachhead* (1958). *Gidget*, *Face of a Fugitive*, *Battle of the Coral Sea* (1959). *Because They're Young* (1960), *Angel Baby*, *Gidget Goes Hawaii* (1961). Wendkos is teetering somewhere between Arthur Penn and John Frankenheimer. His ideas about the relationship between form and content are still scrambled, and his career thus far is consistent only in its inconsistency. Perhaps, Welles is a dangerous influence on any young director. Welles can get away with a lot more than can his most devout disciples because the power of Welles' personality holds the most varied forms in some meaningful context.

RESEARCH PROBLEMS

These are the directors whose work must be more fully evaluated before any final determination of the American Cinema is possible. There may be other unknown quantities as well, but this list will serve for the moment as a reminder of the gaps.

Clarence Badger
J. Stuart Blackton
Herbert Brenon
Karl Brown
Rowland Brown
Tod Browning
Christy Cabanne
Edwin Carewe
Elmer Clifton
Eddie Cline
Alan Crosland
James Cruze
Harry D'Arrast
Jean de Limur
J. Gordon Edwards
John Emerson
Paul Fejos

William S. Hart
Ralph Ince
Thomas Ince
Rex Ingram
Paul Leni
Sidney Olcott
Richard Oswald
Edwin S. Porter
J. Theodor Reed
Malcolm St. Clair
Victor Seastrom
Mack Sennett
Ted Sloman
Mauritz Stiller
Maurice Tourneur
Robert Vignola
Roland West
James Whale

OTHER DIRECTORS

The directorial careers represented in this group lack the necessary merit, consistency, personality or promise for any extended comment. Not that distinctions cannot be made at this level. Quite the contrary. However, in the absence of strong directorial personalities, the iconographical elements of the cinema come to the fore. Actors, writers, subjects, genres, technicians etc. become more decisive. Instead of listing all the films of each of these excessively uneven or undefined directors, we will cite one or more of the most fortuitous examples in each career of a conjunction of "click" elements. On the whole, this represents the huge area of the cinema not covered by the *auteur* theory.

Lewis Allen: *The Uninvited* (1944)—Gail Russell, Victor Young.
Michael Anderson: *Around the World in 80 Days* (1956)—Saul Bass
Joseph Anthony: *The Rainmaker* (1956)—Katharine Hepburn, Wendell Corey
Lloyd Bacon: *42nd Street* (1933)—Busby Berkeley, *Shuffling Off to Buffalo*
Roy Baker: *Operation Disaster* (1951)—John Mills, Nigel Patrick, *British stiff-upper-lip*
Burt Balaban & Stuart Rosenberg: *Murder, Inc.* (1960)—Peter Falk
Hall Bartlett: *Unchained* (1955)—Elroy Hirsch, Alex North
Harry Beaumont: *Broadway Melody* (1929)—Bessie Love, *You Were Meant for Me*
Lazlo Benedek: *The Wild One* (1953)—Marlon Brando, Lee Marvin

Compton Bennett: *The Seventh Veil* (1946)—James Mason, Ann Todd, Herbert Lom
 Curtis Bernhardt: *Devotion* (1946)—Ida Lupino, Nancy Coleman, Erich Wolfgang Korngold, Ernest Haller
 John Berry: *He Ran All the Way* (1951)—John Garfield, Shelley Winters
 Abner Biberman: *Salt of the Earth* (For all intents and purposes, unreleased in America because of quasi-political censorship.)
 Claude Binyon: *Mother Didn't Tell Me* (1950)—Dorothy McGuire. *The Saxon Charm* (1948)—Robert Montgomery, Audrey Totter
 Richard Boleslavski: *Painted Veil* (1934)—Greta Garbo, William Daniels, *Unconscious Abstraction of Myth from Meaning. Rasputin and the Empress* (1932)—Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore.
 John Brahm: *Hangover Square* (1945)—Laird Cregar
 Clarence Brown: *Anna Christie* (1930)—Greta Garbo, Eugene O'Neill. *Emma* (1932)—Marie Dressler. *National Velvet* (1945)—Anne Revere
 Harold S. Buquet: *Young Dr. Kildare* (1938), *Calling Dr. Kildare* (1939) etc.—Lew Ayres, Laraine Day
 David Butler: *Where's Charlie* (1952)—Ray Bolger

N. Y. FILM BULLETIN

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 AMERICA'S SPOKESMAN
 FOR THE "NEW CRITICISM."
 NEWS, REVIEWS, ARTICLES, REPRINTS
 IN TRANSLATION FROM *CAHIERS DU CINEMA*. Recent articles: *HITCHCOCK AND HIS PUBLIC*; a listing and analysis of *CAHIERS'* "Ten Best Lists" 1955-60; a complete issue devoted to *LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD* including an extensive interview with Alain Resnais; *THE WORLD OF HOWARD HAWKS* by Andrew Sarris; *THE ART OF STANLEY DONEN*; *AN INTERVIEW WITH ANTONIONI*; a complete issue devoted to François Truffaut including two interviews, articles and background on the *POLITIQUE DES AUTEURS*, *JULES AND JIM*, *SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER*.

Eddie Buzzell: *Easy to Wed* (1946)—Lucille Ball, *Libeled Lady* remake
 Edward L. Cahn: *Law and Order* (1932)—Walter Huston, Harry Carey, John Huston, W. R. Burnett, Wyatt Earp
 Jack Cardiff: *Sons and Lovers* (1960)—Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, D. H. Lawrence
 William Castle: *When Strangers Marry* (1944)—Kim Hunter, Dean Jagger, Robert Mitchum, Philip Yordan. (Released on television as *Betrayed*)
 James Clavell: *Five Gates to Hell* (1959)—Patricia Owens, Neville Brand, *Amusingly Scabrous Imitation of Fuller's China Gate*
 Jack Clayton: *The Innocents* (1961)—Henry James, Deborah Kerr
 Jack Conway: *Red Headed Woman* (1932)—Jean Harlow, Anita Loos, Charles Boyer. *A Tale of Two Cities* (1935)—Ronald Colman. *Libeled Lady* (1936)—Jean Harlow
 Roger Corman: *The Raven* (1936)—Peter Lorre, Boris Karloff, Vincent Price, *Burlesque of Horror Genre*
 Henry Cornelius: *Genevieve* (1954)—Kay Kendall, Dinah Sheridan, John Gregson, Kenneth More, Defoe-like sense of property
 Hubert Cornfield: *The 3rd Voice* (1960)—Julie London
 Charles Crichton: *The Lavender Hill Mob* (1951)—Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Audrey Hepburn
 Irving Cummings: *In Old Arizona* (1929)—Pioneer Sound Western
 Morton Da Costa: *Auntie Mame* (1958)—Black-outs for *Fadeouts*
 Delmer Daves: *Dark Passage* (1947)—Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Agnes Moorehead, David Goodis. *The Red House* (1947)—Miklos Rozsa
 Roy Del Ruth: *Broadway Melody of 1936* (1935)—Judy Garland, Sophie Tucker, Buddy Ebsen
 William Dieterle: *All That Money Can Buy* (1941)—Walter Huston, Simone Simon, Grant Wood, Stephen Vincent Benet, Bernard Herrmann. *Love Letters* (1945)—Jennifer Jones, Lee Garmes, Victor Young
 Edward Dmytryk: *Crossfire* (1947)—Gloria Grahame, Robert Ryan, Sam Levene
 Vincent J. Donehue: *Lonelyhearts* (1958)—Maureen Stapleton
 Gordon Douglas: *Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye* (1950)—James Cagney, Horace McCoy.

The Sins of Rachel Cade (1961)—Angie Dickinson

Philip Dunne: Prince of Players (1955)—William Shakespeare, Richard Burton. Hilda Crane (1956)—Jean Simmons

Julien Duvivier: Flesh and Fantasy (1943)—Betty Field

Cyril Endfield: The Sound of Fury (1950)—Kathleen Ryan, Frank Lovejoy, Lloyd Bridges

Ray Enright: Gung Ho! (1943)—Randolph Scott

Jose Ferrer: The Great Man (1957)—Julie London, Jim Backus, Dean Jagger

Jacques Feyder: The Kiss (1929)—Greta Garbo

George Fitzmaurice: As You Desire Me (1932)—Greta Garbo, Luigi Pirandello, Erich Von Stroheim

Lewis R. Foster: The Bold and the Brave (1956)—Mickey Rooney, Wendell Corey, Don Taylor, Preoccupation with abstract evil, Possible *auteur* with inadequate technique.

Norman Foster: Kiss the Blood off My Hands (1948)—Joan Fontaine

Sidney Franklin: The Guardsman (1931)—Alfred Lunt & Lynn Fontaine, Roland Young

Hugo Fregonese: Marco Polo (1962)—Yoko Tani

Peter Glenville: The Prisoner (1955)—Alec Guinness, Wilfred Lawson

Michael Gordon: Another Part of the Forest (1948)—Lillian Hellman, Betsy Blair, Edmond O'Brien, Dan Duryea. Portrait in Black (1960)—Russell Metty, Frank Skinner.

Alfred E. Green: The Jolson Story (1946)—Al Jolson via Larry Parks

Guy Green: The Mark (1961)—Stuart Whitman, Maria Schell, Rod Steiger, Stainless Problem

Edward H. Griffith: Holiday (1930)—Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Philip Barry

Hugo Haas: Strange Fascination (1952)—Cleo Moore and Low Budget, Reality and Illusion for would-be *auteur* who can afford neither.

Alexander Hall: Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—Robert Montgomery

Byron Haskin: The Naked Jungle (1954)—Charlton Heston, Eleanor Parker, The Ants. Too Late for Tears (1949)—Lizabeth Scott, Dan Duryea.

Richard Haydn: Miss Tatlock's Millions (1948)—Wanda Hendrix, Charles Brackett influence so strong, film often mistakenly attributed to Billy Wilder

Ben Hecht & Charles MacArthur: The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, Hope

Williams, Alexander Woolcott, Sergei Rachmaninoff.

Ben Hecht & Lee Garmes: Angels Over Broadway (1940)—Thomas Mitchell, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., John Qualen, Rita Hayworth, Depression Mood.

Stuart Heisler: Tulsa (1949)—Susan Hayward. Island of Desire (1952)—Linda Darnell, Tab Hunter, Maternal Sexuality

Jerry Hopper: The Atomic City (1952)—Atom Subject

Harry Horner: The Wild Party (1956)—Nehemiah Persoff, Kathryn Grant, Anthony Quinn

William K. Howard: Power and the Glory (1933)—Preston Sturges flashbacks Spencer Tracy. Back Door to Heaven (1939)—Wallace Ford, Aline MacMahon, Van Heflin, Patricia Ellis

Bruce Humberstone: I Wake Up Screaming (1941)—Laird Cregar

Nunnally Johnson: Black Widow (1954)—Van Heflin, Gene Tierney

William Keighley: G-Men (1935)—James Cagney. Green Pastures (1936)—Marc Connelly, The Hall Johnson Choir

Harry Keller: The Unguarded Moment (1956)—John Saxon, Esther Williams, Voyeurism of Lang's Metropolis

Henry King: Song of Bernadette (1944)—Jennifer Jones, Gladys Cooper, Alfred Newman

Alexander Korda: Marius (1931)—Pierre Fresnay, Raimu, Marcel Pagnol. Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester. Rembrandt (1936)—Charles Laughton, Gertrude Lawrence, Elsa Lanchester. That Hamilton Woman (1941)—Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Miklos Rosza

Zoltan Korda: Four Feathers (1939)—Ralph Richardson, June Duprez, Sir C. Aubrey Smith, Glorious British Empire. The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, Sabu. The Macomber Affair (1947)—Hemingway Dialogue, Joan Bennett, Gregory Peck, Robert Preston. A Woman's Vengeance (1947)—Aldous Huxley, Jessica Tandy, Sir Cedric Hardwicke

Henry Koster: No Highway in the Sky (1951)—Marlene Dietrich, Glynis Johns, James Stewart

Stanley Kramer: On the Beach (1959)—Ava Gardner

Norman Krasna: Princess O'Rourke (1943)—Olivia De Havilland, Jane Wyman

Lew Landers: The Mask of Dijon (1946)—Erich Von Stroheim

- Walter Lang: *State Fair* (1945)—Rodgers and Hammerstein. *Sitting Pretty* (1948)—Clifton Webb.
- Arnold Laven: *The Rack* (1956)—Paul Newman, Walter Pidgeon
- Philip Leacock: *Take a Giant Step* (1960)—Johnny Nash, Ruby Dee, Ellen Holly
- Rowland V. Lee: *Zoo in Budapest* (1933)—Lee Garmes
- Robert Z. Leonard: *Pride and Prejudice* (1940)—Jane Austen, Aldous Huxley, Laurence Olivier, Greer Garson
- Henry Levin: *The Lonely Man* (1957)—Jack Palance, Tony Perkins
- Anatole Litvak: *Mayerling* (1935)—Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, Arthur Honneger
- Frank Lloyd: *Cavalcade* (1933)—Noel Coward
- Arthur Lubin: *Footsteps in the Fog* (1955)—Jean Simmons, Benjamin Frankel
- Edward Ludwig: *Wake of the Red Witch* (1948)—John Wayne, Gail Russell
- Ranald MacDougall: *Man on Fire* (1957)—Inger Stevens
- George Marshall: *Destry Rides Again* (1939)—Marlene Dietrich, James Stewart
- Andrew Marton: *King Solomon's Mines* (1950)—Second Unit Animals
- Rudolph Mate: *D. O. A.* (1949)—Edmond O'Brien, Pamela Britton, Russell Rouse, Clarence Greene. *No Sad Songs For Me* (1950)—Margaret Sullavan
- Archie Mayo: *The Petrified Forest* (1936)—Leslie Howard, Humphrey Bogart, Bette Davis
- Daniel Mann: *I'll Cry Tomorrow* (1956)—Susan Hayward
- Delbert Mann: *The Bachelor Party* (1957)—Paddy Chayevsky, Don Murray, Carolyn Jones
- Norman Z. McLeod: *Merrily We Live* (1938)—Constance Bennett, *Imitation of La Cava's My Man Godfrey*
- Allen H. Miner: *The Ride Back* (1957)—William Conrad, Anthony Quinn
- Dudley Murphy: *Emperor Jones* (1933)—Eugene O'Neill, Dudley Digges, Paul Robeson. *One Third of a Nation* (1939)—Sylvia Sydney, Myron McCormick, *Dickensian Dialectic*
- Jean Negulesco: *Road House* (1948)—Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark, *Love-Hate*. *Johnny Belinda* (1948)—Jane Wyman, Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, Max Steiner. *Deep Valley* (1947)—Ida Lupino. *Humoresque* (1947)—John Garfield, Joan Crawford, Richard Wag-
- ner, *Enormous Brandy Snifters*. *Three Strangers* (1946)—Geraldine Fitzgerald, Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, Joan Loring.
- Joseph Newman: *The Human Jungle* (1954)—Jan Sterling
- Elliott Nugent: *Three-Cornered Moon* (1933)—Mary Boland, *Depression Mood*
- Arch Oboler: *Five* (1951)—*Science Fiction*
- Clifford Odets: *None But the Lonely Heart* (1944)—Cary Grant, Ethel Barrymore, June Duprez
- Norman Panama & Melvin Frank: *The Court Jester* (1956)—Glynis Johns, Mildred Natwick, Danny Kaye
- Daniel Petrie: *The Bramble Bush* (1960)—Angie Dickinson
- Joseph Pevney: *Six Bridges to Cross* (1955)—Tony Curtis
- Irving Pichel: *They Won't Believe Me* (1947)—Susan Hayward, Jane Greer, Robert Young
- H. C. Potter: *Mr. Lucky* (1943)—Cary Grant, Laraine Day, Charles Bickford, *War Mood*, *Give Me Something to Remember You By*, *Erotic Violence*, *Exception to auteur theory*
- Dick Powell: *The Enemy Below* (1957)—Robert Mitchum, Ford original (*The Seas Beneath*). *The Hunters* (1958)—Robert Mitchum, May Britt, *Second Unit Aerial Sequences*
- Pierre Puerilescu: *Death of a Girl* (1960)—Claudine Laforge, Jean Gillett, Lizzie Haas
- Irving Rapper: *Now Voyager* (1942)—Bette Davis, Gladys Cooper, Max Steiner, Claude Rains, Paul Henreid's cigarette trick. *Deception* (1946)—Bette Davis, Erich Wolfgang Korngold, Claude Rains reading the funnies
- Gregory Ratoff: *Intermezzo: A Love Story* (1939)—Ingrid Bergman
- Jay Theodore Reed: *What a Life* (1939)—Jackie Cooper, Betty Field, Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder
- Gottfried Reinhardt: *Invitation* (1952)—Dorothy McGuire, Bronislau Kaper
- Irving Reis: *Roseanna McCoy* (1949)—Toni sequence
- Tony Richardson: *Taste of Honey* (1962)—Rita Tushingham
- Martin Ritt: *Edge of the City* (1957)—John Cassavetes, Ruby Dee, *Imitation On the Waterfront*
- Mark Robson: *The Seventh Victim* (1943)—Kim Hunter, Val Lewton. *Champion* (1949)—Kirk Douglas, Lola Albright, Ruth

Roman's White Bathing Suit. My Foolish Heart (1949)—Susan Hayward, Lee Garmes, Victor Young

Richard Rosson: Corvette K-225 (1943)—Randolph Scott, Ella Raines

Russell Rouse: Wicked Woman (1953)—Percy Helton, Beverly Michaels

Wesley Ruggles: The Gilded Lily (1935)—Claudette Colbert, Screwball Comedy

Denis Sanders. War Hunt (1962)—John Saxon, Robert Redford

Mark Sandrich: Top Hat (1934)—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Irving Berlin. So Proudly We Hail (1943)—Paulette Goddard, Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, Ultimate Unreality

Alfred Santell: Winterset (1936)—Sacco-Vanzetti Subject

Victor Schertzinger: One Night of Love (1934)—Giacomo Puccini, Grace Moore. The Mikado (1939)—Gilbert & Sullivan, The D'Oyly Carte, Martyn Green, Kenny Baker. Rhythm on the River (1940)—Mary Martin, Bing Crosby, Basil Rathbone

Ernest L. Schoedsack: King Kong (1933)—Fay Wray, Max Steiner, Megalomania, Beauty and the Beast

George Seaton: The Pleasure of His Company (1961)—Lilli Palmer

Lewis Seiler: Dust Be My Destiny (1939)—John Garfield, Priscilla Lane

George B. Seitz: The Andy Hardy Series—Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone, (Judy Garland intermittently)

Melville Shavelson: Houseboat (1958)—Sophia Loren

George Sherman: The Treasure of Pancho Villa (1955)—Gilbert Roland, Shelley Winters

Lowell Sherman: She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West. Morning Glory (1933)—Katharine Hepburn, Sir C. Aubrey Smith

Vincent Sherman: The Unfaithful (1947)—Ann Sheridan, Lew Ayres

R. G. Springsteen: Come Next Spring (1956)—Steve Cochran, Ann Sheridan

Robert Stevenson: Back Street (1941)—Margaret Sullivan, Charles Boyer, Frank Skinner

Norman Taurog: Words and Music (1948)—Richard Rodgers & Lorenz Hart, Gene Kelly & Vera-Ellen

Ted Tetzlaff: The Window (1949)—Ruth Roman, Paul Stewart

J. Lee Thompson: Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley

Mills, Imitation of Crichton's The Stranger in Between (1952) and Reed's The Fallen Idol (1949).

Richard Thorpe: Night Must Fall (1937)—Robert Montgomery, Emlyn Williams. The Earl of Chicago (1940)—Robert Montgomery

Frank Tuttle: This Gun for Hire (1942)—Graham Greene, Laird Cregar, Veronica Lake

Charles Vidor: Gilda (1946)—Rita Hayworth, Put the Blame on Mame Boys, Glenn Ford, George Macready, Unconscious Perversity, Rudolph Mate's Photography

W. S. Van Dyke: Tarzan, the Ape Man (1932)—Maureen O'Sullivan

Charles Marquis Warren: Hellgate (1952)—Sterling Hayden, Ward Bond

Richard Wallace: The Young in Heart (1938)—Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, Roland Young. The Under-Pup (1939)—Gloria Jean. The Fallen Sparrow (1943)—John Garfield, Maureen O'Hara

Jack Webb: Pete Kelly's Blues (1955)—Peggy Lee, Ella Fitzgerald, Janet Leigh

Robert Webb: Love Me Tender (1956)—Elvis Presley

Alfred Werker: Lost Boundaries (1949)—Beatrice Pearson, Canada Lee, Negro Problem

Bretaigne Windust: The Enforcer (1951)—Humphrey Bogart, Ted DeCorsia, Murder, Inc.

Sam Wood: The Devil and Miss Jones (1941)—Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn

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DIRECTORIAL CHRONOLOGY 1915-1962

The directorial chronology between 1915 and 1928 does not purport to be an authoritative critical valuation. This chronology consists simply of (a) authenticated classics and (b) the films of directors whose work in the sound era is of some interest. There are too many gaps in silent film scholarship at this time for a definitive stand. Conversely, the directorial chronology between 1929 and 1962 represents a weighted critical valuation.

1915

- D. W. GRIFFITH—The Birth of a Nation
 CHARLES CHAPLIN—His New Job, A Night Out, The Champion, In the Park, The Nitety Elopement, By the Sea, The Tramp, Work, A Woman, The Bank, Shanghaied, A Night at the Show
 ALLAN DWAN—A Girl of Yesterday, Jordan Is a Hard Road, The Pretty Sister of Jose, The Dancing Girl, David Harum
 RAOUL WALSH—The Regeneration, Carmen
 CECIL B. DEMILLE—The Girl of the Golden West, The Warrens of Virginia, The Unafraid, The Captive, Wild Goose Chase, The Arab, Chimmie Fadden, Kindling, Maria Rosa, Carmen, Temptation, Chimmie Fadden Out West, The Cheat

1916

- D. W. GRIFFITH—Intolerance
 CHARLES CHAPLIN—Carmen, Police, The Floorwalker, The Fireman, The Vagabond, One A.M., The Count, The Pawnshop, Behind the Screen, The Rink
 ALLAN DWAN—Manhattan Madness, The Half-Breed, The Good Bad Man, An Innocent Magdalene, Betty of Greystone, The Habit of Happiness
 CECIL B. DEMILLE—The Golden Chance, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, The Heart of Nora Flynn, The Dream Girl
 RAOUL WALSH—Honor System, Blue Blood and Red, The Serpent

1917

- CHARLES CHAPLIN—Easy Street, The Immigrant, The Cure, The Adventurer
 ALLAN DWAN—Panthea; The Fighting Odds; His Excellency, the Governor
 CECIL B. DEMILLE—Joan the Woman, A Romance of the Redwoods, The Little American, The Woman God Forgot, The Devil Stone

RAOUL WALSH—Betrayed, The Conqueror, The Pride of New York, The Innocent Sinner, Silent Lie

JOHN FORD—Straight Shooting, The Secret Man, A Marked Man, Bucking Broadway
 1918

D. W. GRIFFITH—Hearts of the World, The Great Love, The Greatest Thing in Life

CHARLES CHAPLIN—Shoulder Arms, A Dog's Life, The Bond

ALLAN DWAN—A Modern Musketeer, Mister Fix-It, Bound in Morocco, He Comes Up Smiling

CECIL B. DEMILLE—The Squaw Man, Old Wives for New, We Can't Have Everything, Till I Come Back to You, The Whispering Chorus

ERICH VON STROHEIM—Blind Husbands

KING VIDOR—The Turn in the Road

FRANK BORZAGE—Flying Colors, Until They Get Me, The Gun Woman, Shoes That Danced, Innocent's Progress, Society for Sale, An Honest Man, The Ghost Flower, The Curse of Iku, Who Is to Blame?

JOHN FORD—Phantom Riders, Wild Women, Thieves' Gold, The Scarlet Drop, Hell Bent, Delirium, A Woman's Fool, Three Mounted Men

RAOUL WALSH—Woman and the Law, This Is the Life, The Prussian Cur, On the Jump, Every Mother's Son, I'll Say So

JOHN STAHL—Wives of Men

1919

D. W. GRIFFITH—Broken Blossoms, True Heart Susie, The Girl Who Stayed at Home, A Romance of Happy Valley, Scarlet Days, The Greatest Question, The Fall of Babylon, The Mother and the Law

CHARLES CHAPLIN—Sunnyside, A Day's Pleasure

ERICH VON STROHEIM—The Devil's Passkey
 ALLAN DWAN—Cheating Cheaters, Soldiers of Fortune, Sahara, The Dark Star, Getting

Mary Married

KING VIDOR—Better Times, The Other Half, Poor Relations, The Jack Knife Man

RAOUL WALSH—Evangeline, Should a Husband Forgive?

CECIL B. DEMILLE—Don't Change Your Husband, For Better for Worse, Male and Female

JOHN FORD—Roped, A Fight for Love, The Fighting Brothers, Bare Fists, The Gun Packers, Riders of Vengeance, The Last Outlaw, The Outcasts of Poker Flat, Ace of the Saddle, Rider of the Law, A Gun Fightin' Gentleman, **Marked Men**

FRANK BORZAGE—Toton, Prudence of Broadway, Whom the Gods Destroy

JOHN STAHL—Her Code of Honor, Suspicion, Woman Under Oath

1920

D. W. GRIFFITH—Way Down East, The Love Flower, The Idol Dancer

FRANK BORZAGE—Humoresque

ALLAN DWAN—Luck of the Irish, A Splendid Hazard, The Forbidden Thing

KING VIDOR—The Family Honour

JOHN FORD—The Prince of Avenue A, The Girl in Number 29, Hitchin' Posts, Just Pals

RAOUL WALSH—From Now On, The Deep Purple, The Strongest

CECIL B. DEMILLE—Why Change Your Wife, Something to Think About

JOHN STAHL—Women Men Forget, Woman in His House

1921

CHARLES CHAPLIN—The Kid, The Idle Class

D. W. GRIFFITH—Dream Street

KING VIDOR—The Sky Pilot; Love Never Dies; Conquering the Women; Woman, Wake Up

FRANK BORZAGE—The Duke of Chimney Butte

ALLAN DWAN—The Perfect Crime, A Broken Doll, In the Heart of a Fool, The Scoffer

CECIL B. DEMILLE—The Affairs of Anatol, Forbidden Fruit

RAOUL WALSH—The Oath, Serenade

JOHN FORD—The Big Punch, The Freeze-Out, The Wallop, Desperate Trails, Action, Sure Fire, Jackie

LEO McCAREY—Society Secret

JOHN STAHL—The Child Thou Gavest Me, Sowing the Wind

1922

ERICH VON STROHEIM—Foolish Wives, Merry-Go-Round

CHARLES CHAPLIN—The Pilgrim, Pay Day

ROBERT FLAHERTY—Nanook of the North

D. W. GRIFFITH—Orphans of the Storm, One Exciting Night

ALLAN DWAN—Robin Hood, The Sin of Martha Queed, Superstition

KING VIDOR—Peg O' My Heart, Alice Adams, The Real Adventure, Dusk to Dawn

FRANK BORZAGE—Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, Back Pay, Silent Shelby, Billy Jim, The Good Provider, Valley of Silent Men, The Pride of Palomar

JOHN FORD—Little Miss Smiles, Silver Wings, The Village Blacksmith

RAOUL WALSH—Kindred of the Dust

CECIL B. DEMILLE—Fool's Paradise, Saturday Night, Manslaughter

JOHN STAHL—The Song of Life, One Clear Call, Suspicious Wives

1923

CHARLES CHAPLIN—A Woman of Paris

BUSTER KEATON—Our Hospitality, The Three Ages

D. W. GRIFFITH—The White Rose

ERNST LUBITSCH—Rosita

KING VIDOR—Wild Oranges, Three Wise Fools, The Woman of Bronze, Happiness

FRANK BORZAGE—Nth Commandment, Children of Dust, Song of Love

JOHN FORD—Cameo Kirby, Three Jumps Ahead, The Face on the Bar-room Floor

ALLAN DWAN—Zaza, Glimpses of the Moon, Lawful Larceny, Big Brother

CECIL B. DEMILLE—Adam's Rib, The Ten Commandments

RAOUL WALSH—Lost and Found on a South Sea Island

JOHN STAHL—The Wanters, The Dangerous Age

1924

ERNST LUBITSCH—The Marriage Circle, Forbidden Paradise, Three Women

BUSTER KEATON—Sherlock Junior, The Navigator

RAOUL WALSH—The Thief of Bagdad

JOHN FORD—The Iron Horse, Hoodman

Blind, North of Hudson Bay, Hearts of Oak

D. W. GRIFFITH—America

KING VIDOR—Wine of Youth, His Hour, Wife of the Centaur

ALLAN DWAN—Her Love Story, Manhandled, A Society Scandal, The Wages of Virtue, Argentine Love

FRANK BORZAGE—Secrets, The Age of Desire

CECIL B. DEMILLE—Triumph, Feet of Clay
JOHN STAHL—Husbands and Lovers, Why
Men Leave Home

1925

CHARLES CHAPLIN—The Gold Rush
ERICH VON STROHEIM—Greed, The Merry
Widow
KING VIDOR—The Big Parade, La Boheme,
Proud Flesh
JOSEF VON STERNBERG—The Salvation
Hunters
ERNST LUBITSCH—Kiss Me Again, Lady
Windermere's Fan
BUSTER KEATON—Go West, Seven Chances
D. W. GRIFFITH—Sally of the Sawdust, Isn't
Life Wonderful, The Royal Girl
ALFRED HITCHCOCK—The Pleasure Garden
JOHN FORD—Lightnin', Kentucky Pride, The
Fighting Heart, Thank You
FRANK BORZAGE—The Lady, Daddy's Gone
a'Hunting, Wages for Wives, The Circle,
Lazybones
RAOUL WALSH—East of Suez, The Spaniard
ALLAN DWAN—Night Life in New York,
Stage Struck, Coast of Folly
CECIL B. DEMILLE—The Road to Yesterday,
The Golden Bed
JOHN STAHL—Fine Clothes

1926

ROBERT FLAHERTY—Moana
ERNST LUBITSCH—So This Is Paris
BUSTER KEATON—The General, Battling
Butler
JOSEF VON STERNBERG—The Exquisite
Sinner, The Sea Gull
ALFRED HITCHCOCK—The Lodger, The
Mountain Eagle
RAOUL WALSH—What Price Glory?, The
Wanderer, The Lucky Lady, The Lady of
the Harem
KING VIDOR—Bardelys the Magnificent
JOHN FORD—Three Bad Men, The Shamrock
Handicap, The Blue Eagle
HOWARD HAWKS—Fig Leaves, The Road
to Glory
FRANK BORZAGE—The First Year, Marriage
License, Early to Wed, The Dixie Merchant
FRANK CAPRA—The Strong Man
D. W. GRIFFITH—The Sorrows of Satan
ALLAN DWAN—Tin Gods, Summer Bachelors,

Sea Horses, Padlocked
CECIL B. DEMILLE—The Volga Boatmen
JOHN STAHL—Memory Lane, The Gay
Deceiver

1927

F. W. MURNAU—Sunrise
JOSEF VON STERNBERG—Underworld
KING VIDOR—The Crowd, The Patsy
FRANK BORZAGE—Seventh Heaven
ERNST LUBITSCH—The Student Prince
BUSTER KEATON—College
ALFRED HITCHCOCK—The Ring, Easy
Virtue, Downhill
RAOUL WALSH—The Loves of Carmen,
The Monkey Talks
JOHN FORD—Upstream
HOWARD HAWKS—The Cradle Snatchers,
Paid to Love
FRANK CAPRA—Long Pants, For the Love
of Mike
CECIL B. DEMILLE—The King of Kings
ALLAN DWAN—The Music Master; Joy Girl;
East Side, West Side
JOHN STAHL—Lovers, In Old Kentucky

1928

CHARLES CHAPLIN—The Circus
JOSEF VON STERNBERG—Docks of New
York, The Last Command, The Dragnet
ERICH VON STROHEIM—The Wedding
March, Queen Kelly
HOWARD HAWKS—A Girl in Every Port,
The Air Circus, Fazel
ERNST LUBITSCH—The Patriot
KING VIDOR—Show People
FRANK BORZAGE—Street Angel
BUSTER KEATON—Steamboat Junior, The
Cameraman
F. W. MURNAU—The Four Devils
D. W. GRIFFITH—The Battle of the Sexes,
Drums of Love
ALFRED HITCHCOCK—The Manxman,
Champagne, The Farmer's Wife
JOHN FORD—Four Sons, Mother Machree,
Hangman's House, Napoleon's Barber,
Riley the Cop
RAOUL WALSH—Sadie Thompson; The Red
Dance; Me, Gangster
ALLAN DWAN—French Dressing, Big Noise
CECIL B. DEMILLE—The Godless Girl

1929

KING VIDOR — HALLELUJAH!
 ERNST LUBITSCH — THE LOVE PARADE,
 Eternal Love
 JOSEF VON STERNBERG — Thunderbolt, The
 Case of Lena Smith
 ALFRED HITCHCOCK — Blackmail, The
 Manxman
 FRANK BORZAGE — The River, Lucky Star,
 They Had to See Paris
 D. W. GRIFFITH — Lady of the Pavements
 HOWARD HAWKS — Trent's Last Case
 JOHN FORD — Strong Boy, The Black Watch,
 Salute
 RAOUL WALSH — The Cockeyed World, In
 Old Arizona (with Irving Cummings)
 CECIL B. DEMILLE — Dynamite, The Godless
 Girl
 ROUBEN MAMOULIAN — Applause
 ALLAN DWAN — The Iron Mask, Tide of Em-
 pire, Frozen Justice, The Far Call, South
 Sea Rose
 FRANK CAPRA — The Younger Generation,
 Flight, The Donovan Affair
 LEO McCAREY — The Sophomore, Red Hot
 Rhythm
 ROLAND WEST — Alibi
 PAUL LENI — The Last Warning
 TAY GARNETT — Flying Fools, Oh Yeah!
 REX INGRAM — Three Passions
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: The Broadway Melody
 (Harry Beaumont), The Virginian (Victor
 Fleming), Disraeli (Alfred E. Green)

1930

JOSEF VON STERNBERG — THE BLUE
 ANGEL, MOROCCO
 HOWARD HAWKS — THE DAWN PATROL
 D. W. GRIFFITH — ABRAHAM LINCOLN
 F. W. MURNAU — City Girl (Our Daily Bread)
 JOHN FORD — Men Without Women, Born
 Reckless, Up the River
 ALFRED HITCHCOCK — Murder, The Far-
 mer's Wife, Juno and the Paycock
 KING VIDOR — Billy the Kid, Not So Dumb
 FRANK BORZAGE — Song o' My Heart, Liliom
 ERNST LUBITSCH — Monte Carlo, Paramount
 on Parade (with Edmund Goulding, Rowland
 V. Lee, Victor Schertzinger, Dorothy Arzner,
 Otto Brower, Victor Heerman, Edwin Knopf,
 Lothar Mendes, Edward Sutherland and
 Frank Tuttle)
 GEORGE CUKOR — The Royal Family of

Broadway (with Cyril Gardner), Grumpy
 (with Cyril Gardner), Virtuous Sin (with
 Louis Gasnier)

RAOUL WALSH — The Big Trail
 CECIL B. DEMILLE — Madame Satan
 LEWIS MILESTONE — All Quiet on the West-
 ern Front
 FRANK CAPRA — Ladies of Leisure, Rain or
 Shine
 LEO McCAREY — Let's Go Native, Wild Com-
 pany, Part Time Wife
 TAY GARNETT — Her Man, Officer O'Brien
 GEORGE HILL — The Big House, Min and Bill
 JOHN STAHL — A Lady Surrenders
 HOWARD HUGHES — Hell's Angels
 MERVYN LEROY — Little Johnny Jones, Play-
 ing Around, Show Girl in Hollywood, Num-
 bered Men, Broken Dishes, Top Speed,
 Little Caesar
 HARRY D'ARRAST — Raffles, Laughter
 ALLAN DWAN — What a Widow!
 CLARENCE BROWN — Anna Christie

1931

CHARLES CHAPLIN — CITY LIGHTS
 F. W. MURNAU — TABU (with Robert
 Flaherty)
 JOSEF VON STERNBERG — DISHONORED,
 An American Tragedy
 HOWARD HAWKS — The Criminal Code
 KING VIDOR — Street Scene, The Champ
 D. W. GRIFFITH — The Struggle
 ERNST LUBITSCH — The Smiling Lieutenant
 FRANK BORZAGE — Bad Girl, Doctors' Wives,
 As Young as You Feel
 JOHN FORD — Arrowsmith, The Seas Beneath,
 The Brat
 ALFRED HITCHCOCK — The Skin Game
 GEORGE CUKOR — Tarnished Lady, Girls
 About Town
 CECIL B. DEMILLE — The Squaw Man
 RAOUL WALSH — The Man Who Came Back,
 Women of All Nations, The Yellow Ticket
 FRANK CAPRA — Dirigible, The Miracle
 Woman, Platinum Blonde
 LEO McCAREY — Indiscreet
 JOHN STAHL — Seed, Strictly Dishonorable
 ROUBEN MAMOULIAN — City Streets
 LEWIS MILESTONE — The Front Page
 ROWLAND BROWN — Quick Millions
 ROLAND WEST — The Bat Whispers, Corsair
 ALLAN DWAN — Man to Man, Chances,
 Wicked

JAMES WHALE — Waterloo Bridge, Frankenstein
 WILLIAM WELLMAN — The Public Enemy, Other Men's Women, Star Witness, Night Nurse, Safe in Hell
 SIDNEY FRANKLIN — The Guardsman, Private Lives
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: Cimarron (Wesley Ruggles)

1932

HOWARD HAWKS — SCARFACE, The Crowd Roars, Tiger Shark
 JOSEF VON STERNBERG — SHANGHAI EXPRESS, Blonde Venus
 ERNST LUBITSCH — TROUBLE IN PARADISE, One Hour With You, The Man I Killed, If I Had a Million (with James Cruze, Norman Taurog, Stephen Roberts, Norman Z. McLeod, William Seiter and Bruce Humberstone)
 FRANK BORZAGE — A Farewell to Arms, After Tomorrow, Young America
 GEORGE CUKOR — A Bill of Divorcement, What Price Hollywood, Rockabye
 JOHN FORD — Air Mail, Flesh
 ALFRED HITCHCOCK — East of Shanghai
 ERICH VON STROHEIM — Walking Down Broadway
 KING VIDOR — Bird of Paradise, Cynara
 CECIL B. DEMILLE — The Sign of the Cross
 TAY GARNETT — One Way Passage, Prestige, Okay America
 JOHN STAHL — Back Street
 FRANK CAPRA — American Madness, Forbidden
 LEO McCAREY — The Kid from Spain
 RAOUL WALSH — Wild Girl, Me and My Gal
 EDMUND GOULDING — Grand Hotel, Blondie of the Follies
 ROUBEN MAMOULIAN — Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Love Me Tonight
 MERVYN LEROY — I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, High Pressure, Heart of New York, Two Seconds, Big City Blues, Three on a Match
 ALLAN DWAN — While Paris Sleeps
 ROWLAND BROWN — Hell's Highway
 W. S. VAN DYKE — Tarzan, the Ape Man
 EDWARD F. CLINE — Million Dollar Legs
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: Freaks (Tod Browning), Skippy (Norman Taurog)

1933

GEORGE CUKOR — DINNER AT EIGHT, Little Women, Our Betters
 ERNST LUBITSCH — DESIGN FOR LIVING
 FRANK BORZAGE — A Man's Castle, Secrets
 JOHN FORD — Doctor Bull, Pilgrimage
 SERGEI EISENSTEIN — Thunder Over Mexico
 HOWARD HAWKS — Today We Live
 KING VIDOR — The Stranger's Return
 RAOUL WALSH — The Bowery, Bad Boy, Sailor's Luck, Going Hollywood
 FRANK CAPRA — Lady for a Day, The Bitter Tea of General Yen
 LEO McCAREY — Duck Soup
 CECIL B. DEMILLE — This Day and Age
 ROUBEN MAMOULIAN — Queen Christina, The Song of Songs
 JOHN STAHL — Only Yesterday
 MERVYN LEROY — Gold Diggers of 1933, Hard to Handle
 VICTOR FLEMING — Bombshell
 LOWELL SHERMAN — She Done Him Wrong, Morning Glory
 ROWLAND V. LEE — Zoo in Budapest
 MERRIAM C. COOPER & ERNEST SCHOED-SACK — King Kong
 ALEXANDER KORDA — The Private Life of Henry VIII
 ALLAN DWAN — Counsel's Opinion, I Spy, Her First Affaire
 MITCHELL LEISEN — The Cradle Song
 HARRY D'ARRAST — Topaze
 JAMES CRUZE — I Cover the Waterfront
 WILLIAM K. HOWARD — The Power and the Glory
 LLOYD BACON — Forty Second Street, The Picture Snatcher, Footlight Parade
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: Cavalcade, Berkeley Square (Frank Lloyd); Counsellor at Law (William Wyler); State Fair (Henry King)

1934

HOWARD HAWKS — TWENTIETH CENTURY, Viva Villa! (with Jack Conway)
 JOSEF VON STERNBERG — THE SCARLET EMPRESS
 ROBERT FLAHERTY — MAN OF ARAN
 JOHN FORD — The Lost Patrol, Judge Priest, The World Moves On
 FRANK BORZAGE — Little Man, What Now?, No Greater Glory, Flirtation Walk
 ERNST LUBITSCH — The Merry Widow
 KING VIDOR — Our Daily Bread

FRANK CAPRA — It Happened One Night,
Broadway Bill
CECIL B. DEMILLE — Cleopatra, Four Fright-
ened People
JOHN STAHL — Imitation of Life
EDGAR G. ULMER — The Black Cat
LEO McCAREY — Belle of the Nineties, Six
of a Kind
G. W. PABST — A Modern Hero
JAMES CRUZE — David Harum
VICTOR FLEMING — Treasure Island
VICTOR SCHERTZINGER — One Night of
Love
JOHN CROMWELL — Of Human Bondage
HENRY HATHAWAY — The Witching Hour
MARK SANDRICH — The Gay Divorcee
MERVYN LEROY — Sweet Adeline, Hi Nellie
ALLAN DWAN — The Morning After
FALSE REPUTATIONS: The Thin Man (W. S.
Van Dyke), The Barretts of Wimpole Street
(Sidney Franklin)

1935

JOSEF VON STERNBERG — THE DEVIL IS
A WOMAN, Crime and Punishment
JOHN FORD — STEAMBOAT 'ROUND THE
BEND, The Whole Town's Talking, The
Informer
ALFRED HITCHCOCK — The Thirty Nine
Steps, The Man Who Knew Too Much,
Strauss' Great Waltz
HOWARD HAWKS — Barbary Coast
GEORGE CUKOR — Sylvia Scarlett, David
Copperfield
FRANK BORZAGE — Living on Velvet,
Stranded, Shipmates Forever
KING VIDOR — So Red the Rose, The Wedding
Night
LEO McCAREY — Ruggles of Red Gap
JOHN STAHL — The Magnificent Obsession
CECIL B. DEMILLE — The Crusades
RAOUL WALSH — Under Pressure, Baby Face
Harrington, Every Night at Eight
GEORGE STEVENS — Alice Adams, Laddie,
The Nitwits
HENRY HATHAWAY — Peter Ibbetson, Lives
of a Bengal Lancer
BEN HECHT & CHARLES MACARTHUR —
The Scoundrel, Once in a Blue Moon
MARK SANDRICH — Top Hat, Follow the
Fleet
GREGORY LACAVA — Private Worlds, She
Married Her Boss

BUSBY BERKELEY — Gold Diggers of 1935
VICTOR FLEMING — Reckless
ALLAN DWAN — Black Sheep, Beauty's
Daughter
WESLEY RUGGLES — The Gilded Lily
FALSE REPUTATIONS — Mutiny on the
Bounty (Frank Lloyd), Becky Sharp
(Rouben Mamoulian), Black Fury (Michael
Curtiz)

1936

CHARLES CHAPLIN — MODERN TIMES
HOWARD HAWKS — Ceiling Zero, The Road
to Glory, Come and Get It (with William
Wyler)
FRITZ LANG — Fury
ALFRED HITCHCOCK — Secret Agent
JOHN FORD — The Prisoner of Shark Island,
Mary of Scotland, The Plough and the Stars
FRANK BORZAGE — Desire, Hearts Divided
GEORGE CUKOR — Romeo and Juliet
JOSEF VON STERNBERG — The King Steps
Out
CECIL B. DEMILLE — The Plainsman
FRANK CAPRA — Mr. Deeds Goes to Town
LEO McCAREY — The Milky Way
KING VIDOR — The Texas Rangers
GEORGE STEVENS — Swing Time
RAOUL WALSH — Klondike Annie, Big Brown
Eyes, Spendthrifts
OTTO PREMINGER — Under Your Spell
GREGORY LA CAVA — My Man Godfrey
RENE CLAIR — The Ghost Goes West
ALEXANDER KORDA — Rembrandt
LEWIS MILESTONE — The General Died at
Dawn, Anything Goes
ROUBEN MAMOULIAN — The Gay Despe-
rado
ALLAN DWAN — The Song and Dance Man,
Human Cargo, High Tension, 15 Maiden
Lane
HENRY HATHAWAY — The Trail of the Lone-
some Pine; Go West, Young Man
WILLIAM WYLER — Dodsworth
FALSE REPUTATIONS: The Great Ziegfeld,
San Francisco (W. S. Van Dyke); These
Three (Wyler); The Story of Louis Pasteur
(William Dieterle); The Petrified Forest
(Archie Mayo)

1937

ERNST LUBITSCH — ANGEL
FRITZ LANG — YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE

FRANK BORZAGE—HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT, Green Light, Mannequin, The Big City
 JOHN FORD — The Hurricane, Wee Willie Winkie
 ALFRED HITCHCOCK — Sabotage
 GEORGE CUKOR — Camille
 KING VIDOR — Stella Dallas
 LEO McCAREY — The Awful Truth, Make Way for Tomorrow
 FRANK CAPRA — Lost Horizon
 EDGAR G. ULMER & JACOB BEN AMI — Green Fields
 GEORGE STEVENS — Quality Street, A Damsel in Distress
 RAOUL WALSH — You're in the Army Now, When Thief Meets Thief, Artists and Models, Hitting a New High
 GREGORY LA CAVA — Stage Door
 JOHN STAHL — Parnell
 OTTO PREMINGER — Danger — Love at Work
 TAY GARNETT — Slave Ship, Stand In, Love Is News
 ALLAN DWAN — Woman Wise, That I May Live, One Mile from Heaven, Heidi
 MITCHELL LEISEN — Swing High, Swing Low; Easy Living
 JOHN CROMWELL—The Prisoner of Zenda
 RICHARD THORPE — Night Must Fall
 WILLIAM WELLMAN — A Star Is Born, Nothing Sacred
 WESLEY RUGGLES — I Met Him in Paris, True Confession
 MERVYN LEROY — They Won't Forget
 MARK SANDRICH — Shall We Dance?
 VICTOR FLEMING — Captains Courageous
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: The Life of Emile Zola (William Dieterle); The Good Earth (Sidney Franklin); Dead End (William Wyler); Three Smart Girls, 100 Men and a Girl (Henry Koster)

1938

GEORGE CUKOR — HOLIDAY, Zaza
 HOWARD HAWKS — BRINGING UP BABY
 FRANK BORZAGE — THREE COMRADES, The Shining Hour
 ALFRED HITCHCOCK — The Lady Vanishes, The Girl Was Young
 JOHN FORD — Submarine Patrol, Four Men and a Prayer
 ERNST LUBITSCH — Bluebeard's Eighth Wife
 FRITZ LANG — You and Me

KING VIDOR — The Citadel
 FRANK CAPRA — You Can't Take It With You
 CECIL B. DEMILLE — The Buccaneer
 RAOUL WALSH — College Swing
 GEORGE STEVENS — Vivacious Lady
 JOHN STAHL — Letter of Introduction
 EDGAR G. ULMER — The Singing Blacksmith
 ANTHONY ASQUITH & LESLIE HOWARD — Pygmalion
 HENRY HATHAWAY — Spawn of the North
 MICHAEL CURTIZ — Angels with Dirty Faces, Four Daughters, The Adventures of Robin Hood (with William Keighley)
 ALLAN DWAN — Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Josette, Suez
 GARSON KANIN — A Man to Remember, Next Time I Marry
 MARK SANDRICH — Carefree
 RICHARD WALLACE — The Young in Heart
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: Jezebel (William Wyler); Boys Town (Norman Taurog); Alexander's Ragtime Band (Henry King); The Great Waltz (Julien Duvivier)

1939

JOHN FORD — STAGECOACH, YOUNG MR. LINCOLN, Drums Along the Mohawk
 HOWARD HAWKS — ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS
 ERNST LUBITSCH — NINOTCHKA
 GEORGE CUKOR — The Women
 ALFRED HITCHCOCK — Jamaica Inn
 LEO McCAREY — Love Affair
 FRANK CAPRA — Mr. Smith Goes to Washington
 JOSEF VON STERNBERG — Sergeant Madden
 RAOUL WALSH — The Roaring Twenties, St. Louis Blues
 KING VIDOR — Northwest Passage
 CECIL B. DEMILLE — Union Pacific
 GEORGE STEVENS — Gunga Din
 VICTOR FLEMING — Gone with the Wind, The Wizard of Oz
 JOHN STAHL — When Tomorrow Comes
 GARSON KANIN — Bachelor Mother, The Great Man Votes
 GREGORY LA CAVA — Fifth Avenue Girl
 EDMUND GOULDING — Dark Victory, The Old Maid, We Are Not Alone
 GEORGE MARSHALL — Destry Rides Again, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man
 VICTOR SCHERTZINGER — The Mikado
 WILLIAM K. HOWARD — Back Door to Heaven

ALLAN DWAN — The Three Musketeers, The Gorilla, Frontier Marshall
 ZOLTAN KORDA — Four Feathers
 ROY KELLINO — I Met a Murderer
 BUSBY BERKELEY — Babes in Arms
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: Wuthering Heights (William Wyler); Goodbye, Mr. Chips (Sam Wood); Juarez (William Dieterle); Confessions of a Nazi Spy (Anatole Litvak)

1940

CHARLES CHAPLIN — THE GREAT DICTATOR
 ALFRED HITCHCOCK — Rebecca, Foreign Correspondent
 JOHN FORD — The Grapes of Wrath, The Long Voyage Home
 HOWARD HAWKS — His Girl Friday
 GEORGE CUKOR — The Philadelphia Story, Susan and God
 FRANK BORZAGE — The Mortal Storm, Strange Cargo, Flight Command
 CECIL B. DEMILLE — Northwest Mounted Police
 ERNST LUBITSCH — The Shop Around the Corner
 FRITZ LANG — The Return of Frank James
 PRESTON STURGES — The Great McGinty, Christmas in July
 KING VIDOR — Comrade X
 RAOUL WALSH — They Drive By Night, The Dark Command
 GEORGE STEVENS — Vigil in the Night
 TAY GARNETT — Seven Sinners, Slightly Honorable
 MERVYN LEROY — Waterloo Bridge, Escape
 MITCHELL LEISEN — Remember the Night; Arise, My Love
 LEWIS MILESTONE — The Night of Nights
 GREGORY LA CAVA — The Primrose Path
 BUSBY BERKELEY — Strike Up the Band
 EDWARD F. CLINE — My Little Chickadee, The Villain Still Pursued Her, The Bank Dick
 ALLAN DWAN — Sailor's Lady, The Young People, Trail of the Vigilantes
 WILLIAM WYLER — The Letter
 RICHARD THORPE — The Earl of Chicago
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: Our Town (Sam Wood); City for Conquest (Anatole Litvak); Pride and Prejudice (Robert Z. Leonard); The Stars Look Down (Carol Reed); Of Mice and Men (Lewis Milestone)

1941

ORSON WELLES — CITIZEN KANE
 HOWARD HAWKS — SERGEANT YORK, Ball of Fire
 ALFRED HITCHCOCK — SUSPICION, Mr. and Mrs. Smith
 JOSEF VON STERNBERG — THE SHANGHAI GESTURE
 JEAN RENOIR — SWAMP WATER
 JOHN FORD — HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY, Tobacco Road
 GEORGE CUKOR — A Woman's Face, Two-Faced Woman
 RAOUL WALSH — High Sierra, The Strawberry Blonde, They Died With Their Boots On, Manpower
 FRITZ LANG — Western Union, Man Hunt
 KING VIDOR — H. M. Pulham, Esq.
 PRESTON STURGES — The Lady Eve
 ERNST LUBITSCH — That Uncertain Feeling
 FRANK BORZAGE — The Vanishing Virginian, Smilin' Through
 GEORGE STEVENS — Penny Serenade
 FRANK CAPRA — Meet John Doe
 JOHN HUSTON — The Maltese Falcon
 RENE CLAIR — The Flame of New Orleans
 GREGORY LA CAVA — Unfinished Business
 MITCHELL LEISEN — I Wanted Wings, Hold Back the Dawn
 EDMUND GOULDING — The Great Lie
 WILLIAM WYLER — The Little Foxes
 ALEXANDER HALL — Here Comes Mr. Jordan
 ALLAN DWAN — Look Who's Laughing, Rise and Shine
 WILLIAM DIETERLE — All That Money Can Buy
 ROBERT STEVENSON — Back Street
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: Tom, Dick and Harry (Garson Kanin)

1942

ORSON WELLES — THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, Journey Into Fear (with Norman Foster)
 ALFRED HITCHCOCK — Saboteur
 PRESTON STURGES — Sullivan's Travels, The Palm Beach Story
 CECIL B. DEMILLE — Reap the Wild Wind
 ERNST LUBITSCH — To Be Or Not To Be
 GEORGE CUKOR — Her Cardboard Lover
 MICHAEL CURTIZ — Casablanca, Yankee Doodle Dandy
 FRANK BORZAGE — Seven Sweethearts

RAOUL WALSH — Desperate Journey,
Gentleman Jim
LEO McCAREY — Once Upon a Honeymoon
GEORGE STEVENS — Woman of the Year,
Talk of the Town
BILLY WILDER — The Major and the Minor
DAVID LEAN & NOEL COWARD —
In Which We Serve

EDGAR G. ULMER — Tomorrow We Live
ARTHUR RIPLEY — Prisoner of Japan
ALBERT LEWIN — The Moon and Sixpence
MERVYN LEROY — Random Harvest,
Johnny Eager
HENRY HATHAWAY — China Girl,
Ten Gentlemen From West Point
RENE CLAIR — I Married a Witch
ALLAN DWAN — Friendly Enemies,
Here We Go Again
JACQUES TOURNEUR — The Cat People
FALSE REPUTATIONS: Mrs. Miniver (Wil-
liam Wyler); Wake Island (John Farrow);
Roxie Hart (William Wellman); Kings Row,
Pride of the Yankees (Sam Wood); The
Invaders, One of Our Aircraft Is Missing
(Michael Powell & Emeric Pressburger)

1943

ALFRED HITCHCOCK — SHADOW OF A
DOUBT
HOWARD HAWKS — The Air Force
JEAN RENOIR — This Land Is Mine
FRITZ LANG — Hangmen Also Die
ERNST LUBITSCH — Heaven Can Wait
GEORGE CUKOR — Keeper of the Flame
FRANK BORZAGE — Stage Door Canteen,
His Butler's Sister
DOUGLAS SIRK — Hitler's Madman
VINCENTE MINNELLI — Cabin in the Sky,
I Dood It
JOHN STAHL — Holy Matrimony,
The Immortal Sergeant
GEORGE STEVENS — The More the Merrier
RAOUL WALSH — Background to Danger,
Northern Pursuit
OTTO PREMINGER — Margin for Error
BILLY WILDER — Five Graves to Cairo
EDGAR G. ULMER — My Son, the Hero;
Girls in Chains; Isle of Forgotten Sins;
Jive Junction
EDMUND GOULDING — Claudia,
The Constant Nymph
H. C. POTTER — Mr. Lucky
JACQUES TOURNEUR — I Walked With a
Zombie, The Leopard Man

VICTOR FLEMING — A Guy Named Joe
MARK SANDRICH — So Proudly We Hail
ALLAN DWAN — Around The World
FALSE REPUTATIONS: Watch on the Rhine
(Herman Shumlin); The Human Comedy
(Clarence Brown); The Ox-Bow Incident
(William Wellman)

1944

OTTO PREMINGER — LAURA; In the
Meantime, Darling
ALFRED HITCHCOCK — LIFEBOAT
GEORGE CUKOR — GASLIGHT, Winged
Victory
HOWARD HAWKS — TO HAVE AND
HAVE NOT
PRESTON STURGES — The Miracle of Mor-
gan's Creek, Hail the Conquering Hero,
The Great Moment
DOUGLAS SIRK — Summer Storm
FRANK BORZAGE — Till We Meet Again
KING VIDOR — An American Romance
VINCENTE MINNELLI — Meet Me In St. Louis
ROBERT SIODMAK — Christmas Holiday,
Phantom Lady, Cobra Woman
LEO McCAREY — Going My Way
CECIL B. DEMILLE — The Story of Dr. Wassell
FRANK CAPRA — Arsenic and Old Lace
BILLY WILDER — Double Indemnity
EDGAR G. ULMER — Bluebeard
RAOUL WALSH — Uncertain Glory
JOHN STAHL — The Keys of the Kingdom,
The Eve of St. Mark
ARTHUR RIPLEY — Voice in the Wind
JOHN CROMWELL — Since You Went Away
BUDD BOETTICHER — One Mysterious Night,
The Missing Juror
RENE CLAIR — It Happened Tomorrow
MITCHELL LEISEN — Lady in the Dark
CHARLES VIDOR — Cover Girl
ALLAN DWAN — Abroad With Two Yanks,
Up in Mabel's Room
ROBERT WISE — Curse of the Cat People
JOSEPH H. LEWIS — Minstrel Man
FALSE REPUTATIONS: Wilson, The Song of
Bernadette (Henry King); None But the
Lonely Heart (Clifford Odets); The Seventh
Cross (Fred Zinnemann); Murder, My Sweet
(Edward Dmytryk); Destination Tokyo (Del-
mer Daves); The Purple Heart (Lewis Mile-
stone)

1945

JEAN RENOIR — THE SOUTHERNER
JOHN FORD — THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

ALFRED HITCHCOCK — Spellbound
 FRITZ LANG — The Woman in the Window,
 Ministry of Fear, Scarlet Street
 OTTO PREMINGER — Fallen Angel, A Royal
 Scandal
 FRANK BORZAGE — The Spanish Main
 VINCENTE MINNELLI — The Clock, Yolanda
 and the Thief
 JOHN STAHL — Leave Her to Heaven
 ROBERT SIODMAK — Uncle Harry,
 The Suspect
 RAOUL WALSH — Salty O'Rourke, Objective
 Burma, The Horn Blows at Midnight
 LEO McCAREY — The Bells of St. Mary's
 BILLY WILDER — The Lost Weekend
 ALLAN DWAN — Brewster's Millions, Getting
 Gertie's Garter
 RENE CLAIR — And Then There Were None
 EDGAR G. ULMER — Detour, Strange Illusion,
 Club Havana
 JOSEPH H. LEWIS — My Name Is Julia Ross,
 The Falcon in San Antonio
 GUSTAV MACHATY — Jealousy
 ROBERT WISE — The Body Snatcher
 ELIA KAZAN — A Tree Grows in Brooklyn
 MICHAEL CURTIZ — Mildred Pierce
 DAVID LEAN — Blithe Spirit
 MICHAEL POWELL & EMERIC PRESSBUR-
 GER — The Life and Death of Colonel
 Blimp
 ALBERT LEWIN — The Picture of Dorian Gray
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: Story of G. I. Joe
 (William Wellman)

1946

ALFRED HITCHCOCK — NOTORIOUS
 JOHN FORD — MY DARLING
 CLEMENTINE
 JEAN RENOIR — DIARY OF A
 CHAMBERMAID
 HOWARD HAWKS — THE BIG SLEEP
 ORSON WELLES — The Stranger
 DOUGLAS SIRK — A Scandal in Paris
 FRANK BORZAGE — I've Always Loved You,
 The Magnificent Doll
 ERNST LUBITSCH — Cluny Brown
 FRITZ LANG — Cloak and Dagger
 ROBERT SIODMAK — The Killers, The Spiral
 Staircase, The Dark Mirror
 OTTO PREMINGER — Centennial Summer
 VINCENTE MINNELLI — iZegfeld Follies,
 Undercurrent
 DAVID LEAN — Brief Encounter
 RAOUL WALSH — The Man I Love
 FRANK CAPRA — It's a Wonderful Life

ARTHUR RIPLEY — The Chase
 ALLAN DWAN — Rendezvous with Annie,
 Calendar Girl
 CHARLES VIDOR — Gilda
 EDMUND GOULDING — The Razor's Edge
 JOSEPH H. LEWIS — So Dark the Night
 DON SIEGEL — The Verdict
 LAURENCE OLIVIER — Henry V
 MICHAEL POWELL & EMERIC PRESS-
 BURGER — Stairway to Heaven
 EDGAR G. ULMER — The Wife of Monte
 Cristo, Her Sister's Secret
 JEAN NEGULESCO — Three Strangers,
 Nobody Lives Forever, Humoresque
 JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ — Dragonwyck,
 Somewhere in the Night
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: The Best Years of
 Our Lives (William Wyler); A Walk in the
 Sun (Lewis Milestone)

1947

CHARLES CHAPLIN — MONSIEUR
 VERDOUX
 MAX OPHULS — THE EXILE
 KING VIDOR — DUEL IN THE SUN
 JEAN RENOIR — Woman on the Beach
 DOUGLAS SIRK — Lured
 FRANK BORZAGE — That's My Man
 RAOUL WALSH — Pursued, Cheyenne
 JOHN FORD — The Fugitive
 CECIL B. DEMILLE — Unconquered
 OTTO PREMINGER — Daisy Kenyon, Forever
 Amber
 LEO McCAREY — Good Sam
 JOHN STAHL — The Foxes of Harrow, The
 Walls of Jericho
 CAROL REED — Odd Man Out
 DAVID LEAN — Great Expectations, This Happy
 Breed
 MICHAEL POWELL & EMERIC PRESS-
 BURGER — Black Narcissus, I Know Where
 I'm Going
 JACQUES TOURNEUR — Out of the Past
 ROBERT WISE — Born to Kill
 CHARLES WALTERS — Good News
 EDGAR G. ULMER — Carnegie Hall, Dangerous
 Illusion
 ANTHONY MANN — T-Men
 ALLAN DWAN — Northwest Outpost
 JOSEPH LOSEY — The Boy With Green Hair
 JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ — The Ghost and
 Mrs. Muir
 ROBERT MONTGOMERY — Ride the Pink
 Horse
 EDMUND GOULDING — Nightmare Alley

HENRY HATHAWAY—Kiss of Death
ROBERT ROSSEN—Body and Soul
ZOLTAN KORDA—The Macomber Affair,
A Woman's Vengeance

FALSE REPUTATIONS: Gentleman's Agreement, Boomerang! (Elia Kazan); Crossfire (Edward Dmytryk); Miracle on 34th Street (George Seaton); Dark Passage, The Red House (Delmer Daves)

1948

MAX OPHULS—LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN

ORSON WELLES—THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI

HOWARD HAWKS—RED RIVER, A Song Is Born

JOHN FORD—FORT APACHE

FRANK BORZAGE—MOONRISE

ROBERT FLAHERTY—LOUISIANA STORY

ALFRED HITCHCOCK—Rope, The Paradine Case

GEORGE CUKOR—A Double Life

DOUGLAS SIRK—Sleep, My Love

VINCENTE MINNELLI—The Pirate

GEORGE STEVENS—I Remember Mama

FRANK CAPRA—State of the Union

FRITZ LANG—The Secret Beyond the Door

KING VIDOR—On Our Merry Way

ABRAHAM POLONSKY—Force of Evil

RAOUL WALSH—Silver River, One Sunday Afternoon, Fighter Squadron

LAURENCE OLIVIER—Hamlet

MICHAEL POWELL & EMERIC PRESS-BURGER—The Red Shoes

EDGAR G. ULMER—Ruthless

ALLAN DWAN—The Inside Story, Angel in Exile

PRESTON STURGES—Unfaithfully Yours

CHARLES WALTERS—Easter Parade

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN—Summer Holiday

BILLY WILDER—A Foreign Affair, The Emperor Waltz

ROBERT SIODMAK—Cry of the City

ANTHONY MANN—Raw Deal

BUDD BOETTICHER—Assigned to Danger, Beyond Locked Doors

JOSEPH H. LEWIS—The Return of October

JEAN NEGULESCO—Johnny Belinda, Road House

MICHAEL GORDON—Another Part of the Forest

FALSE REPUTATIONS: The Treasure of the Sierra Madre, Key Largo (John Huston);

The Snake Pit; Sorry, Wrong Number (Anatole Litvak); The Search (Fred Zinnemann)

1949

JOHN FORD—SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON, Three Godfathers

ALFRED HITCHCOCK—UNDER CAPRICORN

MAX OPHULS—Caught, The Reckless Moment

HOWARD HAWKS—I Was a Male War Bride

NICHOLAS RAY—They Live By Night, Knock on Any Door, A Woman's Secret

KING VIDOR—The Fountainhead, Beyond the Forest

GEORGE CUKOR—Adam's Rib; Edward, My Son

DOUGLAS SIRK—Shockproof, Slightly French

RAOUL WALSH—White Heat, Colorado Territory

OTTO PREMINGER—Whirlpool, The Fan

STANLEY DONEN & GENE KELLY—On the Town

SAMUEL FULLER—I Shot Jesse James

ALLAN DWAN—Sands of Iwo Jima

CECIL B. DEMILLE—Samson and Delilah

JOSEPH H. LEWIS—Gun Crazy, Undercover Man

VINCENTE MINNELLI—Madame Bovary

CAROL REED—The Fallen Idol

JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ—A Letter to Three Wives, House of Strangers

BYRON HASKIN—Too Late for Tears

EDGAR G. ULMER—The Pirates of Capri

ROBERT WISE—The Set-Up

DON SIEGEL—The Big Steal, Night Unto Night

PRESTON STURGES—The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend

FALSE REPUTATIONS: The Heiress (William Wyler); All the King's Men (Robert Rossen); Intruder in the Dust (Clarence Brown); Champion, Home of the Brave (Mark Robson); Battleground (William Wellman)

1950

JOHN FORD—WAGONMASTER, RIO GRANDE, When Willie Comes Marching Home

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI—STROMBOLI

ALFRED HITCHCOCK—Stage Fright

ORSON WELLES—Macbeth

GEORGE CUKOR—A Life of Her Own, Born Yesterday

NICHOLAS RAY—In a Lonely Place, Born to Be Bad

OTTO PREMINGER—Where the Sidewalk Ends
 FRITZ LANG—American Guerilla in the Philip-
 pines, House by the River
 DOUGLAS SIRK—Mystery Submarine
 FRANK CAPRA—Riding High
 SAMUEL FULLER—The Baron of Arizona
 ANTHONY MANN—Devil's Doorway, Win-
 chester 73, The Furies
 VINCENTE MINNELLI—Father of the Bride
 CAROL REED—The Third Man
 JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ—All About Eve,
 No Way Out
 BILLY WILDER—Sunset Boulevard
 JOHN HUSTON—The Asphalt Jungle
 ELIA KAZAN—Panic in the Streets
 JULES DASSIN—Night and the City
 JOSEPH LOSEY—The Lawless
 ALLAN DWAN—Surrender
 BUDD BOETTICHER—Killer Shark, The Wolf
 Hunters
 CHARLES WALTERS—Summer Stock
 JOSEPH H. LEWIS—Lady Without a Passport
 JACQUES TOURNEUR—The Flame and the
 Arrow, Stars in My Crown
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: The Men (Fred
 Zinnemann); Twelve O'Clock High, The
 Gunfighter (Henry King); Give Us This
 Day (Edward Dmytryk); Broken Arrow
 (Delmer Daves); Cyrano de Bergerac
 (Michael Gordon)

1951

JEAN RENOIR—THE RIVER
 ALFRED HITCHCOCK—STRANGERS ON
 A TRAIN
 NICHOLAS RAY—On Dangerous Ground,
 Flying Leathernecks
 DOUGLAS SIRK—The First Legion, Thunder
 on the Hill, The Lady Pays Off, Weekend
 with Father
 SAMUEL FULLER—The Steel Helmet, Fixed
 Bayonets
 JOSEPH LOSEY—The Prowler, M
 KING VIDOR—Lightning Strikes Twice
 GEORGE STEVENS—A Place in the Sun
 VINCENTE MINNELLI—An American in Paris,
 Father's Little Dividend
 OTTO PREMINGER—The Thirteenth Letter
 BUDD BOETTICHER—The Bullfighter and
 the Lady, The Cimarron Kid
 ALLAN DWAN—Belle Le Grande, The Wild
 Blue Yonder
 FRANK CAPRA—Here Comes the Groom

RAOUL WALSH—Distant Drums, Captain
 Horatio Hornblower, Along the Great Divide
 STANLEY DONEN—Royal Wedding
 CHRISTIAN NYBY—The Thing
 ALBERT LEWIN—Pandora and the Flying
 Dutchman
 PRESTON STURGES—Mad Wednesday
 ELIA KAZAN—A Streetcar Named Desire
 BILLY WILDER—Ace in the Hole
 JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ—People Will Talk
 DAVID LEAN—Oliver Twist
 EDGAR G. ULMER—The Man from Planet X,
 St. Benny the Dip
 JOHN BERRY—He Ran All the Way
 GORDON DOUGLAS—Come Fill the Cup
 HENRY HATHAWAY—Fourteen Hours, The
 Desert Fox, You're in the Navy Now,
 Rawhide
 BRETAGNE WINDUST—The Enforcer
 ANTHONY MANN—The Tall Target
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: Detective Story (Wil-
 liam Wyler); Teresa (Fred Zinnemann);
 Decision Before Dawn (Anatole Litvak);
 The Red Badge of Courage (John Huston);
 Death of a Salesman (Laszlo Benedek);
 Bright Victory (Mark Robson)

1952

CHARLES CHAPLIN—LIMELIGHT
 HOWARD HAWKS—THE BIG SKY, Monkey
 Business, O'Henry's Full House (with Henry
 Hathaway, Jean Negulesco, Henry King and
 Henry Koster)
 JOHN FORD—THE QUIET MAN
 JOSEF VON STERNBERG—Macao
 GEORGE CUKOR—The Marrying Kind, The
 Model and the Marriage Broker, Pat and
 Mike
 KING VIDOR—Ruby Gentry, Japanese War
 Bride
 FRITZ LANG—Rancho Notorious, Clash by
 Night
 NICHOLAS RAY—The Lusty Men
 CECIL B. DEMILLE—The Greatest Show on
 Earth
 DOUGLAS SIRK—Has Anybody Seen My Gal?,
 No Room for the Groom, Meet Me at the
 Fair
 STANLEY DONEN & GENE KELLY—Singin'
 in the Rain
 SAMUEL FULLER—Park Row
 LEO McCAREY—My Son John
 ALLAN DWAN—I Dream of Jeannie Montana
 Belle

RAOUL WALSH—The Lawless Breed, The World in His Arms, Glory Alley, Sea Devils, Blackbeard the Pirate

CAROL REED—Outcast of the Islands

DAVID LEAN—Breaking Through the Sound Barrier

BUDD BOETTICHER—Red Ball Express, Broncho Buster, Horizons West, Seminole

JOHN HUSTON—The African Queen

GEORGE STEVENS—Something to Live For

ANTHONY MANN—Bend of the River

JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ—Five Fingers

GEORGE SIDNEY—Scaramouche

EDGAR G. ULMER—Babes in Bagdad

DON SIEGEL—The Duel at Silver Creek, No Time for Flowers

ALEXANDER MACKENDRICK—The Man in the White Suit

FALSE REPUTATIONS: High Noon (Fred Zinnemann); Cry the Beloved Country (Zoltan Korda); Come Back, Little Sheba (Daniel Mann); The Narrow Margin (Richard Fleischer)

1953

ALFRED HITCHCOCK—I CONFESS

JOHN FORD—Mogambo

HOWARD HAWKS—Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

OTTO PREMINGER—Angel Face, The Moon Is Blue

FRITZ LANG—The Blue Gardenia, The Big Heat

DOUGLAS SIRK—All I Desire, Take Me to Town

GEORGE CUKOR—The Actress

VINCENTE MINNELLI—The Bad and the Beautiful, The Bandwagon, The Story of Three Loves (with Gottfried Reinhardt)

RAOUL WALSH—A Lion Is In the Streets, Gun Fury

SAMUEL FULLER—Pickup on South Street

GEORGE STEVENS—Shane

ALLAN DWAN—The Woman They Almost

Lynched, Sweethearts on Parade, Flight Nurse

FRANK TASHLIN—Marry Me Again

BUDD BOETTICHER—The City Beneath the Sea, The Man from the Alamo, East of Sumatra

BILLY WILDER—Stalag 17

ANTHONY MANN—The Naked Spur, Thunder Bay

ROBERT ALDRICH—The Big Leaguer

STANLEY DONEN—Give a Girl a Break

CHARLES WALTERS—Lilli, Torch Song

JOSEPH H. LEWIS—Cry of the Hunted

DON SIEGEL—Count the Hours, China Venture

FALSE REPUTATIONS: Moulin Rouge (John Huston); From Here to Eternity, The Member of the Wedding (Fred Zinnemann); Julius Caesar (Joseph L. Mankiewicz); The Wild One (Laszlo Benedek); Man on a Tightrope (Elia Kazan)

1954

JEAN RENOIR—THE GOLDEN COACH

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI—THE GREATEST LOVE

ALFRED HITCHCOCK—REAR WINDOW, Dial M for Murder

JOHN FORD—THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT

GEORGE CUKOR—A STAR IS BORN, It Should Happen to You

JOSEF VON STERNBERG—ANATAHAN

LUIS BUNUEL—THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

NICHOLAS RAY—Johnny Guitar

OTTO PREMINGER—River of No Return, Carmen Jones

DOUGLAS SIRK—Magnificent Obsession; Sign of the Pagan; Taza, Son of Cochise

FRITZ LANG—Human Desire

JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ—The Barefoot Contessa

ROBERT ALDRICH—Apache, World for Ransom

SAMUEL FULLER—Hell and High Water

VINCENTE MINNELLI—Brigadoon; The Long, Long Trailer

RAOUL WALSH—Saskatchewan

ALLAN DWAN—Silver Lode, Cattle Queen of Montana, Passion

DON SIEGEL—Riot in Cell Block 11, Private Hell 36

STANLEY DONEN—Seven Brides for Seven Brothers

RENE CLEMENT—Lovers, Happy Lovers

BYRON HASKIN—The Naked Jungle

DON WEIS—The Adventures of Hajji Baba

ANTHONY MANN—The Glenn Miller Story

DAVID LEAN—Hobson's Choice

FALSE REPUTATIONS: On the Waterfront (Elia Kazan); Beat the Devil (John Huston); The Country Girl (George Seaton); Sabrina (Billy Wilder)

1955

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI—STRANGERS
 ORSON WELLES—OTHELLO
 NICHOLAS RAY—REBEL WITHOUT A
 CAUSE, Run for Cover
 JOHN FORD—THE LONG GRAY LINE,
 Mister Roberts (with Mervyn LeRoy)
 ALFRED HITCHCOCK—To Catch a Thief, The
 Trouble With Harry
 DOUGLAS SIRK—Captain Lightfoot
 ROBERT ALDRICH—Kiss Me Deadly,
 The Big Knife
 FRITZ LANG—Moonfleet
 HOWARD HAWKS—Land of the Pharaohs
 SAMUEL FULLER—House of Bamboo
 KING VIDOR—Man Without a Star
 OTTO PREMINGER—The Man With the
 Golden Arm, The Court Martial of Billy
 Mitchell
 RAOUL WALSH—Battle Cry, The Tall Men
 VINCENTE MINNELLI—The Cobweb, Kismet
 EDGAR G. ULMER—The Naked Dawn,
 Murder Is My Beat
 ALLAN DWAN—Tennessee's Partner, Pearl
 of the South Pacific, Escape to Burma
 CHARLES LAUGHTON—The Night of the
 Hunter
 STANLEY DONEN & GENE KELLY—It's
 Always Fair Weather
 ELIA KAZAN—East of Eden
 FRANK TASHLIN—Artists and Models, The
 Lieutenant Wore Skirts
 ANTHONY MANN—The Last Frontier, The
 Man from Laramie, The Far Country,
 Strategic Air Command
 DAVID LEAN—Summertime
 JOSEPH H. LEWIS—The Big Combo, The
 Lawless Street

DON SIEGEL—An Annapolis Story
 PHIL KARLSON—The Phenix City Story, Five
 Against this House, Hell's Island, Tight Spot
 BUDD BOETTICHER—The Magnificent
 Matador
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: Marty (Delbert
 Mann); Bad Day at Black Rock (John Stur-
 ges); The Desperate Hours (William Wyler);
 The Blackboard Jungle (Richard Brooks);
 The Rose Tattoo (Daniel Mann)

1956

ALFRED HITCHCOCK—THE WRONG MAN,
 THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH
 JOHN FORD—THE SEARCHERS
 ROBERTO ROSSELLINI—Fear
 GEORGE CUKOR—Bhowani Junction

NICHOLAS RAY—Bigger Than Life,
 Hot Blood
 DOUGLAS SIRK—All That Heaven Allows,
 There's Always Tomorrow, Battle Hymn
 FRITZ LANG—While the City Sleeps, Beyond
 a Reasonable Doubt
 KING VIDOR—War and Peace
 ROBERT ALDRICH—Attack, Autumn Leaves
 ALLAN DWAN—Slightly Scarlet, Hold Back
 the Night
 BUDD BOETTICHER—Seven Men from Now,
 The Killer Is Loose
 GERD OSWALD—Kiss Before Dying, The
 Brass Legend
 DON SIEGEL—Invasion of the Body Snatchers,
 Crime in the Streets
 RAOUL WALSH—A King and Four Queens,
 The Revolt of Mamie Stover
 VINCENTE MINNELLI—Lust for Life, Tea
 and Sympathy
 GEORGE STEVENS—Giant
 CECIL B. DEMILLE—The Ten Commandments
 LAURENCE OLIVIER—Richard III
 FRANK TASHLIN—The Girl Can't Help It,
 Hollywood or Bust
 STANLEY KUBRICK—The Killing
 JOSEPH H. LEWIS—The Seventh Cavalry
 FALSE REPUTATIONS: Baby Doll (Elia
 Kazan); Moby Dick (John Huston); Around
 the World in Eighty Days (Michael Ander-
 son); The King and I (Walter Lang); Ana-
 stasia (Anatole Litvak); Picnic, Bus Stop
 (Joshua Logan); Friendly Persuasion (Wil-
 liam Wyler); Invitation to the Dance (Gene
 Kelly); A Kid for Two Farthings, Trapeze
 (Carol Reed)

1957

JOHN FORD—THE WINGS OF EAGLES,
 THE RISING OF THE MOON
 JOSEF VON STERNBERG—JET PILOT
 DOUGLAS SIRK—WRITTEN ON THE
 WIND, Interlude
 JEAN RENOIR—PARIS DOES STRANGE
 THINGS
 SAMUEL FULLER—RUN OF THE ARROW,
 Forty Guns, China Gate
 GEORGE CUKOR—Les Girls, Wild Is the Wind
 OTTO PREMINGER—Saint Joan
 JOSEPH LOSEY—Time Without Pity
 NICHOLAS RAY—The True Story of Jesse
 James
 ALLAN DWAN—The River's Edge, The
 Restless Breed

GERD OSWALD—Crime of Passion, Fury at
Showdown, Valerie
BUDD BOETTICHER—The Tall T, Decision
at Sundown
DON SIEGEL—Baby Face Nelson
RAOUL WALSH—Band of Angels
VINCENTE MINNELLI—Designing Woman
LEO McCAREY—An Affair to Remember
BLAKE EDWARDS—Mister Cory
FRANK TASHLIN—Will Success Spoil Rock
Hunter?
JOSEPH H. LEWIS—The Halliday Brand
EDGAR G. ULMER—Daughter of Dr. Jekyll
PHIL KARLSON—The Brothers Rico
STANLEY DONEN—Funny Face, Kiss Them
for Me, The Pajama Game (with George
Abbott)
ANTHONY MANN—Men at War, The Tin Star
PAUL WENDKOS—The Burglar
ELIA KAZAN—A Face in the Crowd
ALEXANDER MACKENDRICK—Sweet Smell
of Success
BILLY WILDER—Love in the Afternoon
PRESTON STURGES—The French They Are
a Funny Race
FALSE REPUTATIONS: The Bridge on the
River Kwai (David Lean); Sayonara
(Joshua Logan); Paths of Glory (Stanley
Kubrick); Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison (John
Huston); Twelve Angry Men (Sidney Lumet);
A Hatful of Rain (Fred Zinnemann);
Edge of the City (Martin Ritt); Fear Strikes
Out (Robert Mulligan)

1958

ORSON WELLES—TOUCH OF EVIL
ALFRED HITCHCOCK—VERTIGO
DOUGLAS SIRK—TARNISHED ANGELS,
A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE
OTTO PREMINGER—BONJOUR TRISTESSE
NICHOLAS RAY—BITTER VICTORY
Wind Across the Everglades, Party Girl
JOHN FORD—The Last Hurrah
FRANK BORZAGE—China Doll
DON SIEGEL—The Line-Up, A Spanish Affair,
The Gun Runners
ARTHUR PENN—The Left Handed Gun
RENE CLEMENT—This Angry Age
BUDD BOETTICHER—Buchanan Rides Alone
RAOUL WALSH—The Naked and the Dead,
The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw
VINCENTE MINNELLI—Gigi, The Reluctant
Debutante
LEO McCAREY—Rally Round the Flag, Boys

ALLAN DWAN—The Enchanted Island
GERD OSWALD—Screaming Mimi, Paris
Holiday
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ—The Quiet
American
STANLEY DONEN—Indiscreet, Damn Yankees
(with George Abbott)
ANTHONY MANN—Man of the West
God's Little Acre
JOSEPH H. LEWIS—Terror in a Texas Town
BLAKE EDWARDS—This Happy Feeling,
The Perfect Furlough
FRANK TASHLIN—Rock-a-bye Baby,
Geisha Boy
PHIL KARLSON—Gunman's Walk
SIDNEY LUMET—Stage Struck
ROBERT WISE—I Want to Live
JOHN CROMWELL—The Goddess
FALSE REPUTATIONS: The Defiant Ones
(Stanley Kramer); Hot Spell (Daniel Mann);
Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, The Brothers Kara-
mazov (Richard Brooks); Separate Tables
(Delbert Mann); The Big Country (William
Wyler); The Roots of Heaven (John
Huston); The Key (Carol Reed); The
Horse's Mouth (Ronald Neame)

1959

MAX OPHULS—THE SINS OF LOLA
MONTES
HOWARD HAWKS—RIO BRAVO
DOUGLAS SIRK—Imitation of Life
JOHN FORD—The Horse Soldiers, Gideon of
Scotland Yard
ALFRED HITCHCOCK—North by Northwest
OTTO PREMINGER—Anatomy of a Murder,
Porgy and Bess
SAMUEL FULLER—The Crimson Kimono
KING VIDOR—Solomon and Sheba
FRANK BORZAGE—The Big Fisherman
BUDD BOETTICHER—Ride Lonesome,
Westbound
ROBERT ALDRICH—The Angry Hills,
Ten Seconds to Hell
VINCENTE MINNELLI—Some Came Running
RAOUL WALSH—A Private's Affair
FRANK CAPRA—A Hole in the Head
BILLY WILDER—Some Like It Hot
GEORGE STEVENS—The Diary of Anne Frank
DON SIEGEL—Hound Dog Man, Edge of
Eternity
FRANK TASHLIN—Say One for Me
BLAKE EDWARDS—Operation Petticoat
SIDNEY LUMET—That Kind of Woman

FALSE REPUTATIONS: Ben-Hur (William Wyler); Room at the Top (Jack Clayton); On the Beach (Stanley Kramer); Look Back in Anger (Tony Richardson); The Nun's Story (Fred Zinnemann); Suddenly, Last Summer (Joseph L. Mankiewicz)

1960

ALFRED HITCHCOCK—PSYCHO
JOHN FORD—Sergeant Rutledge
GEORGE CUKOR—Heller in Pink Tights, Let's Make Love, Song Without End (with Charles Vidor)
OTTO PREMINGER—Exodus
JOSEPH LOSEY—Chance Meeting
SAMUEL FULLER—Verboten!
VINCENTE MINNELLI—Bells Are Ringing, Home from the Hill
FRITZ LANG—Journey to the Lost City
BUDD BOETTICHER—The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond, Comanche Station
JOHN WAYNE—The Alamo
DON SIEGEL—Flaming Star
STANLEY DONEN—The Grass Is Greener; Once More, with Feeling; Surprise Package
RAOUL WALSH—Esther and the King
BLAKE EDWARDS—High Time
FRANK TASHLIN—CinderFella
HENRY HATHAWAY—North to Alaska, Seven Thieves
TAY GARNETT—The Night Fighters
EDGAR G. ULMER—Hannibal, The Amazing Transparent Man, Beyond the Time Barrier
PHIL KARLSON—Hell to Eternity, Key Witness
ELIA KAZAN—Wild River
BILLY WILDER—The Apartment
FALSE REPUTATIONS: Sons and Lovers (Jack Cardiff); The Sundowners (Fred Zinnemann); Elmer Gantry (Richard Brooks); Private Property (Leslie Stevens); The Entertainer (Tony Richardson)

1961

JOHN FORD—TWO RODE TOGETHER
LUIS BUNUEL—The Young One
SAMUEL FULLER—Underworld, U. S. A.
NICHOLAS RAY—The Savage Innocents, The King of Kings

GERD OSWALD—Brainwashed
ROBERT ALDRICH—The Last Sunset
FRANK CAPRA—Pocketful of Miracles
RAOUL WALSH—Marines, Let's Go
BLAKE EDWARDS—Breakfast at Tiffany's
ALLAN DWAN—The Most Dangerous Man Alive

JEROME ROBBINS & ROBERT WISE—West Side Story

GORDON DOUGLAS—The Sins of Rachel Cade
MARLON BRANDO—One Eyed Jacks
JERRY LEWIS—The Ladies' Man
PHIL KARLSON—The Young Doctors, The Secret Ways

ANTHONY MANN—El Cid

SETH HOLT—Scream of Fear

IRVIN KERSHNER—The Hoodlum Priest

ROBERT MULLIGAN—The Great Imposter

BYRON HASKIN—Armored Command

FALSE REPUTATIONS: Judgment at Nuremberg (Stanley Kramer); Splendor in the Grass (Elia Kazan); Fanny (Joshua Logan); The Hustler (Robert Rossen); The Misfits (John Huston); One, Two, Three (Billy Wilder); The Guns of Navarone (Jo Lee Thompson); Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (Karel Reisz); A Raisin in the Sun (Daniel Petrie)

1962

JOHN FORD—THE MAN WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE

OTTO PREMINGER—ADVISE AND CONSENT

ORSON WELLES—MISTER ARKADIN

HOWARD HAWKS—Hatari

ROBERT ALDRICH—What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?

VINCENTE MINNELLI—Two Weeks in Another Town, The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

GEORGE CUKOR—The Chapman Report

JOSEPH LOSEY—The Concrete Jungle

SAMUEL FULLER—Merrill's Marauders

DON SIEGEL—Hell Is for Heroes

FRANK TASHLIN—Bachelor Flat, It's Only Money

ARTHUR PENN—The Miracle Worker

BLAKE EDWARDS—Experiment in Terror

1962

LEO McCAREY—Satan Never Sleeps
SAM PECKINPAH—Ride the High Country, The
Deadly Companions
SIDNEY LUMET—Long Day's Journey Into
Night, A View from the Bridge
MERVYN LEROY—Gypsy, A Majority of One
PHIL KARLSON—Kid Galahad
CHARLES WALTERS—Jumbo
ROBERT SIODMAK—Escape from East Berlin

FALSE REPUTATIONS: The Manchurian
Candidate, All Fall Down, Bird Man of Al-
catraz (John Frankenheimer); A Taste of
Honey, The Loneliness of the Long Distance
Runner (Tony Richardson); The Longest
Day (Darryl Zanuck); Lonely Are the Brave
(David Miller); David and Lisa (Frank
Perry); Requiem for a Heavyweight (Ralph
Nelson); Billy Budd (Peter Ustinov); Law-
rence of Arabia (David Lean); Sweet Bird
of Youth (Richard Brooks); Lover Come
Back, That Touch of Mink (Delbert Mann);
Freud (John Huston); The Children's Hour
(William Wyler); The Music Man (Morton
Da Costa); Whistle Down the Wind (Bryan
Forbes)

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THE BIRDS

Peter Bogdanovich

THE BIRDS (Universal Pictures). Directed and produced in color by Alfred Hitchcock; screenplay by Evan Hunter, based on the short story by Daphne du Maurier; photography by Robert Burks; designed by Robert Boyle; sound consultant, Bernard Herrmann; edited by George Tomasini; 120 minutes. Cast: Rod Taylor, 'Tippi' Hedren, Jessica Tandy, Suzanne Pleshette, Veronica Cartwright, Ethel Griffies, Charles McGraw, Doreen Lang, Joe Mantell, Ruth McDevitt, Malcolm Atterbury, Karl Swenson.

The Birds could be called a hybrid of *Shadow of a Doubt* and *Psycho*. It combines the former's character-exploration with the latter's shock-effects, and emerges as one of Alfred Hitchcock's most striking and formidable achievements. On any level, a masterpiece.

Often experimental in its execution — there is no music, there are close to four hundred trickshots, all but a few completely indiscernible — *The Birds* is a modern fable about the complacency of Man and the uncertainty of his position in the universe. Life is going carelessly by, but out of nowhere comes a dreadful enemy — one that no amount of reasoning can put down. Without explanation, seemingly without reason, the enemy strikes and persists until it has won. Man is powerless under its force; his struggles, however valient (and Hitchcock feels that people show great bravery during times of crisis) are futile. *The Birds* is a fearful parable of the twentieth century.

Beginning in a light, almost leisurely fashion, Hitchcock daringly proceeds in this way for more than thirty minutes, introducing the characters, giving us time to get to know them: Taylor, a rugged, attractive lawyer; Hedren, a smart, sophisticated young woman, used to getting what she wants, and what she wants now is Taylor; Tandy, his mother, an outwardly strong, but destructively possessive woman who has been substituting her son for her dead husband in her affections; Pleshette, a matronly schoolteacher, who long ago lost out to Tandy, but sadly continues to love Taylor from a platonic distance; and, of course, the community, Bodega Bay, California, a pleasant, typical ocean-side village, cozy and quiet.

There are only minor indications in this early section of the catastrophe that is soon to envelope them all: a bird smashes against a door, the chickens are reported not to be eating, a seagull swoops down and pecks Hedren on the forehead, some crows gather on a wire. But then, with frightening force, the attacks begin in earnest: a children's birthday party is interrupted by a crazed flock of birds; a farmer is found dead in his ravaged bedroom, his eyes pecked out; leaving school, the children are chased down the road by birds; the menace builds and grows until, finally, the birds take over. The people are driven out of their homes, out of their world. *The Birds* is surely the most stunning vision of Judgement Day ever put on the screen.

Hitchcock calls the movie a fantasy, but it is not approached that way; reality is the keynote. There are no science-fictional overtones, the birds are all domestic — crows, seagulls, finches — the place is real, the people are true, there are no implausible rationalizations for the phenomenon, no pat explanations are introduced. This is part of the film's brilliance: it is happening and so you believe it. Such is the strength of Hitchcock's genius.

There are sequences in *The Birds* that will literally leave you limp. (That may sound like press-agent talk, but it is true.) The attic scene (which will become as famous as the shower scene in *Psycho*) in which Hedren is trapped and attacked by about a hundred crows is a tour-de-force of montage. Remember those primitive 3-D movies in which the directors tried to achieve audience reactions by having objects dart out at the viewer. This is contrived, obvious. In the attic scene, Hitchcock suspends one to such a degree that one finds oneself flinching as the birds fly into the camera. A fantastic sequence: I dare you to go unmoved.

And then there's the long sequence that begins with the chase of the children and continues into the town bar-and-grill, where the people slowly begin to realize what's going on. (This little scene is a gem in itself, the way it builds and changes colors and intensities.) And then the attack on the town: a gas-station attendant is knocked over, gas spills out and along the street, a man drops a lighted match, the gas is ignited, a car

is consumed, then a house. And the birds are still attacking: Hedren is caught in an outdoor telephone booth, birds crashing into the glass. Cut to an incredible long shot (a very high point of view) of the whole community with the little fire in the center. This is held for several moments. Silence. A bird flies into the frame and down toward the town. Then another. Then several more. They swoop down and down, and only their chilling, strident screams are heard. Simple, terrifying, the wrath of God.

Reviewers say it all the time: it's indescribable. But this movie is. The savage impact, the stag-

gering effects, the uncompromising intensity, the depth, the artistry. Let's stop calling Hitchcock a wry trickster, a great craftsman, an enterprising entertainer, the master of suspense. He's all that too. But, mainly, he is a consummate artist. His vision and personality is vivid and unique. *I Confess, The Wrong Man, Rear Window, The Trouble with Harry, Vertigo, Psycho, North by Northwest*. Decline? *The Birds* joins these other memorable Hitchcock works among the great movies in cinema history.

PETER BOGDANOVICH

HITCHCOCK AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

May 5-8: *THE PLEASURE GARDEN* (1925) with Virginia Valli, Miles Mander, Nita Naldi, John Stuart.

May 9-13: *THE LODGER* (1926) with Ivor Novello, June, Malcolm Keen, Arthur Chesney.

May 14-18: *THE RING* (1927) with Carl Brisson, Lillian Hall-Davies, Ian Hunter, Gordon Harker.

May 19-22: *THE FARMER'S WIFE* (1928) with Jameson Thomas, Lillian Hall-Davies, Gordon Harker.

May 23-24: *THE MANXMAN* (1929) with Carl Brisson, Malcolm Keen, Anny Ondra.

May 25-June 1: *BLACKMAIL* (1929) with Anny Ondra, John Longden, Sara Allgood, Cyril Ritchard.

June 2-3: *JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK* (1930) with Sara Allgood, Edward Chapman, Marie O'Neill, Barry Fitzgerald.

June 4-9: *MURDER* (1930) with Herbert Marshall, Norah Baring, Phyllis Konstam, Edward Chapman, Miles Mander.

June 10-13: *THE SKIN GAME* (1931) with Edmund Gwenn, Jill Edmond, John Longden, Helen Haye.

June 14-20: *RICH AND STRANGE (EAST OF SHANGHAI)* (1932) with Henry Kendall, Joan Barry, Betty Amann.

June 21-27: *THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS* (1935) with Robert Donat, Madeleine Carroll, Godfrey Tearle.

June 28-July 2: *THE SECRET AGENT* (1936) with John Gielgud, Madeleine Carroll, Peter Lorre, Robert Young.

July 3-6: *SABOTAGE (THE WOMAN ALONE)* (1936) with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, John Loder.

July 7-13: *YOUNG AND INNOCENT (THE GIRL WAS YOUNG)* (1937) with Nova Pilbeam, John Longden, Derrick De Marney.

July 14-20: *THE LADY VANISHES* (1938) with Michael Redgrave, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas, Dame May Whitty.

July 21-27: *FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT* (1940) with Joel McCrea, Herbert Marshall, Laraine Day, George Sanders, Edmund Gwenn, Robert Benchley.

July 28-31: *SUSPICION* (1941) with Cary Grant, Joan Fontaine, Cedric Hardwicke, Nigel Bruce.

Aug. 1-3: *SABOTEUR* (1942) with Robert Cummings, Priscilla Lane, Otto Kruger, Norman Lloyd.

Aug. 4-10: *SHADOW OF A DOUBT* (1943) with Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright, MacDonald Carey, Patricia Collinge.

Aug. 11-16: *LIFEBOAT* (1944) with Tallulah Bankhead, Walter Slezak, William Bendix, John Hodiak, Henry Hull.

Aug. 17-18: *REBECCA* (1940) with Laurence Olivier, Joan Fontaine, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, Nigel Bruce.

Aug. 19-20: *SPELLBOUND* (1945) with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, Leo G. Carroll.

Aug. 21-22: *NOTORIOUS* (1946) with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, Louis Calhern.

Aug. 23-24: **THE PARADINE CASE** (1947) with Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Valli, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan.

Aug. 24-31: **ROPE** (1948) with James Stewart, John Dall, Farley Granger, Cedric Hardwicke.

Sept. 1-7: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN** (1951) with Robert Walker, Farley Granger, Ruth Roman.

Sept. 8-9: **I CONFESS** (1953) with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Brian Aherne, O. E. Hasse, Karl Malden, Dolly Haas.

The auditorium will be devoted September 10-19 to the New York Film Festival.

Sept. 20-25: **DIAL M FOR MURDER** (1954) with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, John Williams.

Sept. 26-28: **REAR WINDOW** (1954) with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey, Thelma Ritter, Raymond Burr.

Sept. 29-Oct. 5: **TO CATCH A THIEF** (1955) with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, John Williams, Jessie Royce Landis. **BREAKDOWN** (1955) with Joseph Cotten; Hitchcock's first television film.

Oct. 6-8: **THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY** (1956) with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, Shirley MacLaine, Mildred Natwick. **REVENGE** (1955) with Vera Miles, Ralph Meeker; Hitch-

cock's second television film.

Oct. 9-12: **THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH** (1934) with Leslie Banks, Peter Lorre, Edna Best, Nova Pilbeam, Pierre Fresney.

Oct. 13-16: **THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH** (1956) with James Stewart, Doris Day, Brenda de Banzie, Bernard Miles, Daniel Gelin.

Oct. 17-19: **THE WRONG MAN** (1957) with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, Anthony Quayle.

Oct. 20-26: *Four Hitchcock Television Films*: **FOUR O'CLOCK** (1957) with E. G. Marshall; **ONE MORE MILE TO GO** (1957) with David Wayne; **LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER** (1958) with Barbara Bel Geddes; **BANG! YOU'RE DEAD** (1961) with Biff Elliott.

Oct. 27-Nov. 2: **VERTIGO** (1958) with James Stewart, Kim Novak, Barbara Bel Geddes.

Nov. 3-9: **NORTH BY NORTHWEST** (1959) with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Jessie Royce Landis, Leo G. Carroll.

Nov. 10-16: **PSYCHO** (1960) with Anthony Perkins, Janet Leigh, Vera Miles, John Gavin.

An illustrated monograph by Peter Bogdanovich on the career of Alfred Hitchcock, featuring an extensive interview with the director, has been published in conjunction with the series, and is entitled "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock."

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LETTER FROM LONDON AND PARIS

Mark Shivas

WHICH is the best of these two cities for filmgoing? February's *Cahiers du Cinema* includes a report from Bertrand Tavernier describing his athletic pursuit of old Allan Dwan movies in the northern marches of London, armed only with a copy of *What's On*. In London he at last sees Preminger's *Carmen Jones*, which Bizet's estate forbids to be shown in France. And so on. In Paris I see Renoir's *Golden Coach* with Magnani, made with English money, but never now shown in England.

But I am in Paris to see Orson Welles' latest film *The Trial*... It is playing in four places, and seems to be doing good business. Outside one of the cinemas where the French speaking version is on show, the name of Katina Paxinou is billed. But she is not visible anywhere in the film. In English version, all the male voices except for Anthony Perkins and Akim Tamiroff sound as though they had been dubbed by Welles himself; this, when I realize it at a second viewing, affects my appreciation of the film. So, after the first impact, does the other extraneous information I have gleaned about *The Trial*, either from watching it being made, or from reading about its making.

I am not going to talk here about *The Trial* as a good/ bad or great film. I am going to leave you to decide that when you see it. I am going to say something instead about the effect of this extraneous information. Because I watched *The Trial* during a brief period of its shooting in the Gare D'Orsay, a disused *fin de siecle* railway station in the middle of Paris, I know the original function of much of the decor that Welles used for the Law Court Offices in the film. For me it can never quite become the abstract world that Welles is aiming for, but just remain selected parts of a building that I know. I am aware, too, that pieces of the Gare D'Orsay have been joined with shots taken in Zagreb and in Spain: Joseph K's. world is thus a stateless nowhere, created from the juxtaposition of distant locations. But as I know some of the places, the nightmare effect is more complete: I know that if I walk around this corner in the Gare D'Orsay, I don't come upon this, but something else entirely. As I watch *The Trial*, this geography that I know has been changed: the effect is terrifying, a true

nightmare.

The dubbing makes another difference: as most of K's. male adversaries speak with the voice of Welles, the officers and personalities of the Law Court all become part of the same gigantic person. As played by Anthony Perkins, K. is unsympathetic to me—he is neurotic, inverted, attractive to women, yet unattracted by them except where they can be of use to him or provide a sympathetic listener. K's adversaries may be cruel, but they possess an appealing, dark sense of humor. They are reprehensible human beings who generate great sympathy—like Hank Quinlan in *Touch of Evil*, Arkadin, Macbeth, Kane, Othello, Frank Kindler in *The Stranger*. Thus the blackness of the Law that Kafka envisaged has been tempered by Welles; our attitude to Joseph K. has been charged. Any human being incarnated by Welles partakes of our sympathy, and now an abstract force represented by Welles and his voices also partakes of it. Thus the swing against K. is for me strengthened by my knowledge of the dubbing.

The great joy of my Paris stay was Claude Chabrol's *Landru*, his film about the famous spinster murderer of the 1914-18 era. Landru, a small, bearded, family man, seems to have been a lady-killer in both senses of the word. How to show this man on screen, a man whose name is now a myth? How to make him a human being, but also to make him a myth? Think of *Lawrence of Arabia*, which has so impressed the London critics. David Lean and Robert Bolt were so concerned with the celebrated contradictions, the legend of Lawrence, that they forgot to make him a believable man before our eyes. He does not exist within the film, and the audience has to use extraneous knowledge, gleaned from the numerous books on the subject, to fill the gaps.

The trouble is not that David Lean lacks an attitude towards Lawrence, but that he does not put enough on the screen for us to adopt a coherent interpretation of appearances for ourselves. Preminger in *Exodus* or in *Anatomy of a Murder* does not impose his view; he allows us to make up our own minds from the arguments presented to us. But he *does* present enough evidence, enough argument, for us to make a decision one way or another. Lean and Bolt have been

so anxious to show every side of Lawrence at one time or another that they have omitted to make him a whole man.

Landru manages to create a believable man for us to watch, yet at the same time to make our appreciation of him sufficiently distant to see him as the myth he later became. Chabrol does this by his use of color and decor, making the color meaningful in a Minnelli way by selecting a jarring note now and then, making us aware of violence we might otherwise forget, emphasizing the distance from present reality. The decor often has the look of theatre, the appearance of reconstruction. So we can watch a man in action, and yet be aware of looking back at the past. This dual aspect of *Landru*, and its remarkable manipulation of our emotions, makes it Chabrol's most successful film.

In London, *Lawrence* opened the same week as *Hatari!* and almost excluded the Hawks film from the reviews. Against such an 'intelligent' blockbuster, *Hatari!* stood little chance with the critics, but many papers found room to speak disparagingly of a Hawks 'cult', a cult which was apparently being fostered by articles in all the film magazines, by *Movie* calling him the only Great American Director along with Hitchcock, and by a season at the National Film Theatre. This 'fashionable' cult, supposedly supported by hundreds of breathless sophisticates at each showing, in fact only half filled the NFT on most nights of the season. Exceptions were *To Have and Have Not* and *Sergeant York*, mainly for Bogart and Cooper. A David Lean/Sam Spiegel cycle followed the Hawks season, and the theatre was packed almost every night. No mention this time of a cult. Presumably the audiences have to be small if there's going to be a cult...

In another rather similar week to the *Lawrence/Hatari!* week, *Critic's Choice* was passed over in favor of Lindsay Anderson's *This Sporting Life*, hailed as the advent of Greatness in the British cinema. While *This Sporting Life* is good enough to make Tony Richardson's films look like the effete inadequacies they are, it doesn't show us enough about its characters to make its points clear: Rachel Roberts as Mrs. Hammond is an individual, neurotic woman, but Richard Harris as Frank Machin is little more than a forceful being without idiosyncrasies. Anderson shows too little — too little of the reasons for his central character's fall from grace at his football club — and too much — too much in a restaurant scene

where Machin insults the waiters in a typical Young Angry against Stuffed Shirt fashion. Anderson also goes in for some Bergmanish symbolism, for effects that work on no level but that of symbolism.

In the resulting drizzle, *Critic's Choice* was passed over as another efficient wise-crack comedy and few critics took much notice of the serious theme under that smooth surface, inside that gag-laden story. *Critic's Choice* works first as a comprehensive story, as comprehensible characterization, and then on other levels. *This Sporting Life* and *Lawrence* do not work completely on any one level.

The British scene isn't black, though: Joseph Losey and Clive Donner have both been working on stories by Harold Pinter. Losey's is called *The Servant*, and is an original screenplay by Pinter from a novel by Robin Maugham: it stars Dirk Bogarde and Sarah Miles. Donner has filmed *The Caretaker* with a strange financial set-up which includes backing from Lord Birkett, Elizabeth Taylor and Peter Sellers. Another director working in Britain is the Finnish Caspar Wrede, who also directs in the theatre. His *Private Potter* with Tom Courtney and a 70-minute B-feature called *The Barber of Stamford Hill* reveal an interest in unfashionable subjects; a pleasing directness and lack of fuss.

In London: *Sundays and Cybele* lasted no time at all; *Zazie* was a smash; *How the West was Won* sold out for months; *Vivre sa Vie* did well; *Alexander's Ragtime Band* was revived after the number of new Fox movies ran short: Rossellini's *Vanina Vanini* was not press shown and ran three weeks under the title *The Betrayer*; *Gypsy* was disliked in the suburbs and was followed in town by *Summer Holiday*, a British musical with less style than Madame Rose's Toreadorables: it was hailed as a 'Breakthrough'. M.G.M. followed Hitchcock's *Rope* with *North by Northwest*. Four Hitchcock revivals have now played in exclusive West-End cinemas in the past year.

In Paris: Georges Franju's adaptation of Mauriac's *Thérèse Desqueyroux* united the styles of the film-maker and novelist with staggering success and pleased the fans of both men; Godard may have made four films or parts of films within as many months; *La Guerre des Boutons* still played to full houses. Final note: Les Scopitones (juke-boxes with visuals) are becoming popular; François Mars on *Cahiers* put one among his top ten films of 1962.

COFFEE, BRANDY & CIGARS XXXIX

Herman G. Weinberg and Gretchen Weinberg

*But each spectator looked in himself for the
miraculous child*

Century O century of clouds.

Guillaume Apollinaire

IN case you ever wondered how *Vampyr* by Dreyer came out looking so eerie, now it can be told. The entire cast and crew unknowingly ate horse meat while quartered at the Chateau de Courtempierre during the filming. "We were being served delicious meals," said Baron Nicolas de Gunzburg (who as Julian West played David Gray in the film) recently over lunch. "And everyone was saying how good the food was. Whereupon the local chef, obviously proud of his prowess, made the startling revelation."

The animal sounds in *Vampyr* (cat, dog, rooster, etc.) were all done by people specially engaged to record them. They were professional imitators.

Potemkin had no greater admirer than John Grierson, but at the Museum of Modern Art last year he said (smilingly), "The reason *Potemkin* was cut so fast was because the Russians were short of film." Then chuckling, "And they called it art."

There is a *Passion of St. Matthew* by Bach, a *Passion of Joan of Arc* by Dreyer, and a *Passion of Charlie Chaplin*, a book by Edouard Raymond, Paris, 1929.

Thought while seeing *Captaines Courageous* again on TV recently: We would rather hear fish flapping in a boat than most dialogue in motion pictures.

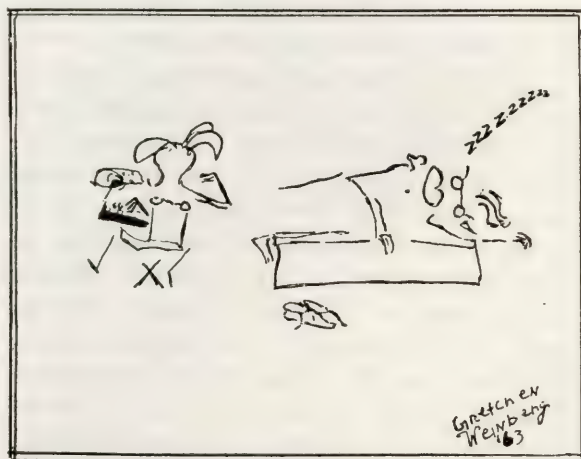
While on the subject of dialogue in motion pictures, most of it sounds like what T.S. Eliot meant when he complained, "I've got to use words when I talk to you."

Apropos TV, we would like to nominate the animated cartoon signature of WNDT (Channel 13) as the most charming and witty contribution of TV *sui generis* to date.

You wouldn't think it possible for anyone to be able to find a new facet in "Mack, the Knife" until you hear Louis Armstrong deliver the song. It blazes with new fire.

"Everything which touches upon death," said Champfleury, "is of an astounding gaiety." This bizarre statement nevertheless finds its echo in *Monsieur Verdoux* and *La Regle de Jeu*, especially in the "Dance Macabre" scene in the latter where the piano keys play the piece by themselves while the big fat lady pianist looks on in disbelief (it is a pianola). One of the best moments in all of Renoir. Dio Cassius tells of the Emperor Domitian, who would invite his friends into a room draped from floor to ceiling in black. At the head of the couches were pillars like tombstones with the guests' names written on them. Naked boys, painted black, danced among them, and while the terror-stricken guests looked on, the silence was broken only by the aging Emperor recounting savage stories . . . The "wild" parties in *La Dolce Vita*, indeed!

Robert Payne in his book on Chaplin speaks of the little tramp surviving because he possesses a magic talisman, a flower. The man with the flower — what's happened to him in the movies? Are they really better off without him? Vide Fairbanks in *The Gaucho*, the young Indio in the *Zapotec Village* sequence of *Que Viva Mexico*, Gary Cooper in *Morocco*, Chaplin in



The Weinbergs at Work on this Article

City Lights, etc. "What secrets does the flower possess?" asks Payne. "Some clue, perhaps, was provided by Coleridge: 'If a man could pass through Paradise in a dream, and have a flower presented to him as a pledge that his soul had really been there, and if he found this flower in his hand when he awoke — Ay! and what then?'"

Speaking of Fairbanks, Sr., was there ever a more magical one-shot introduction to a screen character than the first appearance of the languid Don Diego galvanized into the mercurial Zorro? (*The Mark of Zorro*) The flat black hat, black domino mask and black cape held chin-high, the whole apparition in black suddenly flecked with a puff of white smoke from his cigarette.

They tell a true story of the Hollywood producer studying a screenplay by Maxwell Anderson for a South Seas picture and complaining to Anderson that no one would know the meaning of the word "buffoon" that was in the dialogue. To prove it, he called the head of the studio, hung up, and smiled approvingly at Anderson. "It's OK," said the producer. "You can keep it in. J. B. knew what it meant — it's what they call those storms they have in the tropics."

In the Twenties, a famous couturier designed a dress called "Five to Seven." Are you listening, *Cleo*, *From Five to Seven*?

Do you know where Renoir and his scenarists got the title of *La Grande Illusion*? From a book by Norman Angel, English pacifist and 1933 Nobel Peace Prize winner. The book was published in 1908 and was called, "The Great Illusion."

The movie, *Lawrence of Arabia*, certainly makes no attempt to explain the "mystery" of T. E. Lawrence, though something of this enigma comes through in his philosophical "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Might one hazard the theory that in his dedication to an ideal he was a kind of modern Parsifal?

In the Hommage to Stroheim Brazil Film Festival brochure of Feb. 1954 (a copy of which is in the Stroheim file at the Museum of Modern Art) is reproduced a still of *Greed* illustrating the line in Norris' *McTeague* describing the beating up of Trina by McTeague to get her hoard of goldpieces: "Then it became abominable." The still shows the dead Trina on the floor, her face pitifully swollen out of all recognition by bruising

— the most harrowing still we've ever seen.

The French film, *Monkey in Winter*, regarded in some quarters as a comedy, is ineffably sad and wistful and therein lies its merit, not in its surface risibilities which are all too obvious. It is feverish with an ache for youth and the brassiness of youth, for far off horizons and distant shores, for nostalgic memories of what Kay Boyle called "days worn savagely, like parrot feathers". This is its *raison d'être*, not the clowning between Gabin and Belmondo. It is a threnody of lost love and the long dark night of resignation.

T. E. Lawrence, before undertaking a flamboyant escapade like blowing up a railway or making an attack, would announce he was putting on a "cinema show." (Incidentally, the glasses left dangling after the motorcycle accident that killed Lawrence (in *Lawrence of Arabia*) was, of course, a conscious or unconscious echo of the ship's doctor's glasses in *Potemkin* dangling from the rigging after he's been thrown overboard.)

When John Huston commissioned Jean Paul Sartre to do a screenplay on Freud, Sartre spent 8 months in research and came up with a script of 450 pages. Huston returned it, asking Sartre to cut it. Sartre then returned a revised script of 870 pages. Returned to him again, Sartre revised it further and this time it came to a thousand pages. Sartre admitted a film of this script would run at least 7 or 8 hours. It was not used, naturally, but in that word, "naturally", lies much of the lost hopes and shattered dreams of what the cinema might have been . . .

Both Anna and Ernst Freud, children of Sigmund Freud, protested to Huston against making the film, but received no reply from the director. (Anna Freud is Vice-President of the International Psychoanalytical Society.) The only true "Freudian" film is still Pabst's 1926 *Secrets of a Soul*, made with the master's approval from an actual case history, supervised by two of his assistants.

When Huston shows the young Freud at a class of the French physician, Charcot, who first demonstrated the use of hypnosis in treating diseases of the nervous system, he reproduces a well-known painting of that historic moment — exactly what Griffith did almost a half century before in composing shots after famous historical paintings. Huston also repeats one of the dream sequences from *Secrets of a Soul*, the man returning to the womb, but does come up with

one startling and original scene, the revelation by the girl-patient under hypnosis that it was not a hospital where her father died but a brothel. Pictorially this is very effectively done.

From the N. Y. Times review of Stroheim's *The Devil's Passkey* (the least known of all his films), Aug. 9, 1920: "Nevertheless his work, in many of its details, is different and new, if compared with that of the great majority of directors, for he has realized that the substance of the photoplay is the dramatic motion picture, not the subtitle, nor the spectacular scene, nor the beauty or tricks of any star, nor the sentiment or surprises of any story, but images that have meaning, that are what they are in a photoplay because they are an integral part of it, telling in themselves some essential incident of the story, exposing suddenly some unexpected, but consistent, or anticipated, but not obvious, side of the character of one of the people in the plot. It is by his accomplishments in his images, therefore, that his story is unfolded forcefully and his characters are definite and comprehensible individuals." And this, mind you, after only two films, for only *Blind Husbands*, made the year before, had preceded *Devil's Passkey*.

Riccoboni, the authority on the *commedia dell'arte*, stated, "The good comedian marches in the middle of the road; the great comedian wanders along the edge of a precipice." Which brings us, in case readers of FILM CULTURE missed it, to Chaplin's statement on the occasion last Summer of his being made a Doctor of Letters by Oxford University: "I am finishing the script of a new comedy. It's something I've had in mind for many years. It has, in fact, been half-written for the last ten years. It's real slapstick burlesque. I have some very funny business which I've been keeping and cooking up . . . I have no bitter feeling about America now. It is not a thing one can carry on. Some of my best friends are Americans. I like them. They come off very well in my book. Writing a book is like developing a photograph, and they come out very well. What happened to me, I can't condemn or criticize the country for that. There are many admirable things about America and about their system too. I have no ill feeling. I

carry no hate. My only enemy is time . . . Nuclear weapons? I think the scientists are more irresponsible than the politicians. They have created this Frankenstein monster and placed it in the hands of third-rate men. It is outrageous, yet we stand for it. That goes for the whole world."

Oscar Levant on the Jack Paar show . . . obviously still suffering the effects of his recent illness, tried gallantly to be the mordant wit he was expected to be on the program but it was sad to hear the old jokes about his hypochondria from a man in so dolorous a physical state. (He kept shaking throughout the 8 or 10 minutes he was on.) Then Paar asked him to play and the audience vociferously applauded. He sat down at the piano and gave them what he thought they also expected from him — a blues by Gershwin, the ubiquitous cigarette dangling from his lips. Then he suddenly stubbed out his cigarette, cast off the mantle of clown and jazz pianist, ignoring the audience, and was alone with himself. The shaking momentarily ceased and he played a brief canon by Bach, paused a second, and now entirely alone with himself, the real Oscar Levant, which is to say an extraordinarily genial and civilized human being, went immediately into the *lentement* passage of Mompou's *Jeunes Filles au Jardin*, which the composer describes in the score: "*Chantez avec la fraîcheur de l'herbe humide . . .*" He played a dozen or so bars, got up and without a word left. But he had turned his appearance, which might have been a difficult few minutes for all concerned, into something exquisite.

There is a line in Kipling's *Kim* that perfectly characterizes Norman McLaren at his work-table: "A man with a green shade over his eyes sat at a table and, one by one, with white hands picked up globules of light from a tray before him, threaded them on a glancing silken string, and hummed to himself the while."

The current plethora of "mid'ands" films from England are not as new in theme as they seem to be. A decade ago, the excellent *Hobson's Choice* by David Lean provided the prototype. It even contained the prophetic line: "There's always room at the top."

Hail to Hans Richter on the occasion of his 75th birthday on April 6th — it isn't easy to achieve such a thing with the grace, aplomb and good humor with which he has managed it, a lesson to us all.

In Memoriam: Monte Blue, 73. He was half American Indian and began his movie career in westerns. Once he even played Danton in *Orphans of the Storm*. Then Lubitsch cast him in a trio of silken comedies, *The Marriage Circle*, *Kiss Me Again* and *So This is Paris*, in which he was perfectly at home in the sophisticated comedy of manners, the delightful roles for which he will be remembered. His last years were spent doing publicity for a circus. *Ave atque vale!*

One of the best movie songs was Friedrich Hollaender's "The Ruins of Berlin" from Billy Wilder's *Foreign Affair*, sung by Dietrich in it. Strangely, it never got much of a play and was never recorded. It has that indefinable *morbidité* of the best of its kind that once heard is not forgotten.

And, of course — *The Trial*, the new Orson Welles film. That someone had the courage to do it at all is the first miracle. The second is its overall faithfulness to an unrelenting book, by now too familiar to require recounting here. Updating it has made it an attack on the police state as we have come to know it, a "contemporary nightmare," as Welles puts it. It will certainly be called a nightmare or Wellesian brainstorm and worse in some quarters, where to be different than the norm is to be subversive or eccentric. But why expect a film, like any other film, from Welles? Who is experimenting more with the medium than he? Who "plays it safe" less than he? (We refer to film makers over the last two decades.) Antonioni? Resnais? Bergman? They are makers of *chic* films, for after dinner conversation. Welles' films, whatever they are, are never *chic* — they never have been popular enough for that. They are the work of the most individual new cinema talent since the days of the cinema's first individualists — Griffith, Stroheim, Eisenstein, Clair, Lubitsch, Lang, Sternberg, Murnau and all the rest. (Those same hostile quarters smirk at the word cinema.) Withal, we do not think *The Trial* is a fully realized work by Welles. Perhaps it is impossible to do it with-

in the confines of a film of normal length. Perhaps it is impossible to do it in a film directed at a wide audience through the usual commercial channels like, say, *Freud* or *Long Day's Journey into Night*, *Marienbad* or *Eclipse*. There are other things, too. For once the faces in a Welles film are not so uncannily right as usual. (Unfortunately, Anthony Perkins least of all. He suited *Psycho* better.) There is virtuosity for its own sake (unusual for Welles) but, of course, eye-smiting, delirious virtuosity, even if the mind is not enthralled. Yet there is one right face in it — that of Jeanne Moreau, as Welles sees her in the role. And why should one even cavil at virtuosity for its own sake in a medium, particularly today, when any kind of virtuosity is so rare? But a film of *The Trial* should leave us as shattered as the book does. Why else did Kafka write it? But Welles is too much of an artist not to know what he is doing and what he is up against. Thus, there are frightful things in the film, terrible to see, disquieting things, too, that bother one, and bizarre things, and some withering humor, too, all of which take place in the arcana of today's world, the faceless, anonymous structures, the hideous conglomerations of bureaucracy, business, law, religion and mean dwellings housing people cowed and afraid. For the most part, outside the thread of the story involving the principals, there are either masses of people or none at all and for long stretches the story seems to be taking place in some kind of awful vacuum which, as far as Joseph K. (Kafka himself) is concerned, is certainly the truth. These effects are all perfectly realized. So, as a valiant try to do something no one else would have the guts to do, *The Trial* should absolutely be seen, as well as for those parts of it that are truly Kafka's nightmare world which history has shown us is only too true. Finally, we're told that all the voices of the male characters in the story, other than that of Perkins and Tamiroff, are those of Welles himself.

The amount of film disintegration appears to be less at the Cinémathèque Française than anywhere else. Says Henri Langlois, its passionately dedicated curator: "You can't just keep them in cans in the vaults. You must take them out of the cans periodically, let them "breathe," put them

on a rewind and loosen them up by unwinding them. In short, love them and they will respond . . . they will respond."

In reviewing *Love at Twenty*, Jonas Mekas mentioned the "weightlessness of Truffaut's direction" — a felicitous image to which we heartily subscribe. Films can be divided into those that would float and those that would sink. The flight of the human spirit is weightless, and the more winged this flight the surer its immortality.

After seeing *Love and Larceny* in which Vittorio Gassman is so perfectly wonderful in half a dozen larcenous roles, we are convinced that he is the one to rescue Monica Vitti from the dour Antonioni. Monicelli or De Sica to direct from some wacky scenario by Di Fillippo, or one of those other long suffering but irrepressible comic spirits with which the Italian cinema is so rife, which would give the Vitti a real chance to display her high comic gifts. Gassman and Vitti, *vis à vis*, what a combination!

Following upon the vogue for books of old (usually silent) movie stills with facetious captions to titillate morons comes word that Desilu, the TV producers, will release a series, "Fractured Flickers," consisting of silent film classics cut to 30 minutes to which have been grafted lip synchronized "topical" soundtracks. Among the 26 films acquired for this gruesome and witless operation are the Lon Chaney *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, Barrymore's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Valentino's *Blood and Sand*, Fairbanks' *Mark of Zorro*, Keaton's *The General*, etc.

The late eminent American violinist, Albert Spalding, once said, "The rhythm should be going on inside the mind of the player long before he puts the bow down on the string to play the first note." The sun-drenched vision of Monet facing an empty canvas, the sad laughter of Cervantes facing a blank sheet of paper, the ardent fervor of the youthful Eisenstein intoxicated by the October revolution . . . All art is a fever in which the heart beats faster and this overstrained beating starts *before* the first brush stroke, *before* the first word is put on paper, the first note set down on a score, the first line written for a scenario . . .

BOOKS

EISENSTEIN DRAWINGS. 225 pp. Ill. Text in Russian, French, English. Moscow, 1961.

THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT by Hedda Hopper, with James Brough. 331 pp. Ill. Doubleday & Co., New York, 1963, \$4.95.

THE BEST REMAINING SEATS (The Story of the Golden Age of the Movie Palace, by Ben M. Hall. Foreword by Bosley Crowther. 258 pp. Ill. Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., New York, 1962. \$15.00.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? (An Episode out of a Fabulous Broadway Career) by Jed Harris. 154 pp. Doubleday & Co., 1963. \$3.75.

The director of *Potemkin* would have earned an approving smile from Daumier as a graphic artist, not to mention Forain, Steinlen and Felecián Rops, all of whom would have acknowledged a colleague. The case is unique. Only the example of Chaplin as a composer of his own film music parallels it. The book is divided into general drawings, theatre sketches, film drawings. The general drawings encompass satirical vignettes of the bourgeoisie, aristocracy, circus life, *commedia dell'arte*, self-caricatures and others, parodies of artistic styles, dancers, jugglers, mythological and classical types, vaudeville and "just people," with the wide latitude the latter gave him. The theatre sketches, costume and scene designs were for actual stage productions and the film drawings (often with marginal notes by the director) for *Que Viva Mexico*, *Alexander Nevsky* and *Ivan the Terrible* show how closely Eisenstein realized them in his films. All the drawings are in color. There are many production stills, too, showing E. at work. There is considerable illuminating text, also, including an essay, "How I Learned to Draw," by Eisenstein. Often the style, always sure, always articulate, delineated with the utmost delicacy of line, suggests Picasso in his classical period. The satirical edge is sharp and knowing, true and palpable in its effect. Most of all it reveals again E's marvelous sense of humor (and even poetry, that *rara avis*, wherever you find it). Even the dust-jacket has its treasure — an adorable self-caricature of the artist as a half-child, too shy to look up . . . in which there is also revelation. An enchanting book.

Don't bypass Hedda Hopper's book for the

usual obvious reasons. She may not be Hollywood's female Samuel Pepys but she did know practically everybody and got around quite a lot. And as a female Petronius of both high and low life among the raffish lot of movie people her book may not be literature, but there are many revelations in it, and they must all be, as she promises in her title, true — or her lawyer would be pretty busy by now outwitting process servers. If you read Ezra Goodman's (as you should have) "The 50 Year Decline and Fall of Hollywood" (is that what it was called?) I don't see why you shouldn't read this. It fills in many important gaps even in that harrowing working over the film capitol (*olavasholem*).

The Best Remaining Seats (usually in the balcony) echoes a familiar cry from ushers of movie cathedrals of a bygone era, when the movies were *really* doing business. This is the story of the theatres themselves and their rise and florescence from nickelodeons to the frenzied hanging gardens of Babylon they became at their peak, with a special accent on the contribution of the late Sam Rothafel ("Roxy") to this incredible genre. You can say what you want about the fantastic decor of their interiors, which staggers the mind, and marvel at the care (and, yes, love) that went into putting on a show in those days, with stage presentations and all, but compared with going to the movies in those days, what passes for it today is a dark and hollow laugh. Gone are the rainbows and the songs and the full-throated organs and all the dream-stuff and star-dust, romance and glamour. The Roxy Theatre is now occupied by an elaborate hamburger joint, just like Carnegie Hall had a hot-dog stand in its ribs. That's today. It is a book that will shake the strongest with uncontrollable emotion as page after page of illustrations of those alarming and wonderful interiors, each more rapturous than the other, pass before one's eyes. And the text details it all in a story not a whit less enthralling than any in the Arabian Nights. An absolute must for all true movie aficionados, to be wept over on chill, rainy nights, while staring into the fire, glass in hand . . . wondering about this miserable thing called "progress."

Leaves a non-film book, but one so drenched with the witchery of "show business" that I do not see how anyone even remotely connected with any of its many facets can resist it — Jed Harris' *Watchman, What of the Night?* It is a short book and limits itself to recounting how *The Heiress*,

dramatized by Augustus and Ruth Goetz from Henry James' novel, "Washington Square," tried-out in Boston, flopped, opened in New York with a new cast and a new director (Jed Harris) and, despite a devastating panning by both the Times and Tribune's drama critics (Atkinson and Barnes), went on to become a resounding success and one of the high points of the American theatre. Now you would think from this: a success story, so what? But everything depends on the storyteller and in this case it is that really by now legendary character, Jed Harris, than which there was no more magical theatrical producer-director in the American theatre. (*The Royal Family, The Front Page, Serena Blandish, Our Town, Broadway*, etc.) As always, it is the nuances that count, and this little book is almost *all nuance*, so deeply has Harris felt what he had to say, even looking back after all these years. You can warm yourself at his fire, even if all else around you is cold . . .

H.G.W.

INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVALS 1963

Bordighera, Italy (specialized films, competitive)	March 10-19
Mar Del Plata, Argentina (competitive)	March 13-23
Oberhausen, W. Germany (document., experimental; competitive)	Febr. 18-23
Cartagena, Colombia (non-competitive)	March 1-7
Milan, Italy (sales market for theatrical, documentary & TV films)	April
Valladolid, Spain (religious & "human value" films; competitive)	April 15-22
Fifth American Film Festival, New York (non-theatrical films; competitive)	May 1-4
Midwest Film Festival (experimental films; competitive, Cannes, France (competitive)	Apr. 28-May 5
Asian Film Festival, Tokyo (Asian films only)	May 10-23
Melbourne, Australia (competitive)	Apr. 15-19
Annecy, France (animated films only; compet.)	May 31-June 15
Sydney, Australia (non-competitive)	June 6-10
San Sebastian, Spain (competitive)	June 7-20
Berlin, Germany (competitive)	June
Moscow, Russia	June 21-July 2
Porretta Terme Cinema Festival (competitive)	July 7-21
Vancouver, Canada (non-compet., except for documentaries & children's films)	July
Locarno, Switzerland (competitive)	July
Edinburgh, Scotland (non-compet.)	Aug. 18-Sept. 1
Venice, Italy (competitive)	Aug. - Sept.
Bergamo, Italy (films on art & experimental films; competitive)	September
Nice, France (aeronautical films only; compet.)	Sept. 16-22
Cork, Ireland (non-compet. for features & compet. for shorts)	Sept. 15-22
Trento, Italy (specialized films; competitive)	October
Mannheim, Germany (documentaries; compet.)	October
London, England (non competitive)	October
San Francisco, U. S. A. (competitive; features & experimental films.	Oct. 30-Nov. 12
Mexico City & Acapulco, Mexico (non-compet.)	December

F.C. MOVIE RATINGS

RATINGS: 0 (poor) 3 (very good)
1 (fair) 4 (excellent)
2 (good) 5 (exceptional)

In order of New York Openings

December 1962:

	Peter Bogdanovich	Jonas Mekas	Andrew Saris	George Fenin	William Everson	Adolfas Mekas	H. G. Weinberg	Arlene Croce	Dwight Macdonald	Amos Vogel	Rudy Franchi	Parker Tyler
FREUD, John Huston		0	0	2		0	1	0	1	2	0	3
THE LOVERS OF TERUEL, Raymond Rouleau			0					0		1	0	0
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, David Lean	1		0	3	4		3		4			
ELECTRA, M. Caccoyannis		0	0	4			0		1	3	1	2
ECLIPSE, Antonioni		5	1	4	0	4	0	1	1	5	4	4
THE LION, Jack Cardiff			0									
THE PASSWORD IS COURAGE, A. & V. Stone			1								3	
IN SEARCH OF THE CASTAWAYS, R. Stevenson				0	1						2	
ARTURO'S ISLAND, Damiano Damiani											2	
WHO'S GOT THE ACTION? Daniel Mann			0								0	
TARAS BULBA, J. Lee Thompson			0	0				0				
DAVID AND LISA, Frank Perry	0	1	0	3				0	3	3	1	
JUMBO, Charles Walters			2	0				1			3	
THE RELUCTANT SAINT, Edward Dmytryk			0	0					0			
NO EXIT, Tad Danielewski		0						0				
THE STORY OF JOSEPH & HIS BRETHREN												
GAY PURR-EE, Abe Levitow for UPA				0						0		
ESCAPE FROM EAST BERLIN, R. Siodmak			1									
THE SINGER NOT THE SONG			0	0								
SWORDSMEN OF SIENA, Etienne Perier				0								
THE GREAT CHASE (compilation)					2							
January 1963:												
NIGHT IS MY FUTURE, Ingmar Bergman									0	3		
PLAYTIME, Francois Moreuil			0								1	
7 CAPITAL SINS: LAZINESS, Godard	4	4	5			2				4		
LUST, Jacques Demy	2	2	2			0				4		
GREED, Claude Chabrol	1	0	3			0				3		
ANGER, Sylvain Dhomme-Ionesco	0	1	0			1				4		
ENVY, Ed Molinaro	0	0	0			0				4		
GLUTTONY, Ph. De Broca	0	0	0			0				5		
PRIDE, Roger Vadim	0	0	0			0				4		
DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES, Blake Edwards	3	1	2	1								
THE BAD SLEEP WELL, Kurosawa		2		3		2	1			3	2	2
40 POUNDS OF TROUBLE, Norman Jewison			0	0								
SODOM AND GOMORRAH, Robert Aldrich	2	2	1	0							1	
TERM OF TRIAL, Peter Glenville	0		0						0			
MONKEY IN WINTER, Verneuil							3	1	2			5

F. C. MOVIE RATINGS

RATINGS: 0 (poor) 3 (very good)
1 (fair) 4 (excellent)
2 (good) 5 (exceptional)

In order of New York Openings

January 1963:

THE RAVEN, Roger Corman

February 1963:

LOVE AND LARCENY, Dino Risi

CROSS OF THE LIVING, Yvan Govar

LOVE AT TWENTY: Truffaut

Andrzej Wajda

Marcel Ophuls

Renzo Rossellini

Shintaro Ishihara

SON OF FLUBBER, R. Stevenson

A CHILD IS WAITING, Cassavetes

TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD, R. Mulligan

THE HOOK, George Seaton

THE ELUSIVE CORPORAL, Renoir

THE QUARE FELLOW, Arthur Dreifuss

THE TRIAL, Orson Welles

DIAMOND HEAD, Guy Green

FOLLOW THE BOYS, Richard Thorpe

KILL OR CURE, George Pollock

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! Norman Taurog

March 1963:

KID GALAHAD, Phil Karlson

PAPA'S DELICATE CONDITION, G. Marshall

THE WAR LOVER, Ph. Leacock

CONSTANTINE AND THE CROSS, L. de Felice

A GIRL NAMED TAMIKO, John Sturges

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD Hurst

FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES, Nanni Loy

FIVE MILES TO MIDNIGHT, Anatole Litvak

MADAME, Christian Jacque

LE AMICHE, Antonioni

THE BALCONY, Joseph Strick

THE COURTSHIP OF EDDIE'S FATHER, Minnelli

THE BIRDS, Hitchcock

HOW THE WEST WAS WON: John Ford

George Marshall

Henry Hathaway

	Peter Bogdanovich	Jonas Mekas	Andrew Saris	George Fenin	William Everson	Adolfas Mekas	H. G. Weinberg	Arlene Croce	Dwight Macdonald	Amos Vogel	Rudy Franchi	Parker Tyler
THE RAVEN, Roger Corman				1	2						4	
LOVE AND LARCENY, Dino Risi		0	0			1	2		3			
CROSS OF THE LIVING, Yvan Govar												
LOVE AT TWENTY: Truffaut	4	4	0			4	4		5	5	5	3
Andrzej Wajda	3	3	0			5	1		5	5	2	3
Marcel Ophuls	2	0	0			0			3	3	4	3
Renzo Rossellini	0	0	0			0			0	0	0	0
Shintaro Ishihara	0	0	0			0			0	0	0	1
SON OF FLUBBER, R. Stevenson				0	1							
A CHILD IS WAITING, Cassavetes		1			1			0				
TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD, R. Mulligan	2		0	2								
THE HOOK, George Seaton			0									
THE ELUSIVE CORPORAL, Renoir	5	3	5			3	1		1	4	5	2
THE QUARE FELLOW, Arthur Dreifuss		0	0				0					
THE TRIAL, Orson Welles	5	5	3	2		4	5	0	0	4	5	3
DIAMOND HEAD, Guy Green			0	0								
FOLLOW THE BOYS, Richard Thorpe				0								
KILL OR CURE, George Pollock												
GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! Norman Taurog				0								
KID GALAHAD, Phil Karlson		2	2									
PAPA'S DELICATE CONDITION, G. Marshall				0								
THE WAR LOVER, Ph. Leacock		0	0									
CONSTANTINE AND THE CROSS, L. de Felice												
A GIRL NAMED TAMIKO, John Sturges			0									
THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD Hurst		0	0									
FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES, Nanni Loy		0	0	3			0			2		
FIVE MILES TO MIDNIGHT, Anatole Litvak		0	0	0								
MADAME, Christian Jacque	0		0									
LE AMICHE, Antonioni	2	4	3	2		3		4	4	4	4	
THE BALCONY, Joseph Strick		0	0	3	0							
THE COURTSHIP OF EDDIE'S FATHER, Minnelli	3	2	2								4	
THE BIRDS, Hitchcock	5	5	5	1		3		4			5	
HOW THE WEST WAS WON: John Ford	5	4	4	0					0		5	
George Marshall	1	1	1	0					0		2	
Henry Hathaway	0	1	1	0					0		3	

AN INTERVIEW WITH SEYMOUR STERN

Seymour Stern

FILM CULTURE, for reasons explained in its last issue, No. 27, has arranged for Seymour Stern to interview himself. Here is the next installment of the Interview, a book review.

STERN: What do you think of the new book by Edward Wagenknecht, *"The Movies in the Age of Innocence"*? Will you make some comments on it?

STERN: Yes, as a matter of record and, also, because I think the key points made throughout the book should not be permitted to go unchallenged.

"The Movies in the Age of Innocence" is published by the University of Oklahoma Press. It has 256 pages of text proper; many footnotes; and two indices (names and titles), totalling to 27 pages.

Edward Wagenknecht is a professor of English at Boston Univ. and has written many books on many subjects. He first became known, in 1927, for his University of Washington Chapbook: "Lillian Gish: An Interpretation," which reappears in this new volume, with minor emendations and omissions, as an "Appendix."

He also wrote an 'Introduction' to the Modern Library edition of Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities." His perception here of the essentially cinematic quality of much of Dickens' writing; his comment, that the "whole book has a vivid cinematic quality about it"; his quotation of one of Dickens' descriptive passages, with the remark that the passage quoted "leaves nothing for the cinema to add"; and his technical appraisal of Dickens' literary technique, an appraisal which has almost the quality of a layman's Eisenstein (compare, Eisenstein's full-scale treatise, "Dickens, Griffith, and The Film Today") — all this pleased me. At the same time, I brushed aside his reactionary political bias, which obtrudes in the final page of the 'Introduction', and I ignored the amusing medieval and supernaturalist references in the final paragraph — "Dickens . . . believed in a Divine Ruler who, in the long run, ordered things for the best and assured heavenly reward for the faithful and unfortunate," because I foolishly assumed that this was merely an attempt, whether correct or not, to describe Dickens' simple-

minded Christian view of the universe. Perhaps due to the haste with which I skimmed through it, I did not realize at the time that this was not just Dickens, but Wagenknecht himself, medievalizing on "heavenly rewards" and stuff!

This oversight totally unprepared me for what was to come in "The Movies in the Age of Innocence." Furthermore, before I received my review copy, I had already read Dwight Macdonald's review in *Esquire*, March, 1963. (I recommend this review to all motion picture students and connoisseurs, partly because of its treatment of "The Movies in the Age of Innocence," and partly because it contains important related material in the same section). Macdonald dismisses Wagenknecht's book briefly and contemptuously: "The author is a typical American polymath . . . for Mr. Wagenknecht . . . and other addicts of silent films, anything that comes down the pike is about the same as anything else. He just loves 'em all — Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, May McAvoy and D. W. Griffith." The rejection by Macdonald of both the "antiquarian's" and the "movie fan's" distorted notions of screen-history is good, healthy, timely, and to the point, but there is no mention, no hint, in his review, of the propagandist leitmotifs and extra-cinematic themes that fairly 'drip' from almost every page: *Deutschland über Alles*; puritan-Victorian anti-sex codes; judgment of private life as the yardstick for judgment of achievement; and the autocratic absolutism of Christian doctrine and tradition. None of this became evident to me until after I had gotten more than halfway through the introductory chapter.

Yet even before I read the book, I was disturbed by the title, because, as I have pointed out elsewhere, there was never an "age of innocence" in screen-history — that is, not unless the standard dictionary definitions of the word are either wrong or conveniently ignored ("blameless," "faultless," "clean hands," "harmless," "naive," "uncorrupted," etc.). The American film industry, in particular (and this is Wagenknecht's springboard subject) was a

rat-race from the start, marked by unrestrained trade wars; outrageous exploitation of labor; petty and often murderous jealousies among the "creative" personnel; and bitter behind-the-scenes intrigues that often hampered, when they did not destroy, creative and cultural growth. Only from the perspective of the goggle-eyed outsider or "movie-fan," looking in from the outside, did the industry present an appearance of "innocence." Much of the "melodramatic" and "sensational" content of the silent films was, as everyone in the industry then knew, a statistical reflection of the battles, feuds, intrigues, and wars that raged within the industry itself. Film publicity from the earliest days was aggressive, clever, internally partisan, and "modern"; very little of what went on was made public. Instead, the sex "scandals" — whether actual, exaggerated, fanciful or simply manufactured on some publicist's busy typewriter, became a fixed feature of public entertainment. It has often been said that the truth can be found in the unwritten history of the American screen. The truth certainly cannot be found anywhere in the pages of this glibly propagandistic book.

The reader will early discover that the term "innocence," as used by Wagenknecht, and especially as applied to actresses and audiences of the period, actually amounts to a combination of ignorance, infantilism, puritanism, and stupidity. Example:

. . . the congressman's daughter . . . came home from Sunday school one day with "Mamma, they asked us today who we wanted to be like." "And?" queried her mother. "Oh," sighed the child, "I told them the Lord, but I meant Mary Pickford." (page 142).

There are many such examples of Wagenknechtian "innocence," which illustrate equally profound aspects of this titillating fantasy (or shall we say, travesty?) on American film history. "Mary Pickford . . . the symbol par excellence of all the cherished old values"; ". . . daintiness and refinement . . . whimsy and fairy splendor": "Valentino was not an innocent like Charles

Ray [N.B.: what an insult to Ray!] but gallant, well-behaved (he had but one wife)" [N.B.: poor Valentino! Did he really miss out?]; "... more than any other great star, Mary Pickford really did belong to the Age of Innocence. Her films encourage, and submit to, little analysis [N.B.: That's for sure.] ... America's Sweetheart with the golden curls ..."; "... for us Mary was sweetness and light, and this was more important to us than any possible characterization" [N.B.: note the "us".] ... her personality cast a madonna-like exaltation ..."; "And James Card [curator of Eastman House] added that 'there is something heavenly about Mary Pickford'" [N.B.: there's something heavenly about James Card, too, but perhaps it might be better to wait a Christmas or two before divulging the precious details]; ... "she [Mary Miles Minter] was a golden, peaches-and-cream kind of girl, in whom all the sweet, innocent charms of youth were embodied as irresistibly as in any human being this generation has seen, and those who did not like her might quite reasonably have gone on to declare that they did not like sunshine either ... She was not a dainty-fairy kind of person like Marguerite Clark; you could not tag her with the wistful spirituality of May McAvoy or the passionate vitality of Clara Bow ... I may perhaps best express what I mean when I say that besides being a girl she was girlhood itself." [N.B.: Well, I didn't like May McAvoy, any more than I could ever stand Mary Pickford, except in one forgotten film in which McAvoy managed a degree of maturity and sex. But I liked and still like sunshine—the main reason, with a related one, that I continue to reside in the tyrannically reactionary, John Birch-ridden territory of Southern California].

These few brief and random examples of slop and drool indicate the slant of the book but they do not fathom its ultimate motivation. Wagenknecht explains, in so many words, that he was writing from the memory-perspective of a boy of 12 and the years that directly followed. "... and the years rolled away, and I was a boy again." Apparently, this was also the age at which the religious obsession took possession of the emotional and mental reflexes: "I ... had been taught to fear hell" (N.B.: he seems never to have outgrown this imaginative notion). "Of all the films I saw at the Family Elec-

tric Theater (in Chicago) the one which impressed me most was a medieval tale ...". And more of the same. However, we do not get within sight of the fundamental motivation and propaganda, disguised as sentimentalizing, until we come, suddenly and unexpectedly, upon Wagenknecht lashing, ill-temperedly, of all people, at Siegfried Kracauer!

Kracauer's film theory ... seems to me vitiated by a materialistic outlook, a narrow-minded determination to limit film and the film experience to the kind of film he happens to prefer, and a generally dogmatic and authoritarian cast of mind. (Page 21).

Everything is in the point of view. Thus, from my point of view, the strength and the value of Kracauer's film theory are precisely in the "materialistic outlook"; and Wagenknecht's Gothic-Germanic volume, on the contrary, is vitiated by a narrow-minded determination to limit film and the film experience to the kind of film *he* happens to prefer; and as to a "generally dogmatic and authoritarian cast of mind," where will you find a more horrendous example of it than here in this tear-jerking literary projection of moralistic and religious propaganda, with its anti-sex outlook and its arrogant, smug, self-righteous judgment of the character (according to the dogmas of religious authoritarianism) and the private lives (according to long-discredited, outmoded, and narrow-minded standards) of the film people?

For that matter, the materialistic basis of the cinema *as a medium* was noted from a variant angle, long before Kracauer's film theory appeared, by Raymond Spottiswoode, in his treatise (published by the University of California Press), "A Grammar of the Film." Spottiswoode wrote, that the fundamental basis of the film medium is Behaviourist. (In a review of this book, New York Times Book Review, August 6, 1950, I highlighted the behaviorist thesis). But Wagenknecht is determined to twist Kracauer's theory to conform to his own high-handed dogma, as in the next passage:

"The cinema is materialistically minded," says Kracauer; "it proceeds from 'below' to 'above'." But this is not materialism at all, not if you really 'proceed.' On the contrary, it is an excellent indication of the way Christianity works. (God became man.) (Pps 21-22).

On the contrary, (1) it is materialism in its fundamental and typical aspect of below-to-above progression; and (2) the example that Wagenknecht cites is spurious at best to illustrate even his own theory. The world already has mountains of frightful indications of "the way Christianity works": from the Spanish Inquisition to the burning of attractive girls ("witches") in Old Salem, Mass.; from the enslavement of Negroes to the pogroms against Jews; from the mass-extinction of "heathen" and "heretics" in the Dark Ages of medieval Europe to the persecution of freethinkers and religious non-conformists in modern times; from the savage crusades of old to the modern wars and the clerical Fascism of the "twentieth century"; from Nazi Christianity to nuclear Christianity—right up and down the line of the catastrophic two thousand years that followed Rome like a chain-reaction and mushroom-cloud and took form as the traumatic tradition of The Greatest Lie Ever Told. As to the cryptic example that Wagenknecht cites as a tag-line, in parentheses, this seems to me so much mystic mishmash, because the three-letter word, "God," means so many different things to so many different people that it is indefinable. Wagenknecht himself makes no attempt to define it. Apparently, he assumes that "everyone" either accepts or understands its meaning—his own; and, of course, as has been said of it in another context, everyone does not.

Wagenknecht identifies the nature of his own dogma and authoritarianism in two widely separated statements, the first of which is almost unbelievable. Writing of the Kalem company's production of the proselytizing film, *From the Manger to the Cross* (1911), he says:

The idea for this film came to Gene Gauntier in delirium [sic] while she was recovering from sunstroke ... the British actor R. Henderson-Bland was both moved and moving as the Christ. Besides being an actor, he was a very minor poet of strong mystical tendencies—Olcott engaged him over the telephone (heaven only knows why); there was something odd about the making of this film from the beginning [N.B.: was Jesus maybe peeking from behind the little girls' room?!]—and there can be no question that for him, and in lesser degree for the other members of the company also,

From the Manger to the Cross was a genuine spiritual experience. (Page 55).

There can be no question, either, that for Kalem and the players, it was a genuine box-office experience, although I would not perpetrate the blasphemy that anybody in the Age of Innocence dreamed of making movies for money or that the Profit Motive (that dirty, Marxian, uninnocent term) played even the slightest role in the innocent industry. But delirium, sunstroke, mystical tendencies, something odd, and spiritual experiences all aside, *From the Manger to the Cross*, as a film, was a hunk of cheese, as hungry people and other materialists say, and while this sad fact may have been due to the failure of the delirium to last long enough, it was more probably due to a reason that Wagenknecht himself, in one of his few unguarded moments of lucidity, enunciates on page 49: "They [the movies] turned out, alas! no better than the men who controlled them." It merely exhibited, in other words, the damage that spirituality and innocence can cause when they start playing with a movie-camera. Wagenknecht, however, took his cue not only from this early slop, but from all the other films like it that came proselytizing down the years, and, on page 165, he hands down the following dictum:

If there are no girls in the world like those she [Mary Pickford] portrayed, then, since life imitates art quite as much as art imitates life, it was all the more important that such girls should appear on the screen, where their influence would extend farther and among *more susceptible people* than in any other medium. [*Italics mine*].

Shades of Moral Re-Armament!

One thing is certain: the "susceptible people" — meaning, hordes of church-going babbitts, morons, and yokels, were indeed taken in by the propagandistic and proselytizing claptrap of the American screen both before and during the First World War, and for about ten years after it. It took the Great Depression in the United States and the rise of Fascism in Germany to blow up the fairy-tale world in which they had been day-dreaming and wipe out the "cherished old values" and the rest of the bagatelle of manufactured innocence which had so long hypnotized them. Even then the job of History was not completed. Not until the Second World War, when Sweetness and Light

bared their fangs, did the screen, bit by bit, slowly and painfully, begin to turn its eyes to the face of Reality. Furthermore, it is only since the Second World War that we have been allowed to glimpse some freedom, maturity, actuality, on the screen, among many ordinary program-features. The silent film also offered such glimpses of maturity and freedom, but these were the exceptions, not the rule, as examination of the regular-line product shows. There have been, within relatively recent times, two girls, in particular, who offer refreshing alternatives to the fake, vacant-faced image of "America's Sweetheart with her golden curls." One is the heroine of *Never on Sunday*, as wonderfully played by Melina Mercouri; the other is the (unnamed) "prostitute" who leans out the window of the pleasure-house (known here as a 'brothel') to cheer the Neapolitan anti-Fascists on Italy's quitting the Second World War and on their imminent struggle against the Nazi occupation-forces, in *Four Days of Naples*.

Wagenknecht, however, would have none of this. Innocence, in his exposition of the term, also means repression, and an unrepressed female is "bad." Mary Pickford "was, to be sure, in general, 'good,' and if you do not like good women in art — or if you subscribe to the juvenile and idiotic nonsense that bad women are more 'interesting' — then she is not for you; but if you reject her on this ground, I fear you will have to reject most of Shakespeare's heroines with her" (page 158).

Again, it's all in the point of view. I subscribe to the juvenile and idiotic nonsense that bad women are more 'interesting' — and Mary Pickford was never for me. But the comparison with Shakespeare's heroines is both inept and tricky, evidently designed to silence dissent by dragging in a Great Name. Shakespeare's heroines are much more complex than any screen-actress has yet been, with the possible exception of Lillian Gish on a strictly emotional, not intellectual, basis, and the assortment of roles to which Shakespeare assigned them makes the reference too far removed from the types of the silent-film to render a comparative evaluation worthwhile or feasible. Besides, what, exactly, does Wagenknecht mean by "good" and "bad"? Emerson long ago (in "Self-Reliance") warned us that these are "readily transferable" words; and their fluctuating relativism has long

been evident to the post-Depression and post-World War II generations. As Wagenknecht uses them, they merely refer to arbitrary, absolutist, dogmatic, and morally-totalitarian values, which are enforced mainly in the Western World (emphasis on force). Moreover, they refer in his lexicon, in nearly every instance, to the observance or violation, as the case may be, of primitive sex-taboos, and not to other matters, such as Fascism, military tyranny, rape, profit, other forms of theft (except in one instance cited on page 159), and similar crimes. There is something deeply revolting to me in the unwholesome wholesomeness that Wagenknecht extols as the criterion for the kind of films and film players he adores. I see no virtue in sexual repression as such, where no *practical* purpose is served thereby. Sexual repression has always seemed like a game to me, in which you 'test' how long you can go, for example, without food and water; and the sanctified "morality," the arbitrary "good" and "bad," black and white, of this book, with its *simpplissimus* outlook, is mere repression. In its ultimate form it is rejection of life.

Yet there is almost no end to Wagenknecht's obsession with it. In the Biograph film, *Fate's Interception* (1912), with Pickford in the role of a Mexican Indian girl: "Not only has she been living with her American lover without benefit of clergy [Tst-tst-tst!], but after she has been jilted, she sends her Mexican admirer to kill him; through a fluke, the Mexican is killed instead, and she goes back to the American! 'Who shall blame?' asks a subtitle. One might expect there would be a good many takers." (Page 163).

Indeed, let us hope there would be. Nothing is absolute, least of all morality.

Again, in the Biograph film, *Friends* (1912) . . .

. . . the amazing thing is that the girl [Mary Pickford] . . . lives alone and receives her admirers in a room over the village tavern, where much of the action takes place. How much we are intended to read into this is doubtful, but it is safe to say that if the director and the players were conscious of all the implications, many of their 1912 customers must have missed them (I am very well acquainted with one who did). (Page 163).

I'm sure. And I'm also relieved to learn that Wagenknecht remained pure,

innocent, and unrapped through the entire show.

But far more self-revealing than this modest, if unsolicited, proof of intellectual virginity is the comment at the end of his appraisal of the Biograph film, *The Female of the Species* (1912) which Griffith subtitled: "A Psychological Tragedy," and which Wagenknecht rightly describes as "a stark and powerful film, with a grim natural background much like that Sjöström was later to use in *The Wind*":

But the interesting thing is that Griffith did not cast Miss Pickford as the wronged girl and proceed to exploit a sentimental, Little Nell kind of a helplessness, as almost any later director would have done. Instead . . . he made Mary the wife's bitter and abetting sister, who went through the whole film with a frown between her eyes and a sneer on her lips, encouraging Claire McDowell's murderous desires and exuding venom toward her potential victim . . . I am glad to have seen Mary in this aspect, yet I doubt very much that anybody would really have preferred to have her career develop along *The Female of the Species* lines rather than *Tess of the Storm Country* lines. I well remember myself, aged twelve, coming home from *The Female of the Species* at the Victoria and announcing that I had seen a perfectly horrible picture! I even told the manager so afterward, and he agreed with me or said he did, despite his general enthusiasm for Biograph films. (Pages 163-164).

How horrible that he, a 12-year-old boy, was shocked by this "horrible" film! Poor innocent!

Here is one person who would really have preferred Mary Pickford to have her career develop along *The Female of the Species* lines rather than *Tess of the Storm Country* lines. But perhaps we should all give Wagenknecht a standing cheer for his manly accomplishment of having remained, through all these decades, at age 12.

To what does Wagenknecht attribute the decline of "innocence" as he understands it? There is no mention in the book of the impact on the screen of either the Depression or the rise of German Fascism. According to Wagenknecht, the blame lies elsewhere: he blames the intellectuals! "Cheap as many of them [the old time movies] were . . .

they were innocence itself compared to the fare with which we have been regaled since the 'intelligentsia' got hold of the movies," he writes, on page 241.

The heated contempt (with quaint Hitlerian overtones) in his use here of the word "intelligentsia" has an amusing side to it: in the Hollywood film industry, particularly during the silent-film period, Wagenknecht himself is precisely the type of figure who was always sneeringly referred to as an "intellectual" — because he wrote critical articles and books. To the average silent-film director, who was never much more than an illiterate drunk, any "outside" critic or writer, such as Wagenknecht was, was always suspect, and no one understood, let alone cared, what school of thought he represented. Innocence as a synonym of ignorance and stupidity was never more innocent. But perhaps he really doesn't mean "intellectuals"; perhaps what he really means in this context is any person who does his or her own thinking—without "benefit" of clergy.

As may readily be inferred from this, the blaming of the intellectuals is an expected natural reflex of the Christian religious thrust. On the religious theme, we at least owe him thanks for revealing his true policies and sympathies, so that there need be no ambiguity, confusion or doubt. Take, for example, the astonishing comment on Chaplin's *The Pilgrim* (1923):

. . . the caricature of churchgoing people which Chaplin perpetrated in *The Pilgrim* with the whiskey bottle sticking out of the deacon's pocket, is merely rude and mean; it would not be tolerated on the screen today. You may reply that it is good fun, but you are not sensitive to overtones if you find no malice in it. (page 194).

The truth is, Chaplin was far too gentle in this otherwise newsreel-type depiction. He would have struck deeper if he had shown the deacon trying to seduce or rape one of the choir-girls or, perhaps, an attractive young secretary, working, of course, without pay. Even as is, however, the sequence is a triumph for Chaplin and for the American screen, and we are all forever in his debt for it. It combines simple realism with satiric humor, yet when I saw *The Pilgrim* again, for the nth time, a few years ago at a one-night revival, this sequence, coming as it did in the wake of recent scandals, ranging from petty theft to rape, which had

been committed by ministers and other church-officials, suddenly seemed almost a candid-camera type of newsreel. A spectator afterward commented how "advanced" it was "for its time"! Except for the eye-rolling moronic minister who performs the marriage-ceremony in the dentist's parlor, in Stroheim's *Greed*, I know of no other example on the American screen in which the religious crowd and their mentors have been so accurately depicted, until *The Savage Eye* appeared in 1960. And if it is true that Chaplin's sequence would not be tolerated on the (American) screen today, that would only prove how much of their freedom the American people have lost in the past generation and how dangerously deep Organized Religion has cut, in its totalitarian aggression against liberty and democracy.

Again, take *The Pride of the Clan* (1917), of which Wagenknecht happily reports that Mary Pickford used "violent methods to get the fisherman into church." This was a small, but revealing example of compulsory religion, compulsory church-attendance, such as practiced all over Europe during the Dark Ages and even today in countries like Spain and Portugal, those shining outposts of the "free" world — under the blood-soaked boots of clerical and Fascist dictatorships. It is hardly necessary to remind ourselves that Fascism and imperialism need not begin with vast armies and mass-propaganda for war. They also begin when someone forces someone else to attend a church.

Finally, there is what may in certain respects be an even more flagrant example of the sort of aggression and violence that Wagenknecht features when these advance the purpose and cause of religious dogma, attendance or morality. This time, it is Griffith who films Christian tyranny, without apology. In *The Idol Dancer* (1920), "comic relief," writes Wagenknecht, "is furnished by the determination of the only white boy on the island to force his native friend to wear pants. He finally gets them on him but they come down during the closing excitement, and it must be admitted that he looks much better without them" (Pages 125-126).

Whether the scene was intended as "comic relief" or not — (Wagenknecht obviously found the missionary boy's beating of the native boy "funny") — the fact remains that Griffith was outrageously guilty of having projected an

uncritical and ideological sympathy with the use of force to impose upon an innocent native the obscene Christian notion that for mystic reasons (never to this day made clear to any rational person), there is something "indecent" or "sinful" (whatever this means) in being unclothed and going about in the nude. The scene is a cameo of imperalist Christian compulsion in action.

Ironically, in *The Idol Dancer*, it is the naked native boy who is the real innocent, but Wagenknecht doesn't mention it. When I first saw *The Idol Dancer*, at a one-week revival in March, 1940, at the old Miami Theatre, in New York City, the scene then and there offended me, and I reflected long afterwards on the simple, un-rationalized freedom and innocence, in relation to sex, of the various non-Christian peoples of the world, particularly those referred to as "natives," and on the mental filth which Christian doctrine, more so than that of any other religion, traditionally has projected into nudity and sex. However, in 1940, the war over Griffith was raging on many fronts, and my objections remained silent and private. I was completely smitten by the beauty of Clarine Seymour and of the film itself. (The print, by the way, was a 35 mm. original, on tinted stock, and I attended the revival twice each night, seven consecutive nights).

Needless to say, nudity bothers Wagenknecht as much as sex. It is only routine for him to condemn the producers of Brigitte Bardot's films. He says, "the powers that controlled her destiny preferred to sacrifice everything else to the thrill of waiting for Mlle. Bardot to take off her clothes" (page 242).

Well, good for them! They had the clean intelligence to know that this was what all sane, non-puritannical, non-Victorian people paid to see. To paraphrase Herr Wagenknecht, those who did not like to see Bardot naked might quite reasonably have gone on to declare that they did not like sunshine either, eh what?! I have, as a matter of fact, long felt that motion pictures would have evolved into a fine art decades ago, not just in the exceptional great films of Griffith, Stroheim, Seastrom and a few other creative American directors, but in the general run of program-features as well, if nudity had arrived on the screens of this country long before it did. A few isolated long-shots of naked girls appeared now and then in the silent films (notably, in

Purity, with model, Audrey Munson, and Universal's *No Man's Land*, circa 1927, and in a few of Griffith's films) but, in general, silent-films featured no nude scenes whatever. Why should we not have been permitted to thrill to the presumably beautiful nude bodies of Maude Adams, Mary Alden, Viola Allen, Vilma Banky, Theda Bara, Beverly Bayne, Betty Blythe, Clara Bow, Mildred Bracken, Mary Brian, Betty Bronson, Louise Brooks, Billie Burke, Mae Busch, June Caprice, Jewel Carmen, Irene Castle, Mildred Harris Chaplin, Ina Claire, Marguerite Clark, Ethel Clayton, Betty Compson, Miriam Cooper, Dolores Costello, Helen Costello, Marguerite Courtot, Jane Cowl, Margaret Dale, Bebe Daniels, Marjorie Daw, Hazel Dawn, Carol Dempster, Lya de Putti, Marie Doro, Vivian Duncan, Maxine Elliott, Madge Evans, Geraldine Farrar, Maude Fealy, Elsie Ferguson, Mary Fuller, Greta Garbo, Mary Garden, Helen Gardner, Janet Gaynor, Dorothy Gish, Lillian Gish, Paulette Goddard, Martha Graham, Olga Grey, Georgia Hale, Wanda Hawley, Mary Hay, Helen Holmes, Gladys Hulette, Zita Johann, Alice Joyce, Annette Kellerman, Madge Kennedy, Florence La Badie, Lillian Langdon, Lily Langtry, Florence Lawrence, Gladys Leslie, Bessie Love, Mae Marsh, Marguerite Marsh, Vivian Martin, Una Merkel, Mary Miles Minter, Colleen Moore, Edna Murphy, Mae Murray, Carmel Myers, Nita Naldi, Nazimova, Pola Negri, Evelyn Nesbit, Miriam Nesbitt, Marion Nixon, Mabel Normand, Sally O'Neill, Seena Owen, Mary Philbin, Mary Pickford, ZaSu Pitts, Edna Purviance, Esther Ralston, Jobyna Ralston, Vera Reynolds, Ruth Roland, Alma Rubens, Ruth St. Denis, Clarine Seymour, Norma Shearer, Marguerite Snow, Eve Sothorn, Pauline Starke, Anita Stewart, Edith Storey, Gloria Swanson, Blanche Sweet, Constance Talmadge, Natalie Talmadge, Norma Talmadge, Mabel Trunnelle, Florence Turner, Lenore Ulrich, Lupe Velez, Evelyn Venable, Charlotte Walker, Winifred Westover, Pearl White, Margery Wilson, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, Clara Kimball Young and hundreds of other beauties of the silent screen? Why should we not have seen each and all of them naked? We were all swindled by the church-spawned puritan-Victorian taboos that made it impossible for exhibitors to show nude-body scenes in the Age of Nasty-minded Innocence, before the legal techniques of destroying at least part of the censorship had

been perfected. As a result, we always saw these beautiful actresses either in costumes, as in historical and costume films, where costumes had a place, or overwhelmed in the fantastic clothes of the decades when female attire resembled drapes, rugs, carpets, barrels, inverted umbrellas or what-have-you? By the same token, the actresses themselves were cheated, too; they were never permitted to reveal to the world their charms in plenitude — only the face, but not the body, which would have completed and realized each histrionic image in her totality.

The Age of Innocence was the Age of Repression. On the silent screen I saw only one major actress and some half a dozen 'bit' players (in Griffith's films only), in the nude; in life itself, during the silent-film period, I saw one major actress (a "star" until early talking-films) and about 40 or 50 girls who played 'bit' roles, character-parts, or just "extra," in the nude. The increasing appearance of nakedness on the screen during the past approximately ten years is one of the healthiest and most significant advances made by the motion picture in all its history.

Wagenknecht on page 70 thinks that nakedness "is, for obvious reasons, easier to handle on screen than on stage, and it has been used from time to time in both legitimate and illegitimate ways." While this is a fine concession, coming from him, I see no reason that it should be more difficult to handle on stage than on screen, given, of course, eradication of the church-taboos against it, and I do not understand the distinction he makes between so-called legitimate and so-called illegitimate nudity. He fails to explain it. It also seems to me self-evident that nudity offers new and unexplored opportunities for creative directors to put nude players on their mettle and entice greater performances out of them than ever, because the players would not be able to rely on clothes and costumes to cover incompetence or lack of ability.

S.: *Speaking of directors — what is Wagenknecht's appraisal and treatment of Griffith?*

S.: Griffith, I am glad to say, 'comes off' very well. For this, of course, Wagenknecht must be given all due credit. It is easy, for example, to agree with such statements as: "That D.W. Griffith was the greatest and most influential of all film directors has become an axiom; as late as 1959, Frank Capra declared uncompromisingly that there had been

no major improvement in film direction since his time" (page 89); or that, "Photographically *America* is one of the greatest and most beautiful things Griffith ever did" (page 132); or that, *Abraham Lincoln* was a great film, the greatest the movies had had since the coming of sound" (page 134). He will also find overwhelming agreement with the statement, that *Intolerance* is "still incontestably the greatest motion picture ever made" (page 109). It is interesting to note, too, that he considers *Broken Blossoms* "the noblest achievement yet vouchsafed to the cinema" (page 78) — that is, up to 1919. Furthermore, he offers thoughtful and sensitive analyses of other Griffith films as well as some which I consider only partially correct. On the whole, his attitude toward Griffith is sympathetic and satisfactory.

Yet even here, on Griffith, Wagenknecht cannot shake off the mystical bias, the puritan-Victorian narrow-mindedness, the conservatism, the religious obsession.

For example, in discussing Griffith's 1912 version of *Enoch Arden*, Wagenknecht makes the incredible statement, that one scene has "an interesting suggestion of what we would now call extrasensory perception . . . when Annie screams in terror at the moment when her husband is wrecked far away" (page 93).

Shades of Duke University, Dr. Rhine, and Mme. La Jolla's old palm-reading parlor at Santa Monica Beach! Compare the sudden, full-screen close-up of the woman screaming "Murder!", cut on the onrushing movement of the train as it roars out of the tunnel, in Hitchcock's *The Thirty Nine Steps*. But not for Wagenknecht — this is not mere cinema: it's "extrasensory perception." (Kracauer, kindly take a back seat). Then up and on, O Innocents, to fortune-telling, astrology, numerology, and tea-leaves — and cinematic shock-value be damned!

On the famous scene and subtitle, in the Modern Story of *Intolerance*, when the vice-squad [sic] raid the brothel and arrest the girls, Wagenknecht is back at the old stand. He writes: "It may be true that 'when women cease to attract men, they often turn to reform as a second choice' — or the sentiment may be merely a colossal expression of masculine vanity — but it is certainly oddly placed in a scene showing the raiding of a bawdy-house" (pages 113-114).

On the contrary, Griffith's realism here is greater than Wagenknecht's adolescent attempt at it. Here Griffith had cleansed his mind of the hypocrisy of Victorian indoctrination and its historic Puritan origins. To be sure, masculine vanity lies at the root of the double standard, and, equally, of the woman-on-a-pedestal caricature of sex, and of woman's role in sex, but masculine vanity is not the motivating factor of the action in Griffith's scene. The matronly, meddling, "respectable," female Uplifters and their opposite numbers among the male prigs (shown on the sidewalk as the police escort the girls to the black maria) are behind the raid. Besides making a public show (in this and connecting scenes) of their alleged "purity," "rectitude," and "virtue" — in short, their "innocence" (sic), the Uplifters are incensed over fun throughout the city, because they know they cannot compete with the girls in bed; they cannot give adequate sexual satisfaction to their men, and they know that the girls can. The cult of middle-class "Respectability," together with psychological immersion in the "cherished old values", inhibits their every movement. Furthermore, the girls are highly attractive, while we have had a look at some of the female Uplifters in previous scenes, and that one look was enough. Griffith's celebrated and oft-quoted subtitle (with the word 'Reform,' by the way, capitalized) is therefore of the essence of realism and nails the significance of the action of the entire scene, to which it belongs as totally as the action itself.

Wagenknecht, however, also objects to the sequence in which the Uplifters break into the Dear One's apartment and, after overpowering the mother (Mae Marsh), seize the baby. He says that they "could not have seized the Dear One's baby and put it in the asylum without a hearing at which a judge would have had to consider the evidence and make up his mind whether she was a fit mother or not" (page 114).

Wagenknecht is wrong. What he apparently does not know is that the type of self-righteous barbarism depicted by Griffith here was common during the innocent era of 1910 when the story takes place and especially in California. Violations of the civil rights that were long ago supposed to have existed as a matter of course under the Bill of Rights and the United States Constitution were as multitudinous as fleas. Besides, it was unnecessary for Griffith

to waste footage on any hearing that might possibly have been held before a judge: the Dear One is poverty-stricken; her husband has been 'framed' by the cops and is in jail; and she herself never had any 'social status.' She is therefore less than a dog under the "free" autocracy of conservatism. On the other hand, the female Uplifters represent Innocence, Money, "Respectability," and the Church. The judgment of any court, with no American Civil Liberties Union in sight to contest it, was as foregone as the seasons. Griffith judiciously took the judgment for granted, and assumed that the audience of 1916 did, too. Heartless conservatism has seldom been more heartless than in the seizure of children from the parental victims of puritan-type fanatics like the savage Uplifters in the Modern Story of *Intolerance*. The fact is, that except for a larger show of legal technicalities designed to ensure today's Fascist-style bureaucrats from damage suits, the authoritarian approach and the primitive philosophy ending in terror or death still menace mothers and children in Southern California (and undoubtedly elsewhere too). Only recently Los Angeles County "welfare" officials placed a child in a home reported in the local newspapers as "ideal for children"; the child was later murdered by the church-going foster parents. Similar cases have come to light within recent years and these are only the more "sensational" ones; there are countless others that stop just short of murder and so do not always get reported in the newspapers. Griffith's depiction of the seizure and fate of the Dear One's baby is authentic in every detail. Griffith was living and directing in the world of reality; Wagenknecht was daydreaming in the Age of Innocence.

He pays backhanded tribute to Griffith's character for integrity and for what in medieval phrasing he terms Griffith's "chivalry."

On the score of integrity, referring to the values and ideals in which Griffith presumably believed, he states that Griffith "could not betray them even to woo the bitch goddess success when, after World War I, he heard all the fools shouting that 'moral values had changed' simply because there were more tramps in the world than there had used to be" (page 82).

Whether "fools" shouted this or not depends on the point of view, but the undeniable fact was that the values *had*,

as a direct consequence of the Imperialist War of 1914-1918, changed, and were due to change still more after the next decade (the Depression), regardless of who shouted about them, one way or the other. There were, on the other hand, quite a few fools who blinded themselves to reality and shouted that the values hadn't changed, because they "couldn't," "shouldn't," "mustn't," and "never would." There were also, to a degree, fewer, rather than more, tramps in the world, at least for a while, than there had been before, as witness the total eradication by the Russians of the Czar and the top-ranking tramps of the Romanoff dynasty and other war-criminals; and the downfall, in Germany, of the Kaiser and the Hohenzollern hottentots, with the Kaiser fleeing to Holland to ensure a comfortable death for himself in bed. At the same time, the masses everywhere began, for the first time since the French Revolution, to free themselves, however clumsily and blunderingly, from the evil, war-creating "cherished old values," which had so long held them enthralled, and which had finally blown up in their faces, slaughtering 9 million soldiers in the process, when Germany's guns began thundering on the Western and Eastern fronts, in 1914. ..

The tragedy of Griffith and his integrity was at once filmic and ideological. When he retained his values and ideals amidst change, it was not because he did not want to live in the living world, but because he already belonged to a past and dead one, and no more knew how to view life differently than a contemporary author would know how to write in the literary style of Elizabethan poets. It was easier, on the other hand, to take on new, modern "techniques"; and this Griffith did with brilliant success in a magnificent film version of *The Sorrows of Satan* (1926), in which he blended the incoming techniques of the German silent-film with his own. He was not able to absorb the rational values of the new morality, however, because, like a plant, he was the product of a Southern culture-soil, in which no new ideals and values could grow. But it was not because he didn't try. He did: he failed.

Chivalry, which was probably last taken seriously in literature by Sir Walter Scott, is the quality that Wagenknecht attributes without humor to Griffith as the explanation for the director's gesture of aid to a movie star,

Mary Miles Minter, who had been victimized as the target of a whispering campaign, conducted very much like a present-day John Birch Society "crusade" against a non-conformist member of any given church-ridden community, in the wake of the William Desmond Taylor murder case. Miss Minter learned the hard way how the film colony of Hollywood thought (sic), behaved, acted, and reacted as a vindictive and like-minded herd for whatever kind of malicious satisfaction and sport it could derive from such persecution. In the Age of Innocence, innocence murdered. Her career, lampooned by the newspapers, the trade journals, and the gossips, and without a shred of evidence that she was the least bit involved in the actual events of the Taylor murder, was in ruins — temporarily.

"The only person besides the victim who emerged with any credit from this whole miserable mess was a fellow Southerner of Miss Minter's named D. W. Griffith, who, remembering the tradition of Southern chivalry toward ladies in distress, told the world that if Miss Minter wished to continue her career, there was a place in his company waiting for her," writes Wagenknecht, on page 237.

He is wrong again. Griffith's action was great, and there is no doubt Griffith felt a regional kinship with the golden-haired girl from the South, but this was only natural and had little or nothing to do with "chivalry," as Wagenknecht uses the term. Griffith was already established in the East, at his new Mamaronock studios. He had fled from the Hollywood innocence, because, after his return from the European war-fronts, where he had filmed *Hearts of the World*, he had a fresh perspective on Hollywood and saw how the Age of Innocence functioned after a world-slaughter which its "cherished old values" had helped to create. After making *Broken Blossoms* in Hollywood, in 1919, he moved his entire company and equipment to New York State. Due to the change in relations between Griffith and the Hollywood film-colony proper, chilled feelings toward him became as common as the former admiration and warmth. The film-colony could hardly conceal its spiteful hope that the new establishment at Mamaronock would fail, and the snub in Griffith's moving there was not lost on Hollywood. For this reason the Birch-style whispering campaign against Mary

Miles Minter was a challenge to Griffith as well as to her. He promptly accepted it by making her an offer which, in effect, was a slap in the industry's face. Unfortunately, Miss Minter was too stupid to accept it. Perhaps she feared he might have made an actress of her. Perhaps all she was interested in was chivalry.

The final distortion in the chapter on Griffith is indicated in the passing remark, that "we sigh over what we may regard as the degradation of his last years in Hollywood" (page 135). In other words, Wagenknecht, as might be expected, has swallowed the old myth about Griffith's last years. Only one circumstance, which casts a black shadow over the period, lends any credence to the myth: he was not directing or producing films. But then, except for a short-lived experience in 1940, which taught him what it would be like to try to function in a regimented, thought-controlled modern movie studio, he had not been employed for sixteen years before he died, and this prolonged failure could hardly be blamed on the "last years." There were many contributory factors in Griffith's painful, sixteen-year unemployment. If Wagenknecht is at all aware of them, he may prefer not to mention some of them, because they might tend to give the lie to his Victorianism and religious obsession. Several attempts, as a matter of record, were made to bring Griffith back into the industry, but Griffith himself rebuffed them all. (This is not the time or the place to go into the whys and wherefores). During the final year of his life, while living at the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel, he began to have, and had, something he was hungry for and hadn't had since the earlier days of his career: in popular vernacular, he began having a "helluva good time." This is the aspect of his declining year, particularly the last eight months, that the myth-makers overlook or prefer to ignore, because it cancels out the familiar cliché or stereotype of a "poor," "broken-down," "lonely," "forgotten" artist-genius, eking out his last days in misery. Actually, it was during the last eight months that Griffith began to take on what had every appearance of a new lease on life (as I often remarked to him on the almost daily visits with him at the Hollywood Knickerbocker). Dejection and impatience over "unemployment" were often, though no longer always, in evidence, but for the first time in many years, he gave

signs of overcoming these spells of depression with a surprising new vigor and a mounting, enthusiastic determination to promote and produce a big new film. Of course, none of this fits in with the image of the Great Man, made of Plaster of Paris, who must at all costs maintain a façade of high 'Dignity,' his every move calculated for posterity. Griffith had had all of this he ever wanted. Now, as a being of flesh and blood; as a person; above all, as a man, more vigorous at his advanced age than many not yet at their midway point, he wanted a good time; and, I am happy to record, for the most part, he got it. Did he violate "innocence"? I feel certain he did; I hope he crushed it to earth! There was no degradation. This may have existed in the minds of prigs and puritans; it did not in Griffith's final year.

It perhaps should be added, if only because Wagenknecht doesn't mention it, that Griffith had announced his intention and plans to marry a beautiful young airline employee, Madeleine Firnina Haxby, after his second divorce decree would become final in November, 1948. (Born January 22, 1875, Griffith died on July 23, 1948, a few months before the decree was due to be finalized). She was a dark-eyed, ravishingly pretty brunette, short, slim, and with long black tresses. She was part-Italian, part-French, part-Jewish. She had no acting aspirations and no professional interest in either film or stage. She was not interested in wealth and did not keep her eyes glued to a bank-account, her own or anybody else's. She earned a living, lived modestly, sought no luxuries. Griffith was wild about her. Madeleine Haxby, a lonely, introspective type of girl, with an inordinate love of poetry, was an "innocent" in one sense of Wagenknecht's use of the term, but she was far more intelligent than the general run of "innocents." Perhaps this is one reason Wagenknecht doesn't mention her. It should be noted, too, that when Griffith died, the Los Angeles newspapers, to their vast credit, honored Madeleine Firnina Haxby with what is known as a "good press." She had reason to be proud of the comfort, homage, loyalty, and love she gave to Griffith in his last year.

S.: *What is Wagenknecht's appraisal of other directors?*

S.: On the technical and historical side, very good. Few will quarrel, for example, with his estimate of Chaplin's

as "the greatest of all motion-picture careers" (page 189), or with his fine, sensitive appreciation of the directorial and visual gifts of Maurice Tourneur.

Yet even here he cannot free himself, or us, from the puritan-Victorian, moralistic mania, as when, on page 214, he appalls with the solemn, world-shaking observation that Tourneur's pictures "never contained anything to affront American — or any other — moral standards." Is this supposed to be a commendation of Tourneur as a director and a pictorial artist? Is Wagenknecht implying that Tourneur was a slave to decayed and primitive values, or that his films were tacit endorsements of dogma, injustice, moral purism, and tyranny?

"If you want a director," adds Wagenknecht, "who was in the popular sense, 'Continental' in his morality, as we have come to savor Continentalism in countless European sound films, you must go to Austria and Erich von Stroheim" (page 214).

The smugness of this folderol can hardly be overstated. It implies, first, that sex is a geographical phenomenon, alright for the dirty European Continent, but verboten for pure, innocent, presumably sexless Americans. Sexual freedom is not an American freedom. And, by implication, the American people must forever remain parochial yokels. Naturally, this would determine and shape the behavior-pattern as well as the political pattern of the entire social order.

Second, it also implies that there is something "bad" or "wrong" — ("sinful," is the favorite term of Superstition for it) — in so-called "Continental morality," especially as reflected in European films — a point of view, to be sure, but nothing more.

Finally, there is the astonishing advice that we "must go to Austria." We must, of course, do nothing of the sort. Stroheim didn't make his films in Austria; he made them here, in the United States, and he had been here a long time before he began directing. But Wagenknecht, it appears, "has it in" for Stroheim for other reasons.

For example, he notes with ill-disguised bitterness, that Stroheim "was a 'Hun' in *Hearts of the World*" and that "by World War II he had become a Nazi 'monster' . . . I am no judge of how close his Prussian officers came to nature; on the screen they gave the effect of fantastic caricature" (page 215).

A gentle reminder to Herr Wagen-

knecht might well be in order at this point.

Both in Griffith's *Hearts of the World* and in the World War II films, Stroheim played to perfection the role of the arrogant, de-humanized, heartless Prussian officer-type with which millions of European and American victims had, as the war evolved, become painfully familiar. It was not only Griffith and Stroheim who depicted the savage truth of this: Rex Ingram, in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (1920), also exhibited history's sadist-of-the-battlefield, as witness the famous scene of the Prussian and Uhlan officers ordering the senseless wrecking of the castle and the imposition of *Kultur* on the beaten villagers. There was no effect of caricature in any given instance, but if the images seemed those of 'monsters' or 'Huns,' this was because all three directors were completely true to the effect so brutally established by the German military thugs themselves, when they rampaged, twice thus far in this century alone, and tried to inflict the "cherished old values" of Gothic-Germanic man on modern Western Europe and subjugate entire nations in the process. Von Moltke, Ludendorff, Hindenburg, Hitler, Goebbels, Streicher, Eichmann, and thousands of their kind, did not emerge from a vacuum: they were the products of, and the spokesmen for, a tribal *Kultur* and its economy. "We're tired of being called murderers," whined West German spokesmen when the Italian anti-Fascist film, *Four Days of Naples*, was recently released. Too bad: they should have thought of that a long, long time ago, in the Age of Innocence. Stroheim, better than anybody, knew the German beast from the start; and he based his unimpeachable portrayals, with Griffith's initial and full, knowing endorsement, on his firsthand knowledge of the German military character, whether in or out of uniform. It is a pity that all this causes Wagenknecht to sob in his beer and suffer pangs of *weltschmerz* for a vicious tribal nation that should not have been allowed to survive. Wagenknecht gives the effect of cringing and shrinking like a beaten *Junker* from the gruesome truth about Germany.

(For an antidote to Wagenknecht's *Deutschland über Alles* overtones and the gratuitous quotations from German literature, in German, see Louis Clyde Stoumen's powerful new documentary, *Black Fox*. This feature-length depiction of German Fascism traces in graphic,

if limited, form some of the roots of the Hitler horror in Gothic-Germanic mythology and history).

On another score he takes Stroheim to task because of Trina's (ZaSu Pitts') "famous line, in *Greed*, when she and McTeague are courting: 'Let's go over and sit on the sewer.' I am not denying that this might be said — and done — in life, but life is not art, and it admits exaggerations which art cannot afford" (page 215).

Here again, as mentioned before, it's all in the point of view. If exaggerations occur in life, art cannot afford to ignore them. Life is filled with exaggerations as with melodrama. It is the responsibility, even the obligation, of art to reflect life as is, with the maximum possible truth, honesty, accuracy, and interpretation.

With Lubitsch Wagenknecht drops the moralistic line! The coverage is sparse but at least it sticks to film and leaves the question of whether or not he was a pure, wholesome, mindless innocent out of it. As tradition has it, the credit for bringing Lubitsch from the Germany of post-World War I to this country goes to Mary Pickford (just as the same type of credit for introducing Eisenstein's *Potemkin* to the United States, which is not listed among Wagenknecht's innocent films, goes to Douglas Fairbanks). Wagenknecht writes that, "According to her cameraman Charles Rosher, she [Mary Pickford] had a very important share in the direction of all the films on which he worked with her except *Rosita*, which was wholly in charge of Ernst Lubitsch. She calls *Rosita* 'the worst picture I ever made, bar none' . . ." (page 148).

It was her best, if not her only good, picture. Lubitsch was no Hollywood hack, but one of the world's foremost directors. He possessed a degree of talent and originality that raised much of his work to greatness. The almost certain reasons that Pickford denigrated *Rosita* were partly that Lubitsch very rightly would not allow her to obtrude in the direction, and partly that, for the first time since Griffith's *The Female of the Species*, in 1912, she appeared here as an attractive woman with sex appeal: the saccharine simpering little Goldilocks of synthetic innocence was not visible in *Rosita*.

It is Cecil B. de Mille (who was far more producer than director) who gives Wagenknecht his maximum opportunity not only to wave the old puritan-Victorian flag but to go militantly poli-

tical as well. De Mille, we are solemnly told, "was a man of character far over and beyond that possessed by many of those who made a business of sneering at him" [N.B.: I modestly nominate myself as first in line to qualify for Wagenknecht's black list, but alas! I never made a business of sneering at Cecil — no one cared.] "He proved that when he gave up a lucrative radio contract rather than allow a union to levy a one-dollar assessment which he could not grant their right to claim. His private life was a credit to himself and to the motion-picture business; if all great Hollywood figures had been like him, the image of Hollywood in the public mind would be very different from what it is" (page 210).

(1) De Mille didn't need the radio contract. As the saying goes, he had long since been 'rolling in money,' so no sacrifice was involved on his part. Moreover, it is extremely doubtful that he would have had the time for regular engagements; his schedule was crowded and his money-enterprises were as widespread as his film-activities, which, too, were only commercial, nothing else. His rejection of the contract, allegedly because of the one-dollar assessment, did not show "character," as reactionaries and innocents liked to pretend at the time; it merely served as an opportunity to publicize de Mille's flagrant anti-unionism and brazen support of the notorious, ultra-reactionary "right-to-work" movement that was finally defeated by an uninnocent California electorate, in 1958. (In Barry Goldwater's free slave-state of Arizona, "right-to-work," and to starve, still prevails).

(2) The private life to which Wagenknecht here refers is the period of de Mille's declining years, during which capitalism's foremost producer had assumed a public "image" of so-called "respectability." What his private life was like in the earlier period, and before he had discovered that religion on the screen spells Money, is nobody's business, and I'm quite sure Wagenknecht doesn't know. (3) The "image of Hollywood in the public mind" is totally shaped by the degree of gullibility of the "susceptible people," whose susceptibility Wagenknecht so much admires. These are the people (their number is legion) who swallow like fish shrewdly cooked-up "scandal stories" manufactured on the typewriters of well-paid publicists (union scale). If the "public image" were any less scandalous or sensational than it is,

even these idiots would be bored and wouldn't read a word of it. Mary Pickford herself benefited from this type of fiction.

S.: *What is Wagenknecht's appraisal of other actresses?*

S.: The moralistic dogma continues to be applied, of course, as the yardstick of judgment throughout, but in particular, he offers some new details. These concern Marilyn Monroe and Lillian Gish.

The inclusion of Marilyn, whose career fell entirely in the sassy and uninnocent era of the talk-film, is very significant. Since the book avowedly deals only with silent films, it seems obvious to me that Wagenknecht included her because she furnished him with an excuse to bring the moral-religious preachment up to date, even if only 'in passing.'

"In place of the circuses," he writes, "that many Hollywood funerals have been in the past, all her [Marilyn's] well-wishers owe Joe DiMaggio thanks for having given her a simple, dignified ceremony which harmonizes with what she was rather than what some persons supposed her to be. May Eternal Light shine upon her" (page 243).

What light does Wagenknecht mean? Is it a Klieg light? A Cooper-Hewitt? Or whatever brand is currently in favor among the studios? And what good would it do her if a light did shine "eternally" on her? As the Spanish philosopher, Unamuno, long ago reminded us, it is not the dark but the cold that kills.

The funeral, with its medieval-military overtones and ritualized mummery, proved, in effect, an insult to Marilyn and a total contradiction to her sweet, easy-going, and natural personality. Moreover, it was a medieval-style insult to democracy, too, although it must in fairness be recorded that Marilyn's personal maid for many years, a Negro lady, was permitted to attend. No one wanted this funeral or any other to be a circus, as so many past Hollywood funerals have been. But the alternative to a circus was not a hostile exclusion of the people whose friendship Marilyn had when she needed it most. The snubbing, among others, of Peter Lawford and of her second husband, Arthur Miller, the foremost living American playwright, had both personal and political overtones. Miller, in particular, it should be remembered,

was the one man who offered Marilyn her last chance to escape youthful death by breaking the gravitational pull of authoritarianism, isolationism, religious superstition, and social regimentation. All of these had marred her childhood, when she was a ward-victim of that feudal police institution, the Los Angeles County Welfare Department.

The section on Lillian Gish, as stated before, is a reprint of a 1927 "Appreciation" that Wagenknecht wrote, on this supremely great and beautiful actress. Although it appeared three years after the passionate tribute paid to Lillian by the novelist, Joseph Hergesheimer, in *The American Mercury*, April, 1924, it is a highly creditable piece of writing and reveals Wagenknecht in a far better mood, and on a higher level, than in this book.

Unfortunately, however, it, too, is tainted with religious references, and these of an exceptionally archaic sort: e.g., "... the age-old miracle of the girl become mother" [in *Way Down East*]. Why is the biological-material process of procreation always downgraded by the religious crowd into a so-called "miracle"? Or again: "Lillian . . . is essentially the Puritan in art: there are many phases of experience that she does not care to touch" (page 252). I would not risk insulting her by likening her to the psychopaths and sadists known as Puritans, in any capacity. Her rejection of "many phases of experience" seems to me much more likely due to an intelligent recognition of her own limitations. Still again, "In *The White Sister* love and God were in conflict, and God won" (page 253). What, exactly, does this verbiage mean? "God" is not listed in the cast. However, if Wagenknecht means that the "White Sister" becomes a nun — that is, surrenders life (short of the grave) in the mistaken belief that her lover has been killed; and that when he unexpectedly returns, she is so far "gone," she has been so thoroughly brainwashed, that she is mentally and emotionally incapable of breaking away from the convent, and that the tragedy which follows, follows with almost automatic irreversibility; if this is what Wagenknecht means (because this is what the story tells), why doesn't he just say so and let it go at that? It wasn't "God" who won in *The White Sister*; it was an emotional, ritualistic, theatricalized brainwashing technique.

Wagenknecht's comments on *The Scarlet Letter* are equally beyond me:

"love was tainted with sin and worked its way out, through suffering, to salvation" (page 252). The suffering is understandable as a result of asinine guilt-complexes and persecution by the pathological Puritan community. The girl, Hester Prynne, played by Lillian, has committed what is known in witch-doctor circles as adultery and is branded, by legal decree, with a sewed-on "A", an atavistic practice of Stone Age barbarism. But I do not acknowledge verbiage like "salvation" and "sin," witch-doctor terms. I saw *The Scarlet Letter* on its original New York appearance, in 1926. Quite apart from my respect and admiration for Victor Seastrom as a director and Lillian Gish as an actress, what sadly lingers in post-boyhood consciousness is the fury and revulsion I felt at the time over the barbarism of the Puritan bums who made up the New England community. The sadistic persecution of Hester Prynne for the alleged "crime" of having had sexual intercourse with a man she loved and who loved her has always seemed to me a fundamental and primary example of all that is wrong with the sex-morality of Western mankind. I had read Hawthorne's novel at an earlier age. It struck me then, as the film struck me later, as a deeply significant commentary on the viciousness of atavistic and neanderthal moral codes when the fulfillment of sexual desire in a mutual and natural relationship violates the taboo known by the mystic and non-biological term, "Adultery." To see *The Scarlet Letter* again today would be to see one of the many reasons it was a tragedy for the human race that the Indians lost.

As might be expected, Wagenknecht takes exception to Hergesheimer's appraisal of Gish. "Hergesheimer," he writes, "objected strenuously to *The White Sister* . . . which he claimed he never went to see. 'I had no wish to see Lillian's pale charm against the rigid whiteness of a nun's headdress.' But it was precisely the qualities which repelled Hergesheimer in *The White Sister* that attracted Lillian. She wanted to do the story, as she once told me, most of all for the privilege of filming the assumption of the veil, a ritual which she considered one of the most beautiful things in modern civilization" (page 250).

Hurrah for Hergesheimer! He was right, and I sometimes regret that I did not follow his policy and refrain from wasting time on this weird tale

of religious propaganda and stupefying tragedy without a cause. (The film had a thrilling volcanic eruption for a climax, but the wrong people died in the disaster). The ritualistic and superstitious veil-ceremonies, needless to say, spelled Money at the American box-office, and I think, elsewhere in the Western nations, but they hardly justified the reduction of Lillian's unrivalled beauty to an image of voluntary ascetic masochism. Therefore, Hergesheimer's impulse of rejection was as correct and healthy as Wagenknecht's spasm of acceptance is sickly and unwholesome. I urge that the Hergesheimer essay on Lillian Gish be reprinted, so that it may permanently serve, both as a profound and sensitive appreciation of one who is to me the greatest of all actresses and, at the same time, as an example of how to extol such an actress without stooping to madonna-stereotypes, Mother-of-God images, simulated nuns, theological mumbo-jumbo, untouchable virgins, and other outmoded hangovers from the Dark Ages. *The White Sister* was the only film in which Lillian Gish was reduced to a cliché.

Wagenknecht finds space to record that Lillian Gish "was troubled, retrospectively at least," over her role as the heroine in Griffith's *Hearts of the World* (1918). Her alleged retroactive emotional disturbance was due to the fact that this was a propaganda film, which was designed to promote the United States' participation in the war against Imperial Germany, after 1914. Blandly, he tells us that later, before the United States' entry into the Second World War, Miss Gish "did public penance when, as a member of the America First Committee, she was doing her utmost to keep her country out of World War II" (pages 116-117). Miss Gish's sudden emergence as a political expert was, indeed, a surprise to many persons at the time (though not to me), as I well recall, but the record is now clearer than ever that she obviously had not the slightest understanding of either war, and of the second even less than of the first. In the Griffith film she was simply hired and paid as an actress, and she did her job, as usual, fabulously well. If she suffered any pangs of regret or remorse, there is no public record that she ever returned the salary she grossed from *Hearts of the World*. But when she associated herself, years later, with the notorious pro-Nazi America First outfit to do

"public penance" (sic), she chose a peculiar vehicle for making the penance and did herself neither credit nor good. America First was the foremost and the most militant of many other "committees" and organizations, several years before U. S. entry into World War II, which, on the surface, appeared isolationist and peace-loving but which could hardly conceal their sympathy with, and enthusiasm for, the Nazi barbarians. While it is true that a few dupes supported the movement, only morons, politically speaking, failed to focus the pro-Nazi character and purpose behind it.

Today, a superficially similar situation obtains in relation to the global conflict between the Christian nations and the Socialist nations. A growing peace-movement is often accused of being pro-Soviet. But the resemblance between this and the pro-Nazi peace-movement that preceded World War II is a poor one, because a new factor in world-history makes the crucial differences between the two movements inescapable: i.e., the likelihood of total destruction of all life on this planet. Due to this sinister threat, the question of which values should survive — the "cherished old values" or the cherished new ones, or of who should die for what, is slightly academic, to say the least. It might be a good idea if Miss Gish did public penance again, before she dies — this time, for her ill-fated association with the America First crowd, which is otherwise bound to stand forever as a blemish on the record. If so, she could redeem herself by publicly supporting one or other of the contemporary peace groups. She could thus do her utmost to keep her country out of a threatening war far more terrible, because more final, than World War II.

S.: Has Wagenknecht any political comments besides those already indicated?

S.: Yes, on war, in general, and on the First World War, in particular. He has great dislike of pro-war films, but with a peculiar bias.

He refers to Hearst's *Patria*, of 1916, as "the most vicious of all serials," which, he says, "whipped up war fever, glorified the munitions makers, and so openly attacked Japan that President Wilson personally requested that it be withdrawn" (page 73).

Similarly, he refers to Thomas Dixon's production of *The Fall of a Nation* "as a vicious piece of war pro-

paganda" (which it was) "without Griffith but with a musical score by no less a person than Victor Herbert" (page 101).

Later, on a Mary Pickford production, he writes: "I have not, I must confess, quite had the courage to review *The Little American*. This is Mary's 'patriotic' wartime picture, and wartime hysteria is still sufficiently repulsive to me so that I am not sure I could evaluate it fairly" (page 150).

There is nothing surprising in his very tender treatment of Geraldine Farrar, whose career went into eclipse, because, in consequence of certain remarks she had made in Canada, she was suspected of being pro-German. Wagenknecht explains that "she was on terms of personal friendship with the German imperial family, and did not think it necessary to join in the crusade of hate then raging" (pages 170-171). NOTE: The German imperial family, the Hohenzollerns, a vicious gang of feudal overlords, sadistic autocrats, and war-criminals, were very unpopular in America, a fact which would more clearly explain Miss Farrar's sudden decline than apologia rendered in negative and based on omission. By 1916, most Americans at last had learned that the Kaiser and his government had been plotting mass-murder and world-conquest since the turn of the century.

Ince's *Civilization* 1916, directed by Raymond B. West, "has been credited with an important part in re-electing Woodrow Wilson on the campaign slogan 'He Kept Us Out of War.' This would have been a greater service if he had not taken us in immediately afterward" (page 175).

True, true; but Wagenknecht's bitterness now is more and more openly directed, not against war as such, but against the fact that two world wars to date were fought against Germany.

Elsewhere, he writes, rather significantly, that "National idols either express an ideal or else they provide an outlet for emotions which must otherwise be stifled" (page 182). Hitler fulfilled both functions for the fanatically emotional German people, but Wagenknecht is silent.

Wagenknecht's revulsion to wartime hysteria is highly commendable. But does he feel the same revulsion now, I wonder, to the war-mongering hysteria currently whipped up by the John Birch Society and the rest of the conservative mob, who think they can "save,"

through World War III, the same "innocence" he glorifies? Or is it "repulsive" to him only when movies like *Hearts of the World* attack Germany?

S.: Are there factual errors in this book?

S.: Yes, the first factual error is the old balderdash about *The Life of an American Fireman*: "... and from this point we intercut freely" (page 37). There was no intercutting of any kind in *The Life of an American Fireman*, until the 1940's when a laboratory-doctored, bogus print of the film suddenly began to circulate among film-societies. The "intercutting" had been incorporated in a number of chemical dissolves, never before seen in this film. During a film-history course, which I gave in 1945, '46 and '48, at the University of Southern California, I succeeded in borrowing an original print of *The Life of an American Fireman* from another instructor, and I ran, first, the original, and immediately after it, the bogus one, for the class and a number of visitors. The proof was there for the seeing.

Murnau's *The Last Laugh* was produced and first shown in 1924, in Germany. 1925 (page 37) is merely the date of the American release.

Several challenges and corrections to statements of my own appear on page 81. Wagenknecht objects to my calling the 1923 production of *The Ten Commandments* "Cecil B. de Mille's first spectacle." He accuses me of "ignoring both *Joan the Woman* and *The Woman God Forgot* (both 1917.)" I saw them both and I did not ignore them; I simply never regarded either as a spectacle after *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance*, and *Hearts of the World*. *The Ten Commandments* of 1923, on the other hand (that is, the Biblical prologue), was, indeed, a spectacle — in the grand manner.

"There is no excuse whatever for his attempt to make a mystery of the death of Clarine Seymour; she died after an operation for strangulation of the intestines, and there was no mystery about it." I made no such attempt. I stated that when she died in 1920, the New York Times reported the death in a few terse lines, without mentioning the cause. Strangulation of the intestines, however, is a new angle and is the first reference to date I have ever heard of it as the cause of death. I revived her name in 1959, because I was impatient of what seemed to me a virtual conspiracy of silence about her on the part of a veritable clique of the old

Griffith company and a few of its modern cohorts. The conspicuous omission of her name from lists of Griffith's female players, and failure to mention her, whenever either talk or writing turned on the subject, convinced me it was high time and long-overdue that the world be reminded that Clarine Seymour "was there, too." And in the years just ahead, I shall continue to remind.

"Neither had she been 'assigned the leading feminine role (Anna Moore) in *Way Down East*.' Nobody was ever Anna Moore except Lillian Gish; Clarine played the role afterward taken over by Mary Hay, and can still be seen in some of the long shots." There were three sources for my assertion: Griffith, Bitzer, and Theodore Huff, who knew Clarine and repeatedly insisted that it was she, not Lillian, who originally was slated and rehearsed for the part. However, these three sources, especially Griffith and Bitzer, would not necessarily make it correct. If the assertion is wrong and can so be proved, I will acknowledge and correct my error.

"Finally, Stern states that *Intolerance* 'never played so-called neighborhood houses. There was no 'second run'.' I saw it at the Oak Park Theatre, however, and when I became a student at the University of Chicago in the fall of 1917, it was playing in the Hyde Park neighborhood also."

This was not true of the New York City area where *Intolerance* was shown 22 weeks at the Liberty Theatre, and then, after the United States entered the First World War, was withdrawn from the screens. Determination of what constitutes a 'second run' is, chiefly, the price of admission, if the run follows a second theatre directly after the opening run at a first theatre. *America*, for example, ran initially at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, New York City, at \$2-per-seat prices, and immediately upon the expiration of its run there ran at the Capitol Theatre, a house of more than 5,000 seats and yet not a 'neighborhood theatre' — (the Capitol was one of the showplaces of Times Square and until Roxy's was built in 1927, was the largest film-theatre in America or perhaps the world) — but at "popular" (reduced) prices. If the Chicago theatres mentioned by Wagenknecht were of the order of the Capitol, they were not "neighborhood theatres." But if, on the other hand, they were genuine (relatively small) neigh-

borhood houses, then my phrasing is incorrect and should be either clarified or entirely corrected. I make no claims to either infallibility or innocence.

Griffith's *Pippa Passes* (1909) "suggests *Intolerance* considerably less than [does] either *Judith of Bethulia* or Luigi Maggi's great Italian spectacle, *Satan; or the Drama of Humanity* (1912) . . . It is the essence of *Intolerance*, not that it deals with four separate stories thematically related but that the stories are interwoven in their presentation so that all four reach their climax with tremendous, overwhelming impetus during the last two reels" (page 96).

In "The Griffith Index, Part I, *The Birth of an Art*," I commented that *Pippa Passes*, because of its separate stories thematically related "foreshadowed" *Intolerance* structurally. The new element that *Intolerance* introduced is the one that Wagenknecht notes — that is, the four separate, thematically related stories reaching their common simultaneous climax during the final reels. *Judith of Bethulia*, however, offers no suggestion whatever to me of *Intolerance* insofar as form and structure are concerned. Where are "separate stories thematically related" in *Judith*? The Italian film I have never seen.

Subtitle from *The Birth of a Nation*: ". . . a fair trial in the dim halls of the Invisible Empire." The word 'dim' is omitted from the quotation on page 103.

". . . *Intolerance*, first shown at the Liberty Theatre in New York on August 5, 1916 . . . " *Intolerance* was first shown, at the Liberty Theatre, on September 5, 1916.

"Nobody has ever questioned Miss Pickford's great skill and knowledge in all matters relating to motion-picture technique" (page 156). It has often been questioned.

". . . one little girl . . . destroys him [the Golem, in Paul Wegener's *The Golem*, 1920], and saves the city" (page 203). Wagenknecht here repeats without verification a trite falsification once favored of certain anti-Semitic churchgoing elements, who attended showings of this Jewish legend-film and afterwards related garbled and excited accounts of the action. It isn't the little "innocent" and apparently "Gentile" girl who destroys the Golem, but the Chief Rabbi (of Prague). The little girl plays with the atomic star in the Golem's breast, but it is the rabbi, entering the scene (outside the ghetto-wall) after the Golem drops the girl,

who fearlessly reaches up and plucks the star out. Not a child's "innocence," but man's knowledge, destroys the Golem's power..

Murnau "was killed in an automobile accident soon after finishing the work he did with Robert Flaherty on *Tabu* (1931)" (page 206). Apparently, Wagenknecht has swallowed wholesale the canards and falsehoods about this film, institutionally circulated in the New York area. The falsity is apparent in the totally wrong emphasis; the statement should be reversed: it was rather the work that Flaherty did with Murnau. He collaborated on the first script and is alleged to have shot some footage of Polynesian natives. When Murnau and Flaherty quarreled over the nature of the production and the story, Flaherty took the next boat back to the United States. Murnau then made the entire film himself and shot his own footage of the natives, which he used. All the film is Murnau's. The screen-credits name only Murnau as the director; all the advertising and publicity that appeared in 1931 properly refer to the film as Murnau's, both as to direction and production. Ironically, here was an opportunity Wagenknecht missed to bestow a wonderful and major credit on German education, culture, and film-art: *Tabu*, though financed with American money and released by an American company (Paramount), is a German film, through and through! (See Theodore Huff's factually correct, "An Index to the films of F.W. Murnau.")

Greed was first shown on December 4, 1924, not 1923, as on page 214. Both production and editing continued well into 1924.

S.: *Is there anything good in this book?*

S.: Yes, several things. Outstanding, in my opinion, are some of Wagenknecht's comments or observations on the esthetics and technique of films or on purely historical aspects of both a critical and a sociological nature. Here are a few random examples:

As part of a retrospective Introduction, he reminds us that in the very early period of motion pictures, "what we were fascinated by primarily was mere movement itself"; again, that "Everybody now admits that the early talking films . . . were not motion pictures but photographed plays" (page 7).

Of particular significance to sociology students is the thoughtful observation: "It is hard to realize how little the average man knew about the world he

lived in before the movies came, or even before photography was invented" (page 22).

Furthermore, he forgets himself and the general line of the book, for one exciting moment, when he quotes Mack Sennett on the making of his slapstick comedies: "I especially enjoyed the reduction of Authority to absurdity" (page 41). Subversive of Innocence!

And there is no taint of Germanism in his quotation of Francis X. Bushman's designation of the motion picture as "... the only practical Esperanto that is understood by the whole world" (page 49).

Critical justification and even a touch of humor mark his comment on Griffith's *Isn't Life Wonderful* as "a very slow film — it may even be that Elia Kazan here found the inspiration for his never allowing an actor to take less than twenty-five minutes to turn around" (page 133).

Wagenknecht is realistic, too, when he notes that the films of Wm. S. Hart "were already old-fashioned when he made them" (page 188). What a pity he failed to keep his feet on the ground with equal firmness when he latched onto the nonsense about the Age of Innocence and its basically old-fashioned, outmoded values!

A further proof that the 12-year-old boy can be an adult when he wants to be is the meditation on page 222: "If there had been no movies, would the shopgirl who modeled herself on the latest flapper star have chosen one of the blessed saints instead? I doubt it very much. I think she might rather have modeled herself upon the neighborhood 'tart'."

It is a pleasure to note that Wagenknecht accredits the American shopgirl with some adult intelligence, and it is comforting to reflect that the American movie stars did some 'pinch-hitting' for the far too busy tarts of American society. As some schools of psychology would say, the stars furnished a "replacement or substitute image" for the tarts, and film-art benefited from the service. Significant, too, is the fact that even during the long-ago silent-film era, shopgirls who modeled themselves after "flapper stars" instead of after mystics and psychopaths demonstrated, though in a limited and vicious form, their preference for liberty and democracy.

Wagenknecht raises a further adult and intriguing question: "Is the beauty of women a menace to the spiritual

lives of men? [Sic]. It may be so, but what then are we to make of the hosts of men we see all about us, hopelessly enslaved to women quite without beauty, without loveliness, without charm?" (page 223).

Too bad he fails to answer the question. Maybe they just plain like sex. Or has this now become the Great American Crime in marriage as well as out of it?

More adult still, and in my opinion the one outstanding item of the entire book, is Wagenknecht's justified condemnation of a smear-campaign waged years ago against Clara Bow (similar to the slanderous attacks against Mary Miles Minter). Unfortunately, in the course of defending Clara, he slides back into his old puritanical-Victorian self, as when he nobly notes on page 241 that, "she seldom did anything really shocking on the screen. Generally she played good, though undeniably lively, girls, and when she did not, she was generally reformed in the course of the picture" [N. B.: What is "really shocking"? Note, too, the use of "good" as antithesis to "lively." Wagenknecht's terms clearly imply that a girl can't be good *and* lively; she can only be good *though* lively. No wonder the scandal-writers to whom he bitterly and rightly objects — though only when *his* favorites are victimized — find the business fair game: with an anti-sex morality as psychotic and sick as that implied in the opposition of "lively" to "good," they have a point! And what, exactly, is meant by "reformed"? Suppressed? Brainwashed? Reduced to submission to, and conformity with, the puritanical taboo?] Nevertheless, he comes manfully to Clara's defense, and it is refreshing to read his angry denunciation of the "sly, covert, underhanded insinuations concerning her" (page 239). Wagenknecht can learn from his own words. He should create more of this thunder and direct it at the professional prigs and puritanical "reformers" of our own day.

It is these occasional little flashes of maturity and liberality that shine like gold-nuggets in this otherwise dung-heap of a book.

S.: *Is there any hope for Edward Wagenknecht?*

S.: Believe it or not, yes. I think there is. I have no desire to clobber Wagenknecht. On the contrary, I would like to help him hoist himself out of the medieval quagmire in which his thinking has so long been bogged

down. To do this, of course, would be a big job, and a very strenuous one. But a man can be redeemed if he has the will, and if he is shown how. As a first step, I recommend a complete self re-examination and re-orientation of outlook, and I offhand can think of no better way he can achieve this than to study and digest two books, in particular: the first, "The Mass Psychology of Fascism," by Wilhelm Reich; the second, "Sex Without Guilt," by Albert Ellis.

Reich, in my opinion, and despite his nonsense of the Organon-box, is destined to rank with Darwin, Marx, and Freud, for his epochal contribution toward the liberation of Western mankind from the time-dishonored curse of Christianity with its pharaoh worship of death and its puritan-Victorian anti-sex taboos. His book establishes through many case-histories the link between the suppression of the pleasure-principle — sexual pleasure, and the sapping and weakening of a people's revolutionary will to overthrow the tyranny of conservative Authority. Therefore, this is book No. 1 for Wagenknecht to study.

Following this as a theoretical foundation comes Ellis's wonderful "Sex Without Guilt." I have widely recommended this to college students and others, and it is now available in paperback. The title contains the theme: true innocence.

Some day, after he has redeemed and liberated himself, Wagenknecht may be inspired to write another book on the movies. A theme-title for it might well be: "The Movies in the Age of Freedom."

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INFORMATION ON FILM FESTIVALS AND SEMINARS

THE NINTH ANNUAL FLAHERTY FILM SEMINAR

The ninth annual Flaherty Seminar will be held at Sandanona, five miles from the Flaherty home in Dummerston, Vermont. Distinguished film-makers from this country and abroad are being invited to present their work and to lead discussions.

As enrollment must be limited to the accommodations available, early application is recommended. Starting time for the seminar will be 5:00 p.m. Saturday, August 24th; the final session will end at 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, September 3rd. The all-inclusive fee for the ten-day period is \$160.00. This includes all seminar meetings, film showings, housing, and meals.

Inquiries may be addressed to: International Film Seminar, 1125 Amsterdam Avenue, New York 25, N. Y.

THIRD INTERNATIONAL EXPERIMENTAL FILM COMPETITION

Third International Experimental Film Competition, organized by Royal Film Archive of Belgium, will take place from December 26th, 1963 to January 2nd, 1964.

"The term experimental film will be interpreted as embracing all works created for cinema or television, which gives evidence of an effort to regenerate or extend the film as a medium of expression.

"The third Experimental Film Competition will be restricted to films not previously shown. The selection Jury may however accept little-known films which have already been presented at other international exhibitions or even shown to the public, provided they were completed since the second experimental Film Competition in 1958 and that their experimental interest remains valid.

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"Films must be sent to arrive in Brussels by November 1st at the latest. Transport and insurance expenses, to and from Brussels, must be borne by the producer."

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For applications and further information write to: Royal Film Archive of Belgium, Palais des Beaux-Arts, Ravenstein, Brussels.

THE CAMERA MART FIRST ANNUAL FILM EDITING WORKSHOP-SEMINAR

"The Camera Mart first Annual Film Editing Workshop-Seminar is scheduled for the entire week of October 7th through October 11th, 1963, and will be conducted in the Grand Ballroom of the Henry Hudson Hotel in New York City. Attendance at the Workshop is limited to film editors and related film personnel from government agency, university and industrial in-plant motion picture and photographic departments. All aspects of film editing, both as an art and as a technique, will be covered during the intensive five day (and evening) program through general lectures, demonstrations, workshop sessions, scene-by-scene editorial analysis of selected films, etc.

"Special program segments will concentrate on such diverse subject matter as: special effects; titles; relations with the laboratory; characteristics of sound materials (optical and magnetic); problems encountered in handling sync and wild sound tracks; music and effects editing; preparation and editing of dubbed materials; use of the stock shot library; emulsion position; cutting and preparation of the work print; sync dialogue cutting; negative conforming; cutting animation sequences; editing single system footage; opticals; interlock screenings; edge numbering; handling original film materials; the use of Academy leader; splicing techniques (especially tape splicing); blooming techniques. Heavy stress will be given to A & B cutting techniques."

Among the instructors—speakers are John Flory (Eastman Kodak), Carl Lerner, Len Appelton, Stanley Buetens, George Stevens, Jr., Arnold Eagle, William K. Everson, Paul Falkenberg, Bill Kling (of CBS-TV News), Robert Loweree (of NBC), Edgar Schuller (of Reeves Sound Studios), Eli Levitan, and many others.

There are no charges or fees of any sort for attendance. Participants will, however, be expected to make their own arrangements regarding transportation, room and board.

Those interested in attending the Film Editing Workshop-Seminar are

urged to write for application forms as soon as possible, before the attendance quota is filled. Special attention will be given to fulfilling the invitation requirements usually set by government agencies, universities and industrial firms. For application forms and full information, write to: Mr. Charles Lipow, General Manager, THE CAMERA MART, INC., 1845 Broadway, New York 23.

NEW YORK'S FIRST INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

New York's first international film festival will be presented by Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts and the Museum of Modern Art, in association with the British Film Institute, from September 10th through 19th.

The New York Film Festival, like its London counterpart, will be non-competitive, with no juries or prizes. The emphasis will be on the films themselves, most of them chosen from among the best shown at other festivals, and all selected solely on the basis of quality.

The Festival will open on Tuesday, September 10th, and run for ten days. It will consist of two concurrent programs. In Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center will present twenty new feature-length films, as well as the year's best short subjects. Each film will receive a single showing with two different bills scheduled each evening at 6:30 and 9:15.

The Museum of Modern Art, in its auditorium, will present ten programs from among distinguished films of the past decade which have never before been shown in New York. Each film will be shown twice daily during the afternoon. Richard Griffith, curator of the Museum's Film Library, will select the films representing this segment of the Film Festival.

The films to be shown at Lincoln Center during the Festival are being selected by Richard Roud, festival organizer of the British Film Institute. They will also serve as the program of the seventh London Film Festival in October, at the National Film Theater in London.

Amos Vogel, executive secretary of Cinema 16, will serve as festival coordinator. In this capacity, Mr. Vogel will assist Lincoln Center in the planning and organization of the New York Film Festival.

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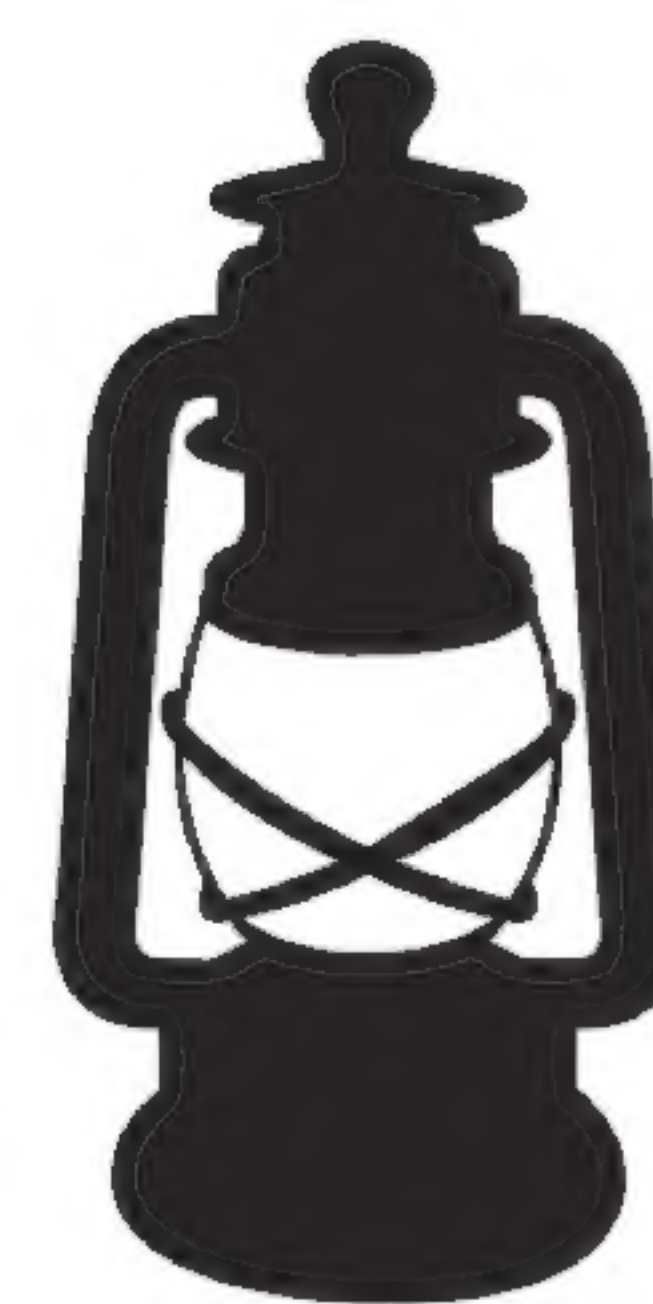


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